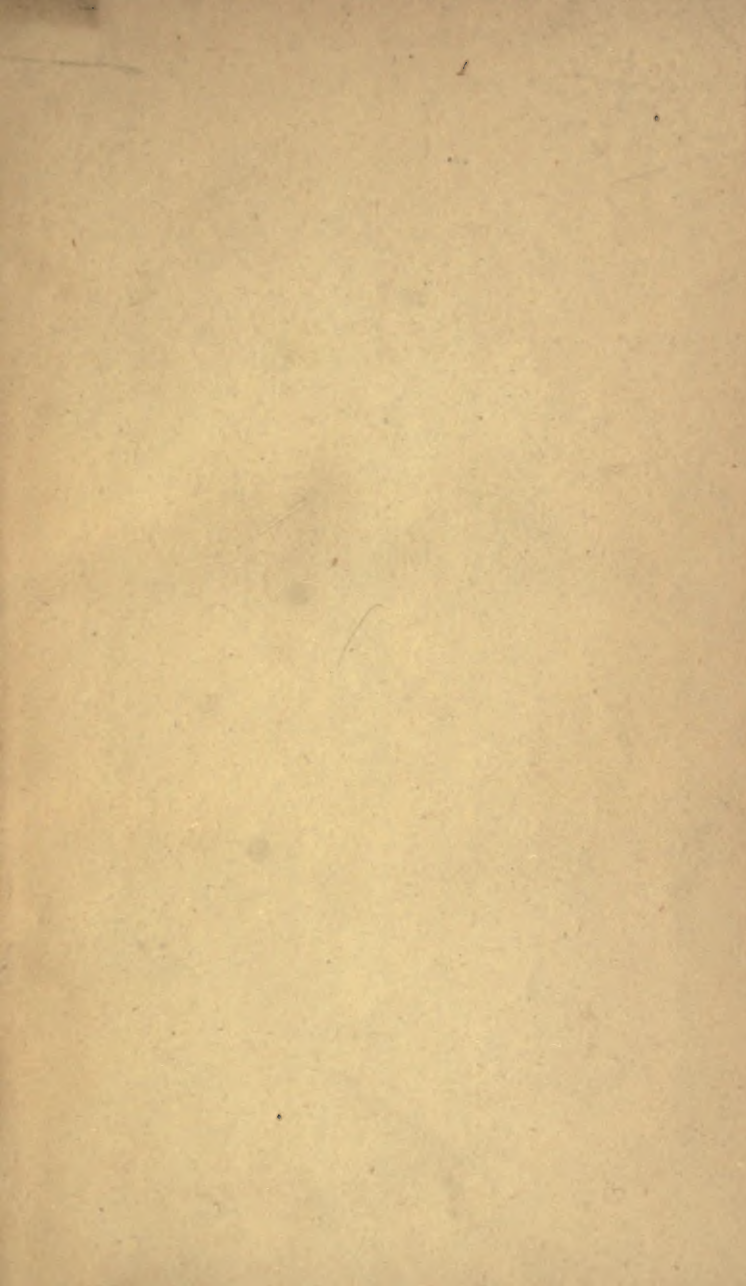


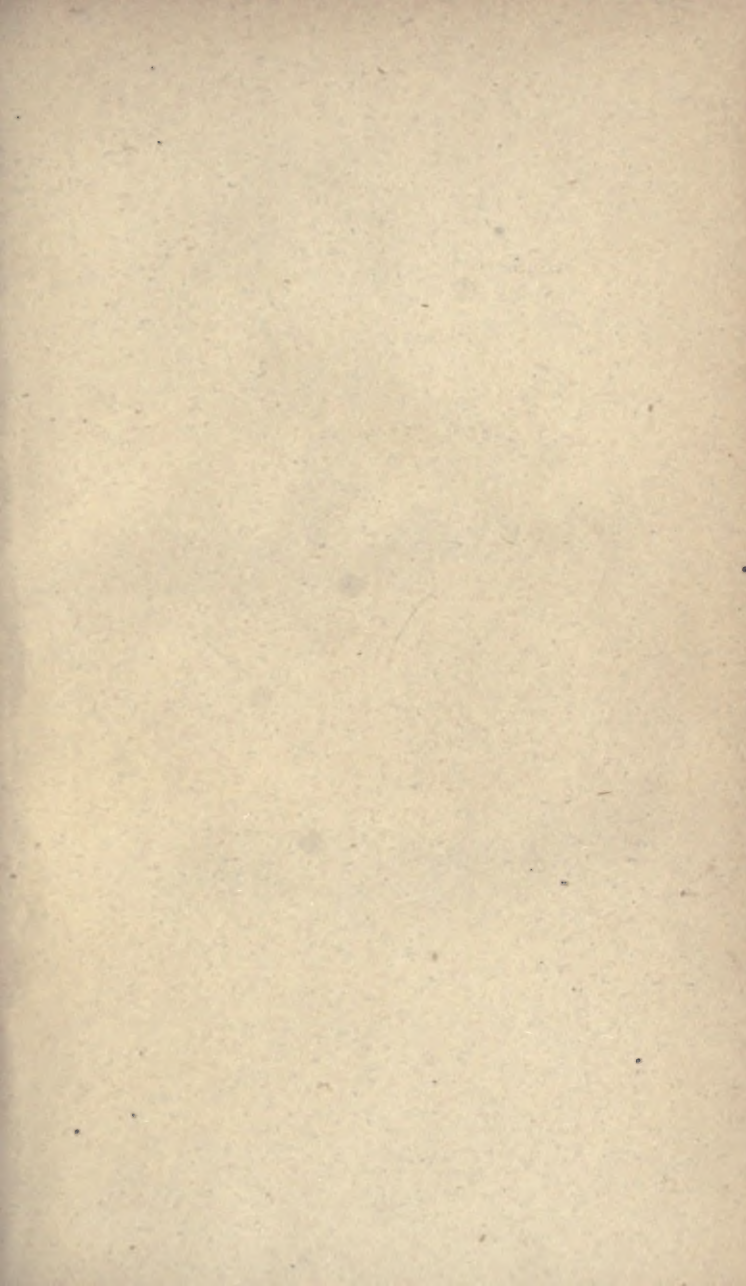


3 1761 05066195 8
















Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation



Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Baronet.

Engraved for the Modern Standard Drama.

LE.C
S245m

THE
MODERN STANDARD DRAMA:

A COLLECTION

OF THE MOST POPULAR ACTING PLAYS,

With Critical Remarks,

ALSO THE STAGE BUSINESS, CASTS OF CHARACTERS,
COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT.

VOLUME VI.

CONTAINING

SPEED THE PLOUGH,
ROMEO AND JULIET,
FEUDAL TIMES,
CHARLES THE TWELFTH,

THE BRIDAL,
THE FOLLIES OF A NIGHT,
THE IRON CHEST,
FAINT HEART NEVER WON
FAIR LADY,

WITH A PORTRAIT AND MEMOIR OF SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

NEW YORK:

BERFORD & CO., No. 2 ASTOR HOUSE.

1847.

298546
6. 4. 34

REPORT ON THE PROGRESS OF THE WORK

During the year 1962 the following work has been carried out:

1. The first part of the work was devoted to the study of the

properties of the various types of materials used in the construction of the

apparatus and the results of the tests carried out.

2. The second part of the work was devoted to the study of the

effect of the

temperature on the properties of the materials.

3. The third part of the work was devoted to the study of the

effect of the pressure on the properties of the materials.

4. The fourth part of the work was devoted to the study of the

effect of the time on the properties of the materials.

1962

REPORT ON THE PROGRESS OF THE WORK

During the year 1962 the following work has been carried out:

CONTENTS OF THE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

- | | | |
|-----------------------|---|------------------------|
| 1. ION, | I | 5. THE WIFE, |
| 2. FAZIO, | | 6. THE HONEY-MOON, |
| 3. THE LADY OF LYONS, | | 7. SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL, |
| 4. RICHELIEU. | | 8. MONEY. |

And a Portrait and Memoir of MRS. A. C. MOWATT.

VOL. II.

- | | |
|---------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 9. THE STRANGER, | 13. THE GAMESTER, |
| 10. GRANDFATHER WHITE-
HEAD, | 14. A CURE FOR THE HEART-
ACHE, |
| 11. RICHARD III. | 15. THE HUNCHBACK, |
| 12. LOVE'S SACRIFICE. | 16. DON CÉSAR DE BAZAN, |

And a Portrait and Memoir of MR. CHARLES KEAN.

VOL. III.

- | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 17. THE POOR GENTLEMAN, | 21. PIZARRO, |
| 18. HAMLET, | 22. THE LOVE CHASE, |
| 19. CHARLES II. | 23. OTHELLO, |
| 20. VENICE PRESERVED. | 24. LEND ME FIVE SHILLINGS. |

And a Portrait and Memoir of MR. W. E. BURTON.

VOL. IV.

- | | |
|--------------------------|-----------------------|
| 25. VIRGINIUS, | 29. THE TWO GENTLEMEN |
| 26. THE KING OF THE COM- | OF VERONA, |
| MONS, | 30. THE JEALOUS WIFE, |
| 27. LONDON ASSURANCE, | 31. THE RIVALS, |
| 28. THE RENT-DAY, | 32. PERFECTION, |

And a Portrait and Memoir of MR. J. H. HACKETT.

VOL. V.

- | | |
|------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 33. A NEW WAY TO PAY
OLD DEBTS, | 37. DAMON AND PYTHIAS, |
| 34. LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP, | 38. THE CLANDESTINE MAR-
RIAGE, |
| 35. KING JOHN, | 39. WILLIAM TELL, |
| 36. THE NERVOUS MAN, | 40. DAY AFTER THE WEDDING |

And a Portrait and Memoir of GEORGE COLMAN the Elder.

VOL. VI.

- | | |
|--------------------------|---|
| 41. SPEED THE PLOUGH, | 45. THE BRIDAL, |
| 42. ROMEO AND JULIET, | 46. THE FOLLIES OF A NIGHT, |
| 43. FEUDAL TIMES, | 47. THE IRON CHEST, |
| 44. CHARLES THE TWELFTH, | 48. FAINT HEART NEVER
WON FAIR LADY. |

And a Portrait and Memoir of SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

EDWARD EARLE LYTTON BULWER, or, as he is now known, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, is the third and youngest son of General Bulwer, of Heydon Hall, Norfolk, by Elizabeth, daughter and sole heiress of Richard Warburton Lytton, of Knebworth Park, Herts. By the death of his mother, he has recently come into the possession of a handsome landed estate. He had been knighted soon after the accession of Victoria to the throne. As it is by the name of Bulwer that he has won all his literary reputation, it is by that name that we shall take the liberty of continuing to designate him.

One of his first experiments in literature was a poem on Sculpture, to which the Cambridge prize was awarded. In 1826, a little volume from his pen, "printed, not published," was circulated among his friends, bearing the title of "Weeds and Wildflowers." It contains some of the best specimens of his poetry that we have seen; and ample promise of that destination in the world of letters, which the future redeemed. His first prose work was "Falkland," a sort of autobiographical novel, which appeared in 1827. But it was by the famous novel of "Pelham," published in 1828, that Bulwer first became a known man. No work of fiction, since the appearance of "Waverley," created an impression so general and instantaneous. Large editions were rapidly sold, both in England and this country; and it was translated into the French and German languages. In rapid succession soon followed that brilliant series of novels from his pen, which are almost too well known to need enumeration: "Paul Clifford," "The Disowned," "Devercaux," "Eugene Aram," "Zanoni," and others, and, last of all, "Lucretia, or the Children of the Night." Bulwer

also produced "The Siamese Twins," a satire, and various poems of a high order of merit, besides editing for several months the London New Monthly Magazine, to which he contributed largely. He has also been in Parliament, where he gave abundant evidence of his ability to shine, no less as a statesman than as a man of letters.

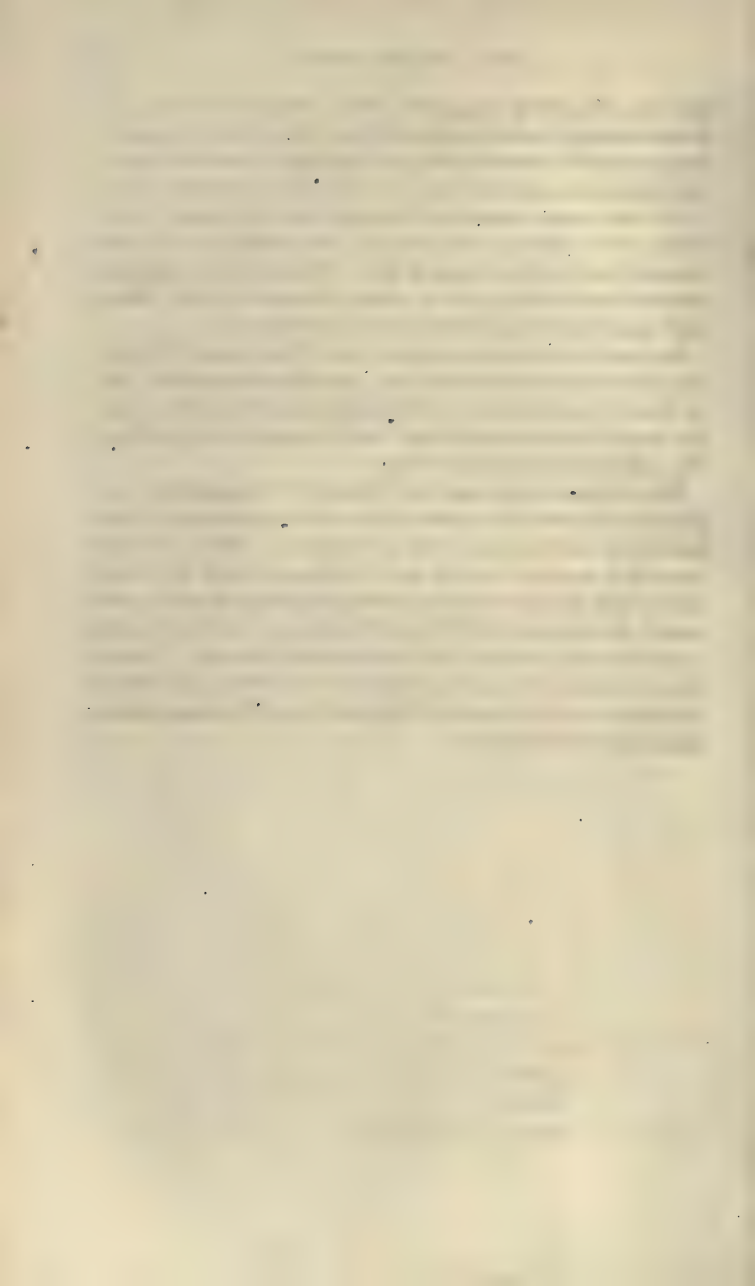
The first dramatic production from the pen of Bulwer was unsuccessful in the representation. The play of the "Duchess de la Valliere" is no longer remembered upon the stage; and not even the talents of Macready, in the principal male part, could make it acceptable to the theatre-going public. As an elegant poem, containing many brilliant and impressive passages, it will be read with the rest of the author's works. Far from being disheartened by failure, and by the confident assertions of the critics, that his genius was not adapted to dramatic writing, he again ventured upon the composition of an acting play; but this time he kept his purpose a secret, and before many months had transpired, an anonymous five-act drama was produced, entitled "The Lady of Lyons." Its success upon the stage was most unequivocal; and Bulwer had the satisfaction of seeing the gentlemen, who had been loudest in condemning his former play and himself for attempting dramatic writing, now industriously penning the praises of his "unknown rival." When he had enjoyed the joke long enough, he admitted the authorship of the new piece, much to the confusion of his sagacious critics. This play is so well known to the theatrical world, that it is unnecessary for us to say a word in its praise. For the last five years it has been more frequently performed, both in England and the United States, than any other five-act piece. Superior to this in many respects, but not adapted to be so generally popular, was the play of "Richelieu," produced March, 1839, and in which both Macready and Forest have distinguished themselves for their masterly personations of the old Cardinal. The comedy of "Money" was an additional proof of the versatility of the author in dramatic literature. It is one of the best comedies we have had since Sheridan's *chef d'œuvre*. Bulwer has made one failure since he wrote the "Duchess": his "Sea-Captain" is not likely to be disturbed in the repose, to which it

has been deservedly consigned. There are at present rumours of new dramatic achievements that may be expected from our author ; and no one can doubt his capacity of enriching our literature and our stage still more in this difficult department.

We learn from a sketch of Bulwer, which appeared in the London New Monthly Magazine for 1831, that his father died when he was but three years of age. The care of his education devolved consequently upon a mother, whose love and whose pride must have been equally gratified by the result.

He married, while yet a young man, Miss Rosina Wheeler. The union was an unfortunate one ; and, after a separation, Lady Bulwer made known her domestic grievances to the public in a novel, which she, doubtless, soon regretted having written. We believe she is no longer living.

The personal appearance of Bulwer is distinguished ; his features chiselled and regular, and the whole appearance of his face highly intellectual as well as handsome. He is silent and reserved in society ; but this may in some measure arise from his extreme distaste to mixing with it ; for at times nothing can exceed the flashing wit of his gayer converse, unless it be the originality and interest of his more serious discourse. Young, rich, and high-born, he lacked many of the ordinary excitements to exertion ; and his success in literature is all the more creditable to him on this account.



MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

No. XLI.

SPEED THE PLOUGH.

A Comedy

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY THOMAS MORTON.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS,
COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.

NEW YORK:

WILLIAM TAYLOR & CO., No. 2 ASTOR HOUSE,
AND JARVIS BUILDINGS, BALTIMORE.

1847.

Library of the
University of
California
Berkeley

1911

1911

1911

1911

1911

1911

1911

1911

1911

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

THIS excellent comedy was produced at Covent Garden about the year 1798. It is one of the best of Morton's amusing and skilfully constructed plays. The characters of *Sir Abel Handy* and his son *Bob*, are well adapted for success in the representation. The former with his patent inventions, and the latter with his presumptuous confidence in his ability to do everything cleverly, are drawn with much discrimination, and afford abundant scope for spirited acting. Mr. Placide's *Sir Abel* is a performance of rare merit, and judiciously kept "within the limits of becoming mirth." His manner of pacing the stage when, after being happily relieved of his shrew of a wife, he experiences once more the joys of independence, and exultingly exclaims, "we single fellows!" must be remembered by all who have witnessed the personation. *Farmer Ashfield* and his wife are felicitous portraitures; and the latter's solicitude as to *what will Mrs. Grundy say*, has given a proverbial currency to the interrogatory.

Morton occasionally resorted to a species of melo-dramatic clap-trap to give variety and point to his comedies; and some of the incidents in "Speed the Plough" are said to be borrowed from a German play by Kotzebue. The character of *Sir Philip Blandford* is one familiar to the admirers of the blue-light and orange-peel school of dramatic literature. The incident of fire, by which this mysterious gentleman's rascality is finally revealed, is awkwardly brought about, although it is made to contribute to some ludicrous scenes between *Sir Abel* and his son. But if Morton fails in his more serious attempts, there is a vivacity, an unforced pleasantry, and a broad, genuine humor in all his comic touches, which amply redeem the less effective portions of his dramas.

In allusion to the comparative merits of Morton and the youn-

ger Colman, a late theatrical writer remarks : " The Comedies of ' John Bull ' and ' The Heir at Law ' may be pronounced the best of this class of *domestic comedies* ; and Morton's ' Speed the Plough ' and ' The Cure for the Heartache ' rank next to them. These four comedies, with ' The Poor Gentleman,' ' The School of Reform,' and some others by the same authors, abound in scenes of pathos and humour, sustained by original characters strongly drawn, and skilfully contrasted ; for which reason they are usually among the first selected for representation by amateurs. The principal objection to these comedies is an occasional inflation of language, and the frequent clap-traps which encumber them. Not content with working out the moral in action, and distributing poetical justice, the authors are perpetually lecturing the audience. As the negro said, ' It is *floggae* and *preachee* too.' But these slight defects aside. I confess I enjoy comedies of this description more than I do those of Congreve, or even those of Shakspeare himself. They are more colloquial, more intelligible ; they accord more with our habits and sympathies, and depict life as we see it. If they are less witty, they are more humorous ; if their characters are less vigorously drawn, they are more amiable ; if their plots are less complex, they are more interesting, and better developed ; and above all, they are harmless in their moral tone, and free from all that can offend modesty."

There is some justice in these observations, but in Morton's plays, the moral reflections are generally appropriate and unaffected, and the pervading spirit is healthy and agreeable. The man's character was one of rare beauty and worth, and it is not unfaithfully mirrored in the genial and gratifying impression, which his dramatic writings leave upon the mind. His comedies were so highly prized in their day, and such was their uniform success, that he was not unfrequently paid a thousand pounds for one. They still, with few exceptions, keep honourable possession of the Stage. " Speed the Plough " is perhaps the oftenest played of any in this country. The follies at which it aims, are such as are confined to no country or time. *Sir Abel* will always have his prototypes, while society continues ; and there are *Dame Ashfields* in republican America as well as in monarchical

England. The author himself is said to have sat for some of the most amusing traits in the character of *Bob Handy*. According to Reynolds, the dramatist, Morton was one of those persons who think themselves "up to anything," and on one occasion, in consequence of his overweening confidence in his ability to manage a sail-boat, he came very near consigning himself and his friend to a watery grave. Fortunately, the author of "*Speed the Plough*" was spared, to make us smile at a picture for which he was partially indebted to his capacity of self-introspection.

Among American actors, Mr. Finn, Mr. John Barnes and Mr. Placide, have been most distinguished in the part of *Sir Abel Handy*. It is a serious defect in this comedy, that *Sir Abel*, who is the true hero of the piece, is not more prominently brought forward at the close.

STAGE PROPERTY PLOT.

ACT I.

- Scene i. 6. Common Table and 2 Chairs outside of Cottage, *z.* Jug, Pipe, and Camomile Flowers on table. Stick for Farmer. 2 loaded Pistols ready *L. U. E.* Covered Basket.
- " ii. 3. Telescope, Camp Chair, Spectacles, and a Cane, containing a Fan for Sir Abel, Cane for Bob Handy, Whip for Post Boy, a Guinea for Bob Handy.
- " iii. 3. 5. Fowling piece and shooting materials, for Henry; two Whistles (Morrington and Gerald.)

ACT II.

- Scene i. 5. Common Chair outside of Cottage door, *z.* Cushion and Bobbins for making lace for Dame. Stick containing Fan for Sir Abel.
- " ii. 1. Bunch of Keys for Dame.
- " iii. 2. Table and two common Chairs, *c.* Small Trunk on Table, with key in lock (Clear.)
- " iv. 6. Small Stool, Violin, and Wooden Leg for Fiddler, *z.* Broken Plough handle for Bob. Two Gold Medals, with ribbons attached.

ACT III.

- Scene i. 3. Gothic Table and two Gothic Chairs, *on.* Book on Table. Bunch of Keys for Evergreen.
- " ii. 2.
- " iii. 3. Gothic Table and two Gothic Chairs. Book, Small Essence Box.

ACT IV.

- Scene i. 1. Three Common Chairs, *c.*, near *L. 1st.* *z.* Parchment for Prompter.
- " ii. Table and two Chairs, new Gothic.
- " iii. 3. Pan of Red Fire, *z.*, for Prompter. Lightning.

ACT V.

- Scene i. 3. Lighted Candle and large Door Key ready, *z.* Two Lighted Candles and Burnt Cork ready for Sir Abel, *z.* Night Gown and Cap for Sir Abel. Two loaded Pistols ready, *z.* 3d. *z.* Lightning and Red Fire, *z.*, when pistols explode.
- " ii.
- " iii. 2. Red Fire. Large Clasp Knife and Bloody White Handkerchief ready. *z. s. z.*

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Covent Garden, 1798.

Park, 1840

<i>Sir Philip Blandford</i>	Mr. Pope.	Mr. Barry.
<i>Morrington</i>	" Murray.	" Vache.
<i>Sir Abel Handy</i>	" Munden.	" Placide.
<i>Bob Handy</i>	" Fawcett.	" G. Barrett.
<i>Henry</i>	" H. Johnston.	" Dyott.
<i>Farmer Ashfield</i>	" Knight.	" G. Andrews.
<i>Evergreen</i>	" Davenport.	" Anderson.
<i>Gerald</i>0	" Waddy,	" Fisher.
<i>Postillion</i>	" Abbot.	" Gourlay.
<i>John (Handy's Servant)</i> ..	" Klanert.	" Gallot.
<i>Peter</i>	" Atkins.	" King.
<i>Miss Blandford</i>	Mrs. H. Johnston.	Mrs. Bland.
<i>Lady Handy</i>	" Dibdin.	" Barry.
<i>Susan Ashfield</i>	Miss Murray.	" Abbott.
<i>Dame Ashfield</i>	Mrs. Davenport.	" Vernon.

COSTUMES.

SIR PHILIP.—Black or purple velvet embroidered coat and breeches, white satin waistcoat, embroidered; white silk stockings, shoes, buckles, powdered bag wig, sword, ruffles, and cocked hat.

MORRINGTON.—A dark suit, boots, round hat, and large roquelaure.

SIR ABEL HANDY.—Rich court suit, white silk stockings, shoes and buckles, powdered wig, three-cornered hat, long white lace cravat, ruffles, and cane.

BOB HANDY.—Blue coat, bright buttons, white waistcoat, with coloured silk under ditto, white breeches, silk stockings, and buckles.

FARMER ASHFIELD.—Light coat, white buttons, red waistcoat, corduroy breeches, worsted stockings, shoes, buckles, and round hat.

HENRY.—Shooting coat, pouch, shot-belt, &c., drab breeches, and gaiters.

EVERGREEN.—Light brown coat, coloured waistcoat, drab breeches, blue stockings, gardener's apron, one corner turned up, and countryman's round hat.

GERALD.—Brown suit, dark grey coat, and boots.

POSTILLION.—Red jacket, with white buttons, yellow breeches, and top-boots.

JOHN.—Smart livery coat, waistcoat, and breeches, white stockings, and shoes.

MISS BLANDFORD.—Handsome white muslin dress, trimmed with white ribbon, ditto hat, with white feathers, white kid gloves, white shoes, and scarf.

LADY HANDY.—An extravagant silk dress, satin shoes, hat and feathers.

SUSAN.—Neat flowered muslin dress, black shoes, light straw or chip hat, trimmed with white ribbon.

DAME.—Light blue quilted petticoat, neat chintz gown, white stockings, black shoes and buckles, white apron, muslin cap and handkerchief, black mittens, red cloak, and black silk bonnet.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; **L.** *Left*; **R. D.** *Right Door*; **L. D.** *Left Door*; **S. E.** *Second Entrance*; **U. E.** *Upper Entrance*; **M. D.** *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; **L.**, *Left*; **C.**, *Centre*; **R. C.**, *Right of Centre*; **L. C.**, *Left of Centre*.

SPEED THE PLOUGH.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*In the fore-ground, a Farm-House. A view of a Castle at a distance.*—FARMER ASHFIELD *discovered, seated on a wooden stool, with a Pipe, a Jug, &c., on a Table by him.*

Enter DAME ASHFIELD in a riding-dress, and a basket under her arm, L.

Ash. WELL, Dame, welcome whoam. What news does thee bring vrom market?

Dame. What news, husband? What I always told you; that Farmer Grundy's wheat brought five shillings a quarter more than ours did.

Ash. All the better vor he.

Dame. Ah! the sun seems to shine on purpose for him.

Ash. Come, come, Missus, as thee has not the grace to thank God for prosperous times, dan't thee grumble when they be unkindly a bit.

Dame. And I assure you, Dame Grundy's butter was quite the crack of the market.

Ash. Be quiet, woolye? aleways ding, dinging Dame Grundy into my ears—what will Mrs. Grundy zay? What will Mrs. Grundy think? Casn't thee be quiet, let ur alone, and behave thyself pratty?

Dame. Certainly I can.—I'll tell thee, Tummus, what she said at church last Sunday.

Ash. Can'st thee tell what parson zaid? Noa—then I'll tell thee—A' zaid that envy were as foul a weed as grows, and cankers all wholesome plants that be near it—that's what a' zaid.

Dame. And do you think I envy Mrs. Grundy, indeed?

Ash. Why dan't thee letten her aloane, then—I do verily think when thee goest to t'other world, the vurst question thee't ax 'ill be, if Mrs. Grundy's there—Zoa be quiet, and behave pratty; do'ye—Has thee brought whoam the Salisbury News?

Dame. No, Tummas; but I have brought a rare wadget of news with me. First and foremost, I saw such a mort of coaches, servants, and waggons, all belonging to Sir Abel Handy, and all coming to the castle; and a handsome young man, dressed all in lace, pulled off his hat to me, and said, "Mrs. Ashfield, do me the honour of presenting that letter to your husband." So there he stood without his hat. Oh, Tummas, had you seen how Mrs. Grundy looked!

Ash. Dom Mrs. Grundy! be quiet, and let I read, woolye? [*Reads.*] "*My dearest Farmer,*" [*Taking off his hat.*] Thankye, zur: zame to you with all my heart and soul,—"*My dear Farmer*"—

Dame. Farmer—why, you are blind, Tummus; it is—"My dear Father"—'Tis from our own dear Susan.

Ash. Odds, dickens and daisies! zoo it be, zure enow! "*My dear Feyther, you will be surprised*"—Zoo I be, he! he! What pratty writing, bean't it? all as straight as thof it were ploughed—"Surprised to hear that in a few hours I shall embrace you. Nelly, who was formerly our servant, has fortunately married Sir Abel Handy, Bart."

Dame. Handy Bart—pugh! Bart stands for Baronight, mun.

Ash. Likely, likely. Drabbit it, only to think of the zwaps and changes of this world!

Dame. Our Nelly married to a great baronet! I wonder, Tummus, what Mrs. Grundy will say?

Ash. Now, woolye be quiet, and let I read—"And she has proposed bringing me to see you; an offer, I hope, as acceptable to my dear feyther"—

Dame. "And mother"—

Ash. Bless her, how prattily she do write feyther, dan't she?

Dame. And mother.

Ash. Ees, but feyther first, though,—"*As acceptable to my dear feyther and mother, as to their affectionate daughter—Susan Ashfield.*" Now, beant that a pratty letter?

Dame. And, Tummus, is she not a pratty girl?

Ash. Ees; and as good as she be pratty. Drabbit it, I do feel zoo happy, and zoo warm, for all the world like the zun in harvest.

Dame. Oh, Tummus, I shall be so pleased to see her, I sha'n't know whether I stand on my head or my heels.

Ash. Stand on thy head! vor sheame o' thyzel—behave pratty, do.

Dame. Nay, I meant no harm. Eh, here comes friend Evergreen, the gardener from the castle. Bless me, what a hurry the old man is in.

Enter EVERGREEN, L.

Ever. Good day, honest Thomas.

Ash. Zame to you, Measter Evergreen.

Ever. Have you heard the news?

Dame. Anything about Mrs. Grundy?

Ash. Dame, be quiet, woolye now!

Ever. No, no; the news is, that my master, Sir Philip Blandford, after having been abroad for twenty years, returns this day to the castle; and that the reason of his coming is, to marry his only daughter to the son of Sir Abel Handy, I think they call him.

Dame. As sure as twopence, that is Nelly's husband.

Ever. Indeed! Well, Sir Abel and his son will be here immediately; and, Farmer, you must attend them.

Ash. Likely, likely.

Ever. And, mistress, come and lend us a hand at the castle, will you? Ah, twenty long years since I have seen Sir Philip—poor gentleman! bad, bad health—worn almost to the grave, I am told. What a lad do I remember him—till that dreadful—[*Checking himself.*] But where is Henry? I must see him—must caution him. [*A gun is discharged at a distance.*] That's his gun, I suppose; he is not far, then. Poor Henry!

Dame. Poor Henry! I like that, indeed! What, though he be nobody knows who, there is not a girl in the parish that is not ready to pull caps for him. The Miss Grundys, genteel as they think themselves, would be glad to snap at him. If he were our own, we could not love him better.

Ever. And he deserves to be loved. Why, he's as hand-

some as a peach-tree in blossom; and his mind is as free from weeds as my favourite carnation bed. But, Thomas, run to the castle, and receive Sir Abel and his son.

Ash. I wool, I wool. Zoo, good day. [*Bowing.*] Let every man make his bow, and behave pratty, that's what I say. Missus, do'ye show un Sue's letter, woolye? Do'ye letten zee how pratty she do write feyther.

[*Exit, L. U. E.*]

Dame. Now Tummus is gone, I'll tell you such a story about Mrs. Grundy. But come, step in; you must needs be weary; and I am sure, a mug of harvest beer, sweetened with a hearty welcome, will refresh you.

[*Exeunt into the house.*]

SCENE II.—*Outside and gate of the Castle. Servants cross the Stage, laden with different packages. Two Servants enter, L., with the plough. They exeunt through the gates.*

Enter ASHFIELD, through the gates.

Ash. Drabbit it, the wold castle 'ull be hardly big enow to hold all thic lumber. Who do come here? A' do zeem a comical sort ov a man. Oh, Abel Handy, I suppoze.

Sir Abel. [*Without, L.*] Gently there! mind how you go, Robin.

[*A crash, L.*]

Enter SIR ABEL HANDY, followed by ROBIN, L.

Zounds and fury! you have killed the whole county, you dog! for you have broke the patent medicine chest, that was to keep them all alive! [*Exit Robin at gate.*] Richard, gently!—take care of the grand Archimedian corkscrews! Bless my soul! so much to think of! Such wonderful inventions in conception, in concoction, and in completion.

[*Exit Richard at gates.*]

Enter PETER, L.

Well, Peter, is the carriage much broke?

Pet. Smashed all to pieces. I thought as how, sir, that your infallible axletree would give way.

Sir A. Confound it, it has compelled me to walk so far in the wet, that I declare my waterproof shoes are completely soaked through.

[*Exit Peter at gates.*]

Ash. [*Loud and bluntly.*] Zarvent, zur! Zarvent!

Sir A. [*Starting.*] What's that? Oh, good day.—[*Aside.*] Devil take the fellow!

Ash. (R.) Thankye, zur; zame to you wi' all my heart and soul.

Sir A. (L.) Pray, friend, could yo contrive *gently* to inform me where I can find one Farmer Ashfield?

Ash. [*Laughing loudly.*] Ha, ha, ha! Excuse my tittering a bit—but your axing myzel vor I, be so dommed zilly. [*Bowing and laughing.*] Ah! you stare at I becace I be bashful and daunted.

Sir A. You are very bashful, to be sure. I declare, I'm quite weary.

Ash. If you'll walk into the castle, you may zit down, I dare zay.

Sir A. May I, indeed! you are a fellow of extraordinary civility.

Ash. There's no denying it, zur.

Sir A. No, I'll sit here.

Ash. What! on the ground? Why, you'll wring your ould withers—

Sir A. On the ground—no, I always carry my seat with me. [*Spreads a small camp chair.*] Here I'll sit, and examine the surveyor's account of the castle.

Ash. Dickens and daizies! what a gentleman you would be to show at a vair!

Sir A. Silence, fellow, and attend—"An account of the castle and domain of Sir Philip Blandford, intended to be settled as a marriage portion on his daughter, and the son of Sir Abel Handy, by Frank Flourish, surveyor. Imprimis—The premises command an exquisite view of the Isle of Wight." Charming! delightful! I don't see it, though. [*Rising.*] I'll try with my new glass—my own invention. [*He looks through the glass.*] Yes, there I caught it—Ah! now I see it plainly—Eh! no—I don't see it, do you?

Ash. Noa, zur, I doant—but little zweepy do tell I he can zee a bit out from the top of the chimbley—zoa, an you've a mind to crawl up, you may zee un, too, he, he!

Sir A. Thank you—but damn your titter! [*Reads.*] "Fish ponds well stocked"—That's a good thing, Farmer.

Ash. Likely, likely—but I doant think the vishes do thrive much in theas ponds.

Sir A. No! Why?

Ash. Why, the ponds are always dry i'the zummer; and I be tould that beant wholesome for the little vishes.

Sir A. Not very, I believe—Well said, surveyor! “A cool summer-house.”

Ash. Ees, zur, quite cool—by reason the roof be tumbled in.

Sir A. Better and better—“*The whole capable of the greatest improvement.*” Come, that seems true, however—I shall have plenty to do, that's one comfort. I'll have such contrivances! I'll have a canal run through my kitchen.—[*Aside.*] I must give this rustic some idea of my consequence.—You must know, Farmer, you have the honour of conversing with a man who has obtained patents for tweezers, toothpicks, and tinder-boxes—to a philosopher who has been consulted on the Wapping docks, and the Gravesend tunnel: and who has now in hand two inventions which will render him immortal—the one is, converting saw-dust into deal boards: and the other is, a plan of cleaning rooms by a steam engine—and, Farmer, I mean to give prizes for industry—I'll have a ploughing match.

Ash. Will you, zur?

Sir A. Yes; for I consider a healthy young man between the handles of a plough, as one of the noblest illustrations of the prosperity of Britain.

Ash. Faith and troth! there be some tightish hands in theas parts, I promise ye.

Sir A. And, Farmer, it shall precede the hymeneal festivities.

Ash. Nan!

Sir A. Blockhead! the ploughing match shall take place as soon as Sir Philip Blandford and his daughter arrive.

Ash. Oh, likely, likely!

Enter JOHN, L.

John. Sir Abel, I beg to say, my master will be here immediately.

Sir A. And, sir, I beg to ask, who possesses the happiness of being your master?

John. Your son, sir, Mr. Robert Handy.

Sir A. Indeed! and where is Bob?

John. I left him, sir, in the belfry of the church.

Sir A. Where?

John. In the belfry of the church!

Sir A. In the belfry of the church! What was he doing there?

John. Why, sir, the *natives* were ringing a peal in honour of our arrival—when my master, finding they knew nothing of the matter, went up to the steeple to instruct them, and ordered me to proceed to the castle—I have the honour—will you allow me to take this chair in for you.

[*Takes the camp chair, and exit in at gates.*]

Sir A. Wonderful! My Bob, you must know, is an astonishing fellow!—you have heard of the *Admirable Crichton*, maybe? Bob's of the same kidney! I contrive, he executes—Sir Abel *invenit*, Bob *fecit*. He can do every thing—every thing.

Ash. All the better vor he. I zay, zur, as he can turn his hand to everything, pray, in what way med he earn his livelihood?

Sir A. Earn his livelihood!

Ash. Ees, zur—how do he gain his bread?

Sir A. Bread! Oh, he can't earn his bread. Bless you! he's a genius.

Ash. Genius! Drabbit it, I have got a horze o' thic name, but dom un, he'll never work—never.

Sir A. Egad! here comes my boy Bob!—Eh! no—it is not! no.

Enter POSTBOY, with a round hat and Cane, L.

Why, who the devil are you?

Postb. I am the postboy, your honour; but the gemman said I did not know how to drive, so he mounted my horse, and make me get inside. Here he is.

Enter BOB HANDY, with a Postboy's Cap and Whip, L.

Bob H. Ah, my old dad, is that you?

Sir A. Certainly; the only doubt is, if that be you?

Bob H. Oh, I was teaching this fellow to drive—Nothing is so horrible as people pretending to do what they are unequal to. Give me my hat. That's the way to use a whip.

[*Gives the Postboy his cap and whip.*]

Postb. Sir, you know you have broke the horses' knees all to pieces.

Bob H. [Apart.] Hush! there's a guinea.

[Exit Postboy, L.]

Sir A. [To Ashfield.] You see Bob can do everything. But, sir, when you knew I had arrived from Germany, why did you not pay your duty to me in London?

Bob H. (L.) Sir, I heard you were but four days married, and I would not interrupt your honey-moon.

Sir A. (c.) Four days! oh, you might have come.

[Sighing.]

Bob H. I hear you have taken to your arms a simple rustic, unsophisticated by fashionable follies,—a full-blown blossom of nature.

Sir A. Yes!

Bob H. How does it answer?

Sir A. So, so!

Bob H. Any thorns?

Sir A. A few!

Bob H. I must be introduced—where is she!

Sir A. Not within thirty miles; for I don't hear her.

Ash. (R.) Ha, ha, ha!

Bob H. (L.) Who is that?

Sir A. (c.) Oh, a pretty behaved, tittering friend of mine!

Ash. Zarvent, zur—no offence, I do hope. Could not help tittering a bit at Nelly. When she were sarvent wi' I, she had a tightish prattle wi' her, that's vor zartain.

Bob H. Oh! so, then, my honoured mamma was the servant of this tittering gentleman—I say, father, perhaps she has not lost the tightish prattle he speaks of.

Sir A. My dear boy, come here. Prattle! I say, did you ever live next door to a pewterer's?—that's all—you understand me—did you ever hear a dozen fire-engines full gallop?—were you ever at Billingsgate in the sprat season?—or—

Bob H. Ha, ha!

Sir A. Nay, don't laugh, Bob.

Bob H. Indeed, sir, you think of it too seriously. The storm, I dare say, soon blows over.

Sir A. Soon!—You know what a trade-wind is, don't you, Bob? why, she thinks no more of the latter end of her speech, than she does of the latter end of her life—

Bob H. Ha, ha!

Sir A. But I won't be laughed at—I'll knock any man down that laughs! Bob, if you can say anything pleasant, I'll trouble you; if not, do what my wife can't, hold your tongue.

Bob H. [*Apart.*] I'll show you what I can do—I'll amuse you with this native.

Sir A. Do—do—quiz him—at him, Bob.

Bob H. [*Crosses, c.*] I say, Farmer, you are a set of jolly fellows here, an't you?

Ash. (R.) Ees, zur, deadly jolly—excepting when we be otherwise, and then we beant.

Bob H. (C.) Play at cricket, don't you?

Ash. Ees, zur; we Hampshire lads conceat we can bowl a bit, or thereabouts.

Bob H. And cudgel, too, I suppose?

Sir A. (L.) At him, Bob.

Ash. Ees, zur, we sometimes break oon anothers' heads by way of being agreeable, and the like o'that.

Bob H. Understand all the guards?

[*Putting himself in an attitude of cudgelling.*]

Ash. Can't zay I do, zur.

Bob H. What, hit in this way, eh?

[*Makes a hit at Ashfield, which he parrys, and hits Bob Handy violently.*]

Ash. Noa, zur, we do hit thic way.

Bob H. Zounds and fury!

[*Crosses, L.*]

Sir A. (C.) Why, Bob, he has broke you head.

Bob H. (L.) Yes; he rather hit me—he somehow—

Sir A. He did indeed, Bob.

Bob H. Damn him! The fact is, I am out of practice.

Ash. (R.) You need not be, zur; I'll gi' ye a bellyfull any day, wi' all my heart and soul.

Bob H. No, no, thank you—Farmer, what's your name?

[*Crosses, c.*]

Ash. (R.) My name be Tummus Ashfield—anything to say against my name?

[*Threatening.*]

Bob H. No, no—Ashfield! should he be the father of my pretty Susan—Pray, have you a daughter?

Ash. Ees, I have—anything to zay against she?

Bob H. No, no; I think her a charming creature.

Ash. Do ye, faith and troth—Come, that be deadly kind

o'ye, however. Do you zee, I were *frightful* she were not agreeable.

Bob H. Oh, she's extremely agreeable to me, I assure you.

Ash. I vow, it be quite pratty in you to take notice of Sue. I do hope, zur, breaking your head will break noa squares. She be a coming down to theas parts wi' lady our maid Nelly, as wur—your spouse, zur.

Bob H. The devil she is! that's awkward!

Ash. I do hope you'll be kind to Sue when she do come, woolye, zur?

Bob H. You may depend on it.

Sir A. I dare say you may. Come, Farmer, attend us.

Ash. Ees, zur; wi' all respect. Gentlemen, pray walk thic way, and I'll walk before you. [Exit at gates.]

Sir A. Now, that's what he calls behaving pretty.

[Exeunt at gates.]

SCENE III.—*A Grove.*—MORRINGTON comes down the Stage from L. U. E., wrapt in a great coat. He looks about—then at his watch, and whistles, which is answered.

Enter GERALD, R. U. E.

Mor. (L.) Here, Gerald! Well, my trusty fellow, is Sir Philip arrived?

Ger. No, sir; but hourly expected.

Mor. Tell me, how does the castle look?

Ger. (R.) Sadly decayed, sir.

Mor. I hope, Gerald, you were not observed.

Ger. I fear otherwise, sir: on the skirts of the domain I encountered a stripling with his gun; but I darted into the thicket, and so avoided him.

HENRY appears in the background, L. U. E., in a shooting-dress, attentively observing them.

Mor. Have you gained any intelligence?

Ger. None; the report that reached us was false. The infant certainly died with its mother. Hush! conceal yourself; we are observed; this way.

[They retreat, R. U. E. Henry advances.]

Hen. Hold! as a friend, one word! [They exeunt, he follows them and returns, R. U. E.] Again they have escaped

me. "The infant died with its mother." This agony of doubt is insupportable.

Enter EVERGREEN, R.

Ever. (R.) Henry, well met!

Hen. Have you seen strangers?

Ever. No.

Hen. (L.) Two but now have left this place. They spoke of a lost child. My busy fancy led me to think I was the object of their search. I pressed forward, but they avoided me.

Ever. No, no; it could not be you, for no one on earth knows but myself, and—

Hen. Who, Sir Philip Blandford?

Ever. I am sworn, you know, my dear boy; I am solemnly sworn to silence.

Hen. True, my good old friend; and if the knowledge of who I am can only be obtained at the price of thy perjury, let me for ever remain ignorant; let the corroding thought still haunt my pillow, cross me at every turn, and render me insensible to the blessings of health and liberty. Yet in vain do I suppress the thought—who am I?—why thus abandoned? perhaps the despised offspring of guilt! Ah! is it so? [*Seizing him violently.*]

Ever. Henry, do I deserve this?

Hen. Pardon me, good old man: I'll act more reasonably. I'll deem thy silence mercy.

Ever. That's wisely said.

Hen. Yet it is hard to think, that the most detested reptile that nature forms, or man pursues, has, when he gains his den, a parent's pitying breast to shelter in; but I—

Ever. Come, come, no more of this.

Hen. Well.—I visited to-day that young man who was so grievously bruised by the breaking of the team.

Ever. That was kindly done, Henry.

Hen. I found him suffering under extreme torture; yet a ray of joy shot from his languid eye; for his medicine was administered by a father's hand,—it was a mother's precious tear that dropped upon his wound. Oh, how I envied him!

Ever. Still on the same subject. I tell thee, if thou art not acknowledged by thy race, why, then become the no-

ble founder of a new one. Come with me to the castle for the last time. [Crosses, L.]

Hen. The last time!

Ever. (L.) Aye, boy; for when Sir Philip arrives, you must avoid him.

Hen. (R.) Not see him! where exists the power that shall prevent me?

Ever. Henry, if you value your own peace of mind—if you value your old man's comfort, avoid the castle.

Hen. Well, I am content.

Ever. That's right, that's right, Henry: be thou but resigned and virtuous, and he who clothes the lily of the field will be a parent to thee. [Exeunt, L.]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Lodge belonging to the Castle, L. U. E.—DAME ASHFIELD discovered making lace, near L.*

Enter BOB HANDY, R.

Bob H. A singular situation this my old dad has placed me in:—brought me here to marry a woman of fashion and beauty, while I have been professing, and, I've a notion, feeling the most ardent love for the pretty Susan Ashfield. Propriety says, take Miss Blandford; Love says, take Susan; Fashion says, take both. But would Susan consent to such an arrangement?—and if she refused, would I consent to part with her? Oh, time enough to put that question, when the previous one is disposed of. [Seeing Dame.] How do you do? how do you do? Making lace, I perceive. Is it a common employment here?

Dame. (L.) Oh! no, sir: nobody can make it in these parts but myself. Mrs. Grundy, indeed, pretends; but, poor woman! she knows no more of it than you do.

Bob H. (R.) Than I do! that's vastly well! My dear madam, I passed two months at Mechlin for the express purpose.

Dame. Indeed!

Bob H. You don't do it right; now I can do it much better than that. Give me leave, and I'll show you the true Mechlin method. [*Turns the cushion round, kneels down, and begins working.*] First, you see—so, then—so—

Enter SIR ABEL and MISS BLANDFORD, R. S. E.

Sir A. I vow, Miss Blandford, fair as I ever thought you, the air of your native land has given additional lustre to your charms! Ah! but where can Bob be? You must know, miss, my son is a very clever fellow! you won't find him wasting his time in boyish frivolity! No; you will find him—
[*Sees Bob.*]

Miss B. (R.) Is that your son, sir?

Sir A. (R. C.) [*Abashed.*] Yes, that's Bob!

Miss B. Pray, sir, is he making lace, or is he making love?

Sir A. Curse me if I can tell. [*Hits him with his stick.*] Get up, you dog! don't you see Miss Blandford?

Bob H. (L. C.) [*Starting up.*] Zounds! how unlucky. Ma'am, your most obedient servant. [*Endeavours to hide the work.*] Curse the cushion! [*Throws it off, L.*]

Dame. (L.) Oh! he has spoiled my lace!

[*Dame fetches it, then takes the stool and retires to the back of the stage to adjust her cushion.*]

Bob H. Hush! I'll make you a thousand yards another time. You see, ma'am, I was explaining to this good woman—what—what need not be explained again. Admirably handsome, by heaven!
[*Aside.*]

Sir A. Is not she, Bob?

Bob H. [Crossing, C., to Miss Blandford.] In your journey from the coast, I conclude you took London in your way?

Miss B. (R.) Oh, no, sir; I could not so soon venture into the *beau monde*, a stranger just arrived from Germany.

Bob H. (C.) The very reason; the most fashionable introduction possible! But I perceive, sir, you have here imitated other German importations, and only restored to us our native excellence.

Miss B. I assure you, sir, I am eager to seize my birth-right, the pure and envied immunities of an English woman!

Bob H. Then I trust, madam, you will be patriot enough

to agree with me, that as a nation is poor, whose only wealth is importation—that, therefore, the humble native artist may ever hope to obtain from his countrymen those fostering smiles, without which genius must sicken, and industry decay. But it requires no *valet de place* to conduct you through the purlieus of fashion, for now the way of the world is, for every one to pursue their own way; and following the fashion is—differing as much as possible from the rest of your acquaintance.

Miss B. But surely, sir, there is some distinguishing feature by which the votaries of fashion are known.

Bob H. Yes; but that varies extremely: sometimes fashionable celebrity depends on a high waist, sometimes on a low carriage, sometimes on high play, and sometimes on low breeding: last winter it rested solely on green peas!

Miss B. Green peas!

Bob H. Green peas! That lady was the most enchanting who could bring the greatest quantity of green peas to table at Christmas! The struggle was tremendous! Mrs. Rowley Powley had the best of it by five pecks and a half, but it having been unfortunately proved that at her ball there was room to dance and eat conveniently, that no lady received a black eye, and no coachman was killed, the thing was voted decent and comfortable, and scouted accordingly.

Miss B. (R.) Is comfort, then, incompatible with fashion?

Bob H. Certainly!—Comfort in high life would be as preposterous as a lawyer's bag crammed with truth, or his wig decorated with coquelicot ribbons! No: it is not comfort and selection that is sought, but numbers and confusion! So that a fashionable party resembles Smithfield market,—only a good one when plentifully stocked: and ladies are reckoned by the score like sheep, and their husbands by droves like horned cattle!

Miss B. Ha, ha!—and the conversation—

Bob H. (c.) Oh! like the assembly—confused, vapid, and abundant; as “How d’ye do, ma’am?—no accident at the door?—he, he!”—“Only my carriage broke to pieces!”—“I hope you had not your pocket picked?” “Won’t you sit down to faro?”—“Have you many to-night?”—“A few, about six hundred!”—“Were you at Lady Over-

all's ?"—"Oh, yes; a delicious crowd and plenty of peas, he, he!"—and thus runs the fashionable race.

Sir A. (t.) Yes; and a precious run it is, full gallop all the way; first they run on—then their fortune is run through—then bills are run up—then they run hard—then they've a run of luck—then they run out—and then they run away! But I'll forgive fashion all its follies, in consideration of one of its blessed laws.

Bob H. What may that be?

Sir A. That husband and wife must never be seen together.

Enter THOMAS, L. U. E.

Tho. Miss Blandford, your father expects you.

Miss B. I hope I shall find him more composed.

Bob H. Is Sir Philip ill?

Miss B. His spirits are extremely depressed, and since we arrived here this morning his dejection has dreadfully increased.

Bob H. But I hope we shall be able laugh away despondency.

Miss B. Sir, if you are pleased to consider my esteem as an object worthy your possession, I know of no way of obtaining it so certain as by your shewing every attention to my dear father. [*As they are going,*

Enter ASHFIELD, L.

Ash. Dame! Dame! she be come!

Dame. [*Next Ashfield.*] Who? Susan? our dear Susan?

Ash. Ees; zo come along. Oh, Sir Abel! Lady Nelly, your spouse, do order you to go to her directly!

Bob H. Order!—you mistake—

Sir A. No, he don't; she generally prefers that word.

Miss B. Adieu! Sir Abel.

[*Exeunt Miss Blandford and Bob Handy, L. U. E.*

Sir A. (r.) Oh! if my wife had such a pretty way with her mouth!

Dame. (c.) And how does Susan look?

Ash. (c.) That's what I do want to know, zoa come along. Woo ye, though. Missus, let's behave pratty.—Zur, if you please, Dame and I will let you walk along wi' us.

Sir A. How condescending! Oh, you are a pretty-behaved fellow! [*Exeunt, L.*

SCENE II.—*Farmer Ashfield's Kitchen.**Enter* LADY HANDY and SUSAN, R.

Sus. (L.) My dear home, thrice welcome ! what gratitude I feel to your ladyship for this indulgence.

Lady H. (R.) That's right, child.

Sus. And I am sure you partake my pleasure in again visiting a place where you received every protection and kindness my parents could shew you ; for I remember while you lived with my father—

Lady H. Child ! don't put your memory to any fatigue on my account ; you may transfer the remembrance of who I was, to aid your more perfect recollection of who I am.

Sus. Lady Handy !

Lady H. That's right, child ! I am not angry.

Sus. [*Looking out.*] How luxuriantly the honey-suckle has grown, that I planted. Ah ! I see my dear father and mother coming through the garden.

Lady H. Oh ! now I shall be caressed to death ; but I must endure the shock of their attentions.

Enter FARMER and DAME, with SIR ABEL, L.

Ash. (C.) My dear Susan ! [*They run to Susan.*

Dame. (L. C.) My sweet child ! give me a kiss.

Ash. Hald thee ! Feyther first, though. Well, I be as mortal glad to zee thee as never was ! And how be'st thee ? and how do thee like Lunnun town ? It be a deadly lively place, I be tould.

Dame. Is not she a sweet girl ?

Sir A. That she is !

Lady H. (R.) [*With affected dignity.*] Does it occur to any one présent that Lady Handy is in the room ?

Sir Abel. (L.) Oh, lud ! I'm sure, my dear wife, I never forget that you are in the room.

Ash. Drabbit it ! I overlooked Lady Nelly, sure enow ! but consider, there be zome difference between thee and our own Susan ! I be deadly glad to zee thee, however.

Dame. So am I, Lady Handy.

Ash. Doan't ye take it unkind I ha'nt a bussed thee yet—meant no slight, indeed.

[*Kisses her.*

Lady H. Oh ! shocking !

[*Aside.*

Ash. No harm, I do hope, zur?

Sir A. None at all.

Ash. But dash it, Lady Nelly, what do make thee paint thy vace all over wi' red ochre zo? Be it vor thy spouse to know thee?—that be the way I do know my sheep.

Sir A. The flocks of fashion are all marked so, Farmer.

Ash. Likely! Drabbit it! thee do make a tightish kind of a ladyship, zure enow.

Dame. That you do, my lady! You remember the old house?

Ash. Aye, and all about it—doan't ye, Nelly, my lady?

Lady H. Oh! I'm quite shocked. Susan, child, prepare a room where I may dress before I proceed to the castle. [*Exit Susan, R. Ashfield and Dame retire up a little.*]

Enter BOB HANDY, L.

Bob H. I don't see Susan. [*Crosses to Lady Handy.*] I say, dad! is that my mamma?

Sir A. (L.) Yes, speak to her.

Bob H. [*Chuckling her under the chin.*] A fine girl, upon my soul!

Lady H. (R.) Fine girl, indeed! Is this behaviour?

Bob A. (c.) Oh! beg pardon, most honoured parent. [*She curtseys.*] That's a damn'd bad curtsey. I can teach you to make a much better curtsey than that!

Lady H. You teach me, that am old enough to—hem!

Bob H. Oh! that toss of the head was very bad, indeed. Look at me! That's the thing!

Lady H. Am I to be insulted? Sir Abel, you know I seldom condescend to talk.

Sir A. Don't say so, my lady, you wrong yourself.

Lady H. But when I do begin, you know not where it will end.

Sir A. [*Aside.*] Indeed, I do not.

Lady H. I insist on receiving all possible respect from your son.

Bob H. And you shall have it, my dear girl—madam, I mean.

Lady H. I vow I am agitated to that degree—Sir Abel, my fan.

Sir A. Yes, my dear. Bob, look here, a little contrivance of my own. While others carry swords, and such

like dreadful weapons in their canes, I more gallantly carry a fan,—[*Removes the head of his cane and draws out a fan.*—a pretty thought, isn't it? [*Presents it to his lady.*

Ash. [*To Bob H.*] Some difference between thic stick and mine, beant there, zur?

Bob H. [*Moving away.*] Yes, there is. [*To Lady H.*] Do you call that fanning yourself? [*Taking the fan.*] My dear ma'am, this is the way to manœuvre a fan.

Lady H. [*To Bob H.*] Sir, you shall find I have power enough to make you repent this behaviour, severely repent it—Susan! [*Exit, followed by Dame, R.*

Bob H. Bravo! passion becomes her. She does that vastly well.

Sir A. Yes; practice makes perfect.

Enter SUSAN, R.

Sus. (R.) Did your ladyship call?—Heavens!—Mr. Handy!

Bob H. (R. c.) Hush! my angel! be composed!—that letter will explain. [*Giving a letter, noticed by Ashfield.*] Lady Handy wishes to see you.

Sus. Oh, Robert!

Bob H. At present, my love, no more.

[*Exit Susan, followed by Ashfield, R.*

Sir A. (L.) What were you saying, sir, to that young woman?

Bob H. (R.) Nothing particular, sir. Where is Lady Handy going?

Sir A. To dress.

Bob H. I suppose she has found out the use of money.

Sir A. Yes; I'll do her the justice to say, she encourages trade. Why, do you know, Bob, my best coal-pit won't find her in white muslin; round her neck hangs a hundred acres at least; my noblest oaks have made wigs for her; my fat oxen have dwindled into Dutch pugs and white mice; my India bonds are transmuted into shawls and otto of roses; and a magnificent mansion has shrunk into a diamond snuff-box.

Enter RALPH, R.

Ralph. Gentlemen, the folks be all got together, and the ploughs be ready, and—

Sir A. We are coming.

[*Exit Ralph, L.*

Bob H. Ploughs!

Sir A. Yes, Bob; we are going to have a grand agricultural meeting.

Bob H. Indeed!

Sir A. If I could but find a man able to manage my new invented *curricule* plough, none of them would have a chance.

Bob H. My dear sir, if there be anything on earth I can do, it is that.

Sir A. What?

Bob H. I rather fancy I can plough better than any man in England.

Sir A. You don't say so! What a clever fellow he is. I say, Bob, if you would—

Bob H. No; I can't condescend.

Sir A. Condescend! why not?—much more creditable, let me tell you, than galloping a maggot for a thousand, or eating a live cat, or any other fashionable achievement.

Bob H. So it is. Egad! I will—I will carry off the prize of industry.

Sir A. But should you lose, Bob?

Bob H. I lose! that's vastly well!

Sir A. True; with my *curricule* plough you could hardly fail.

Bob H. With my superior skill, dad. Then, I say, how the newspapers will teem with the account.

Sir A. Yes.

Bob H. That universal genius, Handy, junior, with a plough—

Sir A. Stop—invented by that ingenious machinist—Handy, senior.

Bob H. Gained the prize against the first husbandmen in Hampshire. Let our Bond-street butterflies emulate the example of Handy, junior.

Sir A. And let old city grubs cultivate the field of science, like Handy, senior. Ecod, I am so happy!

Lady H. [*Without, R.*] Sir Abel!

Sir A. Ah! there comes a damper.

Bob H. Courage, you have many resources of happiness.

Sir A. Have I?—I should be very glad to know them.

Bob H. In the first place, you possess an excellent temper.

Sir A. So much the worse; for if I had a bad one, I should be the better able to conquer hers.

Bob H. You enjoy good health.

Sir A. So much the worse; for if I were ill she wouldn't come near me.

Bob H. Then you are rich—

Sir A. So much the worse; for had I been poor, she would not have married me. But I say, Bob, if you gain the prize, I'll have a patent for my plough.

Lady H. [*Without, R.*] Sir Abel, I say—

Bob H. Father, could not you get a patent for stopping that sort of noise?

Sir A. If I could, what a sale it would have! No, Bob, a patent has been obtained for the only thing that will silence her—

Bob H. Ay—What's that?

Sir A. [*In a whisper.*] A coffin! hush!—I'm coming, my dear.

Bob H. Ha! ha! ha!

[*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE III.—*A Parlour in Ashfield's House. A Table, with small box on it.*

Enter ASHFIELD and DAME, R.

Ash. I tell ye, I zee'd un gi' Susan a letter, an' I dan't like it a bit.

Dame. Nor I;—if shame should come to the poor child—I say, Tummas, what would Mrs. Grundy say then?

Ash. Dom Mrs. Grundy; what would my poor wold heart zay? but I be bound it be all innocence.

Enter HENRY, L.

Dame. Ah! Henry, we have not seen thee at home all day.

Ash. And I do zomehow fanzie things dan't go so clever when thee'rt away from farm.

Hen. My mind has been greatly agitated.

Ash. Well, won't thee go and zee the ploughing match?

Hen. Tell me, will not those who obtain prizes be introduced to the castle?

Ash. Ees, and feasted in the great hall.

Hen. My good friend, I wish to become a candidate!

Dame. You, Henry!

Hen. It is time I exerted the faculties heaven has bestowed on me; and though my heavy fate crushes the proud hopes this heart conceives, still let me prove myself worthy of the place Providence has assigned me. Will you furnish me with the means!

Ash. Will I!—Thou shalt ha' the best plough in the parish—I wish it were all Gould for thy zake—and better cattle there can't be noowhere.

Hen. Thanks, my good friend—my benefactor—I have little time for preparation—So receive my gratitude, and farewell. [Exit, L.

Dame. A blessing go with thee.

Ash. I zay, Henry, take Jolly, and Smiler, and Captain, but dan't thee take thic lazy beast Genius—I'll be shot, if having vive load an acre on my wheat land cou'd please me more.

Dame. Tummus, here comes Susan reading the letter.

Ash. How pale she do look, dan't she?

Dame. Ah! poor thing!—If—

Ash. Hauld thy tongue, woolye? [They retire, R. U. E.

Enter SUSAN, reading the letter, R.

Sus. Is it possible? Can the man to whom I've given my heart write thus:—"I am compelled to marry Miss Blandford: but my love for my Susan is unalterable. I hope she will not, for an act of necessity, cease to think with tenderness on her faithful Robert."—Oh, man, ungrateful man! it is from our bosoms alone you derive your power; how cruel then to use it, in fixing in those bosoms endless sorrow and despair.—"Still think with tenderness."—Base, dishonourable insinuation.—He might have allowed me to esteem him. [Locks up the letter in box on table, and exit weeping, L.—Ashfield and Dame come forward.

Ash. Poor thing!—What can be the matter? She locked up the letter in thic box, and then burst into tears.

[Looks at the box.

Dame. Yes, Tummus, she locked it in that box, sure enough. [Shakes a bunch of keys that hang at her side.

Ash. What be doing, Dame? What be doing?

Dame. [*With affected indifference.*] Nothing; I was only touching these keys.

[*They look at the box and keys significantly.*]

Ash. A good tightish bunch!

Dame. Yes: they are all sizes. [*They look as before.*]

Ash. Indeed—well—eh!—why dan't ye speak? Thou can'st chatter vast enow zometimes.

Dame. Nay, Tummus—I dare say—if—you know best—but I think I could find—

Ash. Well, eh!—you can just try, you know. [*Greatly agitated.*] You can try, just vor the vun on't: but mind, dan't ye make a noise. [*She opens it.*] Why, thee hasn't opened it?

Dame. Nay, Tummus, you told me!

Ash. Did I?

Dame. There's the letter!

Ash. Well, why do ye gi't to I?—I dan't want it, I'm zure. [*Taking it—he turns it over—she eyes it eagerly—he is about to open it.*] She's coming, she's coming. [*Conceals the letter, they tremble violently.*] No, she's gone into t'other room. [*They hang their heads dejectedly, and look at each other.*] What mun that feyther and mother be doing, that do blush and tremble at their own dater's coming! [*Weeps.*] Dang it, has she desarved it of us—Did she ever deceive us?—Were she not always the most open-hearted, dutifullest, kindest; and thee to goa like a domned spy and open her box, poor thing!

Dame. Nay, Tummus—

Ash. You did—I zaw you do it mysel—you look like a thief, now—you doe—Hush!—no—Dame—here be the letter—I won't read a word on't; put it where thee vound it, and as thee vound it.

Dame. With all my heart. [*Returns the letter to the box.*]

Ash. [*Embraces her.*] Now I can wi' pleasure hug my wold wife, and look my child in the vace again—I'll call her and ax her about it; and if she dan't speak without disguisement, I'll be bound to be shot—Dame, he the colour of sheame off my vace yet?—I never zeed thee look ugly before—Susan, my dear Sue, come here a bit, woolye?

Enter SUSAN, L.

Sus. Yes, my dear father.

Ash. Sue, we do wish to gi' thee a bit of admonishing and parent-like consultation.

Sus. I hope I have ever attended to your admonitions.

Ash. Ees, bless thee, I do believe thee hast, lamb; but we all want our memories jogged a bit, or why else do parson preach us all to sleep every Zunday—Zo thic be the topic—Dame and I, Sue, did zee a letter gi'd to thee, and thee—burstid into tears, and locked un up in thic box—and then Dame and I—we—that's all.

Sus. My dear father, if I concealed the contents of that letter from your knowledge, it was because I did not wish your heart to share in the pain mine feels.

Ash. [*To his wife.*] Dang it, didn't I tell thee zoo?

Dame. Nay, Tummus, did I say otherwise?

Sus. Believe me, my dear parents, my heart never gave birth to a thought my tongue feared to utter.

Ash. There! the very words I zaid.

Sus. If you wish to see the letter, I will show it to you.
[*Searches for the key.*]

Dame. Here's a key will open it.

Ash. [*Aside.*] Drabbit it, hauld thy tongue, thou wold fool!—No, Susan, I'll not zee it—I'll believe my child.

Sus. You shall not find your confidence ill-placed—it is true, the gentleman has declared he loved me; it is equally true, that declaration was not unpleasing to me—Alas! it is also true, that his letter contains sentiments disgraceful to himself, and insulting to me!

Ash. Drabbit it, if I'd knowed that when we were cudgelling a bit, I wou'd ha lapt my stick about his ribs pratty tightish, I wou'd.

Sus. Pray, father, don't you resent his conduct to me.

Ash. What! mayn't I leather un a bit?

Sus. Oh, no! I have the strongest reasons to the contrary!

Ash. Well, Sue, I won't—I'll behave as pratty as I always do—but it be time to go to the green, and see the fine zights—How I do hate the noise of thic domned bunch of keys.—But bless thee, my child, dan't forget that vartue to a young woman be for all the world like—like—Dang it, I ha' gotten it all in my head; but zomehow I can't talk it—but vartue be to a young woman what corn be to a blade o' wheat, do ye zee; for while the corn be there it

be glorious to the eye, and it be called the staff of life; but take that treasure away, and what do remain? why, nought but this worthless straw, that man and beast do tread upon.
[*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE IV.—*An extensive View of a cultivated Country.—A ploughed Field in the centre, in which are seen six different Ploughs and Horses.—At one side, a handsome Tent; a number of Country People assembled.*

Enter ASHFIELD and DAME, R. U. E.

Ash. Make way! make way for the gentry! And do ye hear? behave pratty, as I do. Dang thee! stond back, or I'll knock thee down, I wool.

Enter SIR ABEL and MISS BLANDFORD, with THOMAS and WILLIAM, R. U. E.

Sir A. It is very kind of you to honour our rustic festivities with your presence.

Miss B. Pray, Sir Abel, where's your son?

Sir A. What! Bob? Oh, you'll see him presently. [*Nodding significantly.*] Here are the prize medals; and if you will condescend to present them, I'm sure they'll be worn with additional pleasure.—I say, you'll see Bob presently. Well, Farmer, is it all over?

Ash. Ees, zur; the acres be ploughed, and the ground judged; and the young lads be coming down to receive their reward. Heartily welcome, miss, to your native land; hope you be as pleased to zee we as we be to zee you, and the like o' that. Mortal beautizome, to be zure—I declare, miss, it do make I quite warm zomehow to look at ye. [*A shout without, L. U. E.*] They be coming.—Now, Henry!

Sir A. Now you'll see Bob—nòw, my dear boy, Bob—here he comes.
[*Huzza.*]

Enter HENRY and two young Husbandmen, L. U. E.

Ash. 'Tis he, he has done't—Dang you all, why dan't ye shout? Huzza!

Sir A. Why, zounds, where's Bob?—I don't see Bob—Bless me, what has become of Bob and my plough.

[*Retires and takes out his glass.*]

Ash. Well, Henry, there be the prize, and there be the fine lady that will gi' it thee.

Hen. Tell me, who is that lovely creature?

Ash. The dater of Sir Philip Blandford.

Hen. What exquisite sweetness! Ah! should the father but resemble her, I shall have but little to fear from his severity!

Ash. Miss, thic be the young man that ha' got'n the goulden prize.

Miss B. This? I always thought that ploughmen were coarse, vulgar creatures, but he seems handsome and diffident.

Ash. Ees, quite pratty behaved—it were I that teached un.

Miss B. What's your name?

Hen. Henry!

Miss B. And your family?

[*Henry, in an agony of grief, turns away, strikes his forehead, and leans on the shoulder of Ashfield.*]

Dame. [*Apart to Miss B.*] Madam, I beg pardon, but nobody knows about his parentage; and when it is mentioned, poor boy! he takes on sadly. He has lived at our house ever since we had the farm, and we have had an allowance for him—small enough, to be sure—but, good lad! he was always welcome to share what we had.

Miss B. I am shocked at my imprudence. [*To Henry.*] Pray, pardon me; I would not insult an enemy, much less one I am inclined to admire—[*Giving her hand, then withdraws it.*—to esteem—you shall go to the castle—my father shall protect you.

Hen. Generous creature! to merit his esteem is the fondest wish of my heart—to be your slave, the proudest aim of my ambition.

Miss B. Receive your merited reward.

[*He kneels. Thomas and William advance, and present the medals to Miss Blandford. She places the medal round his neck—the same to the others.*]

Sir A. [*Advances.*] I can't see Bob; pray, sir, do you happen to know what is become of my Bob?

Hen. Sir!

Sir A. Did not you see a remarkably clever plough, and a young man—

Hen. At the beginning of the contest, I observed a gentleman; his horses, I believe, were unruly, but my attention was too much occupied to allow me to notice more.

[*Laughing without*, L. U. E.]

Bob Handy. [*Without.*] How dare you laugh?

Sir A. That's Bob's voice! [*Laughing again*, L. U. E.]

Enter BOB HANDY, in a smock frock, cocked hat, and a piece of a plough in his hand, L. U. E.

Bob H. Dare to laugh again, and I'll knock you down with this—Ugh! how infernally hot. [*Walks about.*]

Sir A. Why, Bob, where have you been?

Bob H. I don't know where I have been.

Sir A. And what have you got in your hand?

Bob H. What? All I could keep of your nonsensical, rickety plough. [*Walks about, Sir Abel following.*]

Sir A. Come, none of that, sir. Don't abuse my plough to cover your ignorance, sir. Where is it, sir? and where are my famous Leicestershire horses, sir?

Bob H. Where? Ha, ha, ha! I'll tell you as nearly as I can. Ha, ha! What's the name of the next county?

Ash. It be called Wiltshire, zur.

Bob H. Then, dad, upon the nicest calculation I am able to make, they are at this moment engaged in the very patriotic act of ploughing Salisbury plain; ha, ha! I saw them fairly over that hill, full gallop, with the curricule-plough at their heels. But never mind, father; you must again set your invention to work, and I my toilet—rather a deranged figure to appear before a lady in. [*Fiddles heard.*] Hey dey! What, are you going to dance?

Ash. Ees, zur; I suppose you can sheake a leg a bit?

Bob H. I fancy I can dance every possible step, from the *pas ruse* to the war-dance of the Catabaws.

Ash. Likely—I do hope, miss, you'll join your honest neighbours; they'll be deadly hurt an you won't jig it a bit wi' un.

Miss B. With all my heart.

Sir A. Bob's an excellent dancer.

Miss B. I dare say he is, sir; but, on this occasion, I think I ought to dance with the young man who gained the prize—I think it would be the most pleasant—most

proper, I mean; and I am glad you agree with me—So, sir, if you'll accept my hand. *[Henry takes it.]*

Sir A. Very pleasantly settled—upon my soul!—Bob, won't you dance?

Bob H. I dance!—No, I'll look at them—I'll quietly look on.

Sir A. Egad, now, as my wife's away, I'll try to find a pretty girl and make one among them.

Ash. That's hearty—Come, Dame, hang the rheumatics!—Now, lads and lasses, behave pratty, and strike up.

[A Dance. Bob Handy looks on a little, and then begins to move his legs—then dashes into the midst of the dance, and endeavours to imitate every one opposite him; then, being exhausted, he leaves the dance, seizes the fiddle and plays till the curtain drops.]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Castle. Table, with Books on it, and two chairs.*

SIR PHILIP BLANDFORD discovered on a chair, reading,
WILLIAM and *THOMAS* attending.

Sir P. Is not my daughter yet returned?

Tho. No, Sir Philip.

Sir P. Despatch a servant to her. *[Exit William, L.]*

Tho. Sir, the old gardener is below, and asks to see you.

Sir P. *[Rises and throws away the book.]* Admit him instantly, and leave me. *[Exit Thomas, R.]*

Enter EVERGREEN, R., who bows, then looking at Sir Philip, clasps his hands together and weeps.

Does this desolation affect the old man? Come near me.—Time has laid a lenient hand on thee.

Ever. (R.) Oh, my dear master! can twenty years have wrought the change I see?

Sir P. (L.) No; *[Striking his breast.]* 'tis the canker

here that hath withered up my trunk :—but are we secure from observation ?

Ever. Yes.

Sir P. Then tell me, does the boy live ?

Ever. He does ; and is as fine a youth—

Sir P. No comments.

Ever. We named him—

Sir P. Be dumb ! let me not hear his name. Has care been taken he may not blast me with his presence ?

Ever. It has ; and he cheerfully complied.

Sir P. Enough ! Never speak of him more.—Have you removed every dreadful vestige from the fatal chamber ?—[*Evergreen hesitates.*] Oh, speak !

Ever. My dear master ! I confess my want of duty.—Alas ! I had not courage to go there.

Sir P. Ah !

Ever. Nay, forgive me ! wiser than I have felt such terrors !—The apartments have been carefully locked up—the keys not a moment from my possession—Here they are.

Sir P. Then the task remains with me. Dreadful thought ! I can well pardon thy fears, old man—Oh ! could I wipe from my memory that hour, when—

Ever. Hush ! your daughter.

Sir P. Leave me—we'll speak anon.

[*Exit Evergreen, R.*]

Enter MISS BLANDFORD, L.

Miss B. Dear father, I came the moment I heard you wished to see me.

Sir P. (R.) My good child, thou art the sole support that props my feeble life. I fear my wish for thy company deprives thee of much pleasure.

Miss B. (L.) Oh, no ! What pleasure can be equal to that of giving you happiness ? Am I not rewarded in seeing your eyes beam with pleasure on me ?

Sir P. 'Tis the pale reflection of the lustre I see sparkle there. But tell me, did your lover gain the prize ?

Miss B. Yes, papa.

Sir P. Few men of his rank—

Miss B. Oh ! you mean Mr. Handy.

Sir P. Yes.

Miss B. No; he did not.

Sir P. Then who did *you* mean?

Miss B. Did you say lover? I—I mistook.—No; a young man called Henry obtained the prize!

Sir P. And how did Mr. Handy succeed?

Miss B. Oh, it was so ridiculous! I will tell you, papa, what happened to him.

Sir P. To Mr. Handy?

Miss B. Yes; as soon as the contest was over, Henry presented himself. I was surprised at seeing a young man so handsome and elegant as Henry is; then I placed the medal round Henry's neck, and I was told that poor Henry—

Sir P. Henry!—So, my love! this is your account of Mr. Robert Handy?

Miss B. Yes, papa; no, papa: he came afterwards, dressed so ridiculously, that even Henry could not help smiling.

Sir P. Henry again.

Miss B. Then we had a dance.

Sir P. Of course you danced with your lover?

Miss B. Yes, papa.

Sir P. How does Mr. Handy dance?

Miss B. Oh! he did not dance till—

Sir P. You danced with your lover?

Miss B. Yes—no, papa!—Somebody said (I don't know who) that I ought to dance with Henry, because—

Sir P. Still Henry! Oh! oh! some rustic boy. My dear child, you talk as if you loved this Henry.

Miss B. Oh! no, papa;—and I am certain he don't love me.

Sir P. Indeed!

Miss B. Yes, papa; for when he touched my hand, he trembled as if I terrified him; and, instead of looking at me as you do, who I am sure love me, when our eyes met, he withdrew his and cast them to the ground.

Sir P. And these are the reasons which make you conclude he does not love you?

Miss B. Yes, papa.

Sir P. And probably you can adduce proof equally convincing that you do not love him.

Miss B. Oh, yes—quite: for in the dance he sometimes

paid attention to other young women, and I was so angry with him! Now you know, papa, I love you—and I am sure I should not have been angry with you, had you done so.

Sir P. But one question more.—Do you think Mr. Handy loves you?

Miss B. I have never thought about it, papa.

Sir P. I am satisfied.

Miss B. Yes; I knew I should convince you.

Sir P. Oh, Love! malign and subtle tyrant, how falsely art thou painted blind! 'Tis thy votaries are so; for what but blindness can prevent their seeing thy poisoned shaft, which is for ever doomed to rankle in the victim's heart.

Miss B. Oh! now I am certain I am not in love; for I feel no rankling at my heart. I feel the softest, sweetest sensation I ever experienced. But, papa, you must come to the lawn. I don't know why, but to-day Nature seems enchanting; the birds sing more sweetly, and the flowers give more perfume.

Sir P. [*Aside.*] Such was the day my youthful fancy pictured! How did it close?

Miss B. I promised Henry your protection.

Sir P. Indeed! that was much. Well, I will see your rustic here. This infant passion must be crushed. Poor wench! some artless boy has caught thy infant fancy!—Thy arm, my child!

[*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE II.—*A Lawn before the Castle.*

Enter HENRY and ASHFIELD, L.

Ash. Well! here thee'rt going to make thy bow to Sir Philip. I zay, if he should take a fancy to thee, thou'lt come to farm and zee us zometimes, wot'n't, Henry?

Hen. (L.) [*Shaking his hand.*] Tell me, is that Sir Philip Blandford, who leans on that lady's arm?

Ash. (R.) I don't know, by reason, d'ye zee, I never zeed 'un. Well, good bye! I declare, thee doz look quite grand wi' thic goulden prize about thy neck, vor all the world like the lords in their stars, that do come to theas pearts to pickle their skins in the zalt zee ocean! Good bye, Henry.

[*Exit, R. U. E*]

Hen. He approaches! Why this agitation? I wish, yet dread to meet him. [*Retires a little, L.*]

Enter SIR PHILIP, MISS BLANDFORD, WILLIAM, and THOMAS, R.

Miss B. The joy your tenantry display at seeing you again, must be truly grateful to you.

Sir P. No, my child; for I feel I do not merit it.—Alas! I can see no orphans clothed with my beneficence, no anguish assuaged with my care.

Miss B. Then I am sure my dear father wishes to show his kind intention. So I will begin by placing one under his protection.

[*Goes up the Stage and leads down Henry. Sir Philip, on seeing him, starts and becomes greatly agitated.*]

Sir P. (R.) Ah! do my eyes deceive me?—No; it must be him! Such was the face his father wore!

Hen. (L.) Spake you of my father?

Sir P. His presence brings back recollections which drive me to madness! How came he here? Who have I to curse for this?

Miss B. (c.) [*Falling on his neck.*] Your daughter.

Hen. Oh, sir, tell me! on my knees I ask it!—Do my parents live? Bless me with my father's name, and my days shall pass in active gratitude—my nights in prayers for you. [*Sir Philip views him with severe contempt.*] Do not mock my misery! Have you a heart?

Sir P. Yes: of marble. Cold and obdurate to the world—ponderous and painful to myself.—Quit my sight forever!

Miss B. Go, Henry, and save me from my father's curse!

Hen. I obey:—cruel as the command is, I obey it. I shall often look at this, [*touching the medal,*] and think on the blissful moment when your hand placed it there.

Sir P. Ah! tear it from his breast. [*Servants advance.*]

Hen. Sooner take my life! It is the first honour I have earned, and it is no mean one; for it assigns me the first rank among the sons of industry! This is my claim to the sweet rewards of honest labour! This will give me competence,—nay, more,—enable me to despise your tyranny.

Sir P. Rash boy, mark!—Avoid me, and be secure.—Repeat this intrusion, and my vengeance shall pursue thee—

Hen. I defy its power! You are in England, sir, where the man, who wears about him an upright heart, bears a charm too potent for tyranny to humble. Can your frown wither up my youthful vigour?—No! Can your malediction disturb the slumbers of a quiet conscience?—No! Can your breath stifle in my heart the adoration it feels for that pitying angel?—Oh, no!

Sir P. Wretch! you shall be taught the difference between us!

Hen. I feel it now!—proudly feel it! You hate the man that never wronged you—I could love the man that injures me. You meanly triumph o'er a worm—I make a giant tremble.

Sir P. Take him from my sight! Why am I not obeyed?

Miss B. Henry, if you wish my hate should not accompany my father's, instantly begone.

Hen. Oh, pity me!

[*Exit, L. Miss Blandford looks after him. Sir Philip, exhausted, leans on his Servants.*]

Sir P. Supported by my servants! I thought I had a daughter!

Miss B. [*Running to him.*] Oh, you have, my father! one that loves you better than life!

Sir P. [*To Servants*] Leave us. [*Exeunt William and Thomas, R.*] Emma, if you feel, as I fear you do, love for that youth—mark my words! When the dove woos for its mate the ravenous kite; when Nature's fixed antipathies mingle in sweet concord,—then, and not till then, hope to be united.

Miss B. Oh, heaven!

Sir P. Have you not promised me the disposal of your hand?

Miss B. Alas! my father! I didn't then know the difficulty of obedience!

Sir P. Hear, then, the reasons why I demand compliance. You think I hold these rich estates. Alas! the shadow only, not the substance.

Miss B. Explain, my father!

Sir P. When I left my native country, I left it with a heart lacerated by every wound that the falsehood of others, or my own conscience, could inflict. Hateful to myself, I became the victim of dissipation—I rushed to the gaming table, and soon became the dupe of villains. My ample fortune was lost; I detected one in the act of fraud; and, having brought him to my feet, he confessed a plan had been laid for my ruin;—that he was but an humble instrument; for the man who, by his superior genius, stood possessed of all the mortgages and securities I had given, was one Morrington.

Miss B. I have heard you name him before. Did you not know this Morrington?

Sir P. No; he, like his deeds, avoided the light.—Ever dark, subtle, and mysterious. Collecting the scattered remnant of my fortune, I wandered, wretched and desolate, till, in a peaceful village, I first beheld thy mother, humble in birth, but exalted in virtue. The morning after our marriage she received a packet, containing the words: "*The reward of virtuous love, presented by a repentant villain;*" and which also contained bills and notes to the high amount of ten thousand pounds.

Miss B. And no name?

Sir P. None; nor could I ever guess at the generous donor. I need not tell thee what my heart suffered when death deprived me of her. Thus circumstanced, this good man, Sir Abel Handy, proposed to unite our families by marriage; and, in consideration of what he termed the honor of our alliance, agreed to pay off every incumbrance on my estates, and settle them as a portion on you and his son. Yet, still another wonder remains. When I arrive, I find no claim whatever has been made, either by Morrington or his agents. What am I to think? Can Morrington have perished, and with him his large claims to my property? Or, does he withhold the blow, to make it fall more heavily?

Miss B. 'Tis very strange!—very mysterious! But my father has not told me what misfortune led him to leave his native country.

Sir P. [*Greatly agitated.*] Ha!

Miss B. May I not know it?

Sir P. Oh! never, never, never!

Miss B. I will not ask it. Be composed. My father, the evening damps will harm you. Come in—I will be all you wish; indeed, I will. [Exeunt, R.]

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the Castle. Table and two Chairs.*

Enter EVERGREEN, R.

Ever. Was ever anything so unlucky! Henry to come to the Castle, and meet Sir Philip. He should have consulted me; I shall be blamed—but, thank heaven, I am innocent.

SIR ABEL and LADY HANDY without, R.

Lady H. I will be treated with respect.

Sir A. You shall, my dear. [They enter, R.]

Lady H. (R.) But how! but how! Sir Abel, I repeat it—

Sir A. (c.) [Aside.] For the fiftieth time.

Lady H. Your son conducts himself with an insolence I won't endure; but you are ruled by him, you have no will of your own.

Sir A. I have not, indeed.

Lady H. How contemptible!

Sir A. Why, my dear, this is the case—I am like the ass in the fable; and if I am doomed to carry a pack-saddle, it is not much matter who drives me.

Lady H. To yield your power to those the law allows you to govern!—

Sir A. Is very weak, indeed.

Ever. (t.) Lady Handy, your very humble servant; I heartily congratulate you, madam, on your marriage with this worthy gentleman.—Sir, I give you joy.

Sir A. [Aside.] Not before 'tis wanted.

Ever. Ay, my lady; this match makes up for the imprudence of your first.

Lady H. Hem!

Sir A. Eh! What!—what's that—Eh! what do you mean?

Ever. I mean, sir—that Lady Handy's former husband—

Sir A. Former husband! Why, my dear, I never knew—Eh!

Lady H. A mumbling old blockhead!—Didn't you, Sir Abel? Yes; I was rather married many years ago; but my husband went abroad and died.

Sir A. Died, did he?

Ever. Yes, sir; he was a servant in the castle.

Sir A. Indeed! So he died—poor fellow!

Lady H. Yes.

Sir A. What, are you sure he died, are you?

Lady H. Don't you hear?

Sir A. Poor fellow! Neglected, perhaps—had I known it, he should have had the best advice money could have got.

Lady H. You seem sorry.

Sir A. Why, you would not have me pleased at the death of your husband, would you?—A good kind of man?

Ever. Yes; a faithful fellow—rather ruled his wife too severely.

Sir A. Did he? [*Apart to Evergreen.*] Pray, do you happen to recollect his manner?—Could you just give a hint of the way he had?

Lady H. Do you want to tyrannize over my poor, tender heart?—'Tis too much!

Ever. Bless me! Lady Handy is ill.—Salts! salts!

Sir A. [*Producing an essence-box.*] Here are salts, or aromatic vinegar, or essence of—

Ever. Any—any.

Sir A. Bless me, I can't find the key!

Ever. Pick the lock.

Sir A. It can't be picked; it's a patent lock.

Ever. Then break it open, sir.

Sir A. It can't be broken open—it is a contrivance of my own—you see, here comes a horizontal bolt, which acts upon a spring, therefore—

Lady H. I may die while you are describing a horizontal bolt. Do you think you shall close your eyes for a week for this?

Enter SIR PHILIP BLANDFORD, R.

Sir P. (I.) What has occasioned this disturbance?

Lady H. Ask that gentleman.

Sir A. Sir, I am accused—

Lady H. Convicted! convicted!

Sir A. Well, I will not argue with you about words—because I must bow to your superior practice. But, sir—
Sir P. Pshaw! [*Apart.*] Lady Handy, some of your people were inquiring for you.

Lady H. [*Crosses, L.*] Thank you, sir. Come, Sir Abel.
 [*Exit, L.*]

Sir A. Yes, my lady.—[*To Evergreen.*] I say, couldn't you give me a hint of the way he had?

Lady H. [*Without, L.*] Sir Abel!

Sir A. Coming, my soul! [*Crosses and exit, L.*]

Sir P. So! you have well obeyed my orders in keeping this Henry from my presence.

Ever. I was not to blame, master.

Sir P. (L.) Has Farmer Ashfield left the castle?

Ever. No, sir.

Sir P. Send him hither. [*Exit Evergreen, L.*] That boy must be driven far, far from my sight—but where?—No matter! the world is large enough.

Enter ASHFIELD, L.

Come hither. I believe you hold a farm of mine?

Ash. (L.) Ees, zur, I do, at your zarvice.

Sir P. (R.) I hope a profitable one?

Ash. Zometimes it be, zur. But thic year it be all t'other way, as 'twur; but I do hope, as our landlords have a tightish big lump of the good, they'll be zo kind-hearted as to take a little bit of the bad.

Sir P. It is but reasonable. I conclude, then, you are in my debt.

Ash. Ees, zur, I be—at your zarvice.

Sir P. How much?

Ash. I do owe ye a hundred and fifty pounds, at your zarvice.

Sir P. Which you can't pay?

Ash. Not a varthing, zur, at your zarvice.

Sir P. Well, I am willing to give you every indulgence.

Ash. Be you, zur? that be deadly kind. Dear heart! it will make my auld Dame quite young again, and I don't think helping a poor man will do your honour's health any harm—I don't, indeed, zur—I had a thought of speaking to your worship about it—but then, thinks I, the gentle-

man mayhap be one of those that do like to do a good turn, and not have a word zaid about it—zo, zur, if you had not mentioned what I owed you, I am zure I never should—should not, indeed, zur.

Sir P. Nay, I will wholly acquit you of the debt, on condition—

Ash. Ees, zur.

Sir P. On condition, I say, you instantly turn out that boy—that Henry.

Ash. Turn out Henry!—Ha, ha, ha! Excuse my tittering, zur; but you bees making your run of I, zure.

Sir P. I am not apt to trifle—send him instantly from you, or take the consequences.

Ash. Turn out Henry! I do vow I shouldn't know how to zet about it—I should not, indeed, zur.

Sir P. You heard my determination. If you disobey, you know what will follow. I'll leave you to reflect on it.

[*Exit, n.*

Ash. Well, zur, I'll argufy the topic, and then you may wait upon me, and I'll tell ye. [*Makes the motion of turning out.*] I should be deadly awkward at it, vor zartain—however, I'll put the case. Well! I goes whiztling whoam—noa, drabbit it! I shou'dn't be able to whiztle a bit, I'm zure. Well! I goes whoam, and I zeesh Henry zitting by my wife, mixing up someit to comfort the wold zoul, and take away the pain of her rheumatics—Very well! then Henry places chair vor I by the vire side, and zays—“Varmer, the horses be ved, the sheep be volderd, and you have nothing to do but to zit down, smoke your pipe, and be happy!” Very well! [*Becomes affected.*] Then I zays—“Henry, you be poor and friendless, zo you must turn out of my house directly.” Very well! Then my wife stares at I—reaches her hand towards the vire place, and throws the poker at my head. Very well! Then Henry gives a kind of aguish shake, and getting up, zighs vrom the bottom of his heart—then holding up his head like a king, zays—“Varmer, I have too long been a burthen to you. Heaven protect you, as you have me. Farewell! I go.” Then I zays, “If thee doez, I'll be domned!” [*With great energy.*] Hollo! you Mister Sir Philip! you may come in.

Enter SIR PHILIP BLANDFORD, R.

Zur, I have argufied the topic, and it wouldn't be pratty—zo I can't.

Sir P. (R.) Can't? absurd!

Ash. Well, zur, there is but another word—I won't.

Sir P. Indeed!

Ash. No, zur, I won't; I'd zee myzelf hanged first, and you too, zur. I would, indeed. [*Bowing.*]

Sir P. You refuse, then, to obey?

Ash. I do, zur—at your zarvice. [*Bowing.*]

Sir P. Then the law must take its course.

Ash. I be zorry for that, too—I be, indeed, zur; but if corn wouldn't grow, I couldn't help it; it wer'n't poisoned by the hand that zowed it. Thic hand, zur, be as vree vrom guilt as your own.

Sir P. Oh! [*Sighing deeply.*]

Ash. It were never held out to clinch a hard bargain, nor will it turn a good lad out into the wide, wicked world, because he be poorish a bit. I be zorry you be offended, zur, quite; but, come what would, I'll never hit thic hand against here, but when I be zure that zomet at inside will jump against it with pleasure. [*Bowing.*] I do hope you'll repent of all your zins—I do, indeed, zur; and if you should, I'll come and zee you again as friendly as ever. I wool, indeed, zur.

Sir P. Your repentance will come too late! [*Exit, R.*]

Ash. Thank ye, zur.—Good morning to you—I do hope I have made myzelf agreeable—and so I'll go whoam.

[*Exit, L.*]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Ashfield's House. Table and Chair.*

DAME ASHFIELD discovered, at work with her needle—HENRY sitting by her.

Dame. Come, come, Henry, you'll fret yourself ill, child. If Sir Philip will not be kind to you, you are but where you were.

Hen. [*Rising.*] My peace of mind is gone forever. Sir Philip may have cause for hate ;—spite of his unkindness to me, my heart seeks to find excuses for him—for, oh ! that heart doats on his lovely daughter.

Dame. [*Looking out.*] Here comes Tummus home at last. Heyday ! what's the matter with the man ? He doesn't seem to know the way into his own house.

Enter ASHFIELD, L., musing ; he stumbles against a chain.

Tummus, my dear Tummus, what's the matter ?

Ash. [*Not attending.*] It be lucky vor he I bees zo pratty behaved, or domn if I— [*Doubling his fist.*]

Dame. (R.) Who—what ?

Ash. Nothing at all—where's Henry ?

Hen. (L.) 'Here, farmer.

Ash. (c.) Thee wou'tn't leave us, Henry, wou't ?

Hen. Leave you ! What, leave you now, when, by my exertion, I can pay off part of the debt of gratitude I owe you ? Oh, no !

Ash. Nay, it were not for that I axed, I promise thee ; come, gi' us thy hand on't, then. [*Shaking hands.*] Now, I'll tell ye. Zur Philip did zend vor I about the money I do owe un ; and zaid as how he'd make all straight between us—

Dame. That was kind.

Ash. Yes, deadly kind. Make all straight, on condition I did turn Henry out o'my doors.

Dame. What !

Hen. Where will his hatred cease ?

Dame. And what did you say, Tummus ?

Ash. Why, I zivelly tould 'un, if it were agreeable to he to behave like a brute, it were agreeable to I to behave like a man.

Dame. That was right. I would have told him a great deal more.

Ash. Ah ! likely. Then a zaid I should have a bit of laa vor my pains.

Hen. And do you imagine I will see you suffer on my account ? No—I will remove this hated form—

[*Going, L.*]

Ash. No, but thee shat'un—thee shat'un—I tell thee. Thee have givun me thy hand on't, and domme if thee

sha't budge one step out of this house. Drabbit it! what can he do! he can't send us to jail. Why, I have corn will zell vor half the money I do owe 'un—and ha'n't I cattle and zheep? deadly lean, to be zure—and ha'n't I a thumping zilver watch, almost as big as thy head? and Dame here a got—how many silk gowns have thee got, Dame?

Dame. Three, Tummus—and sell them all—and I'll go to church in a stuff one—and let Mrs. Grundy turn up her nose as much as she pleases.

Hen. Oh, my friends, my heart is full. Yet a day will come, when this heart will prove its gratitude.

Dame. That day, Henry, is every day.

Ash. Dang it! never be down-hearted. I do know as well as can be, zome good luck will turn up. All the way I comed whoam I looked to vind a purse in the path, but I didn't, though. *[A knocking at the door, L.]*

Dame. Ah! here they are, coming to sell, I suppose.

Ash. Lettun—lettun zeize and zell; we ha gotten here *[striking his breast]* what we won't zell, and they can't zell. *[Knocking again.]* Come in—dang it, don't ye be shy.

Enter MORRINGTON and GERALD, L.

Hen. Ah! the strangers I saw this morning. These are not officers of law.

Ash. Noa! walk in, gemmen. Glad to see ye wi' all my heart and zoul. Come, Dame, spread a cloth, bring out cold meat and a mug of beer.

[Dame goes off, R., and returns with table-cloth, which she prepares to spread.]

Ger. *[To Morrington.]* That is the boy.

[Morrington nods.]

Ash. Take a chair, zur.

Mor. I thank you, and admire your hospitality. Don't trouble yourself, good woman. I am not inclined to eat.

Ash. That be the case here. To-day none o' we be auver hungry: misfortin be apt to stay the stomach con-foundedly.

Mor. Has misfortune reached this humble dwelling?

Ash. Ees, zur. I do think, vor my part, it do work its way in everywhere.

Mor. Well, never despair.

Ash. I never do, zur. It is not my way. When the zun do shine I never think of voul weather, not I; and when it do begin to rain, I always think that's a zure zign it will give auver.

Mor. Is that young man your son?

Ash. No, zur. I do wish he were, wi' all my heart and zoul.

Ger. [*To Morrington.*] Sir, remember.

Mor. Doubt not my prudence. Young man, your appearance interests me; how can I serve you?

Hen. By informing me who are my parents.

Mor. That I cannot do.

Hen. Then, by removing me from the hatred of Sir Philip Blandford.

Mor. Does Sir Philip hate you?

Hen. With such severity, that even now he is about to ruin these worthy creatures, because they have protected me.

Mor. Indeed! misfortune has made him cruel. That should not be.

Ash. Noa, it should not, indeed, zur.

Mor. It shall not be.

Ash. Shan't it, zur? But how shan't it?

Mor. I will prevent it.

Ash. Wool ye, faith and troth? Now, Dame, did not I zay zome good luck would turn up?

Hen. Oh, sir, did I hear you rightly? Will you preserve my friends? will you avert the cruel arm of power, and make the virtuous happy? My tears must thank you.

[*Taking his hand.*]

Mor. [*Disengaging his hand.*] Young man, you oppress me—Forbear! I do not merit thanks—pay your gratitude where you are sure 'tis due—to heaven. Observe me—here is a bond of Sir Philip Blandford's for 1000*l.*—do you present it to him, and obtain a discharge for the debt of this worthy man. The rest is at your own disposal—No thanks.

Hen. But, sir, to whom am I thus highly indebted?

Mor. My name is Morrington. At present, that information must suffice.

Ash. [*Bowing.*] Zur, if I may be zo bold—

Mor. Nay, friend—

Ash. Don't be angry, I hadn't thanked you, zur, nor I wont. Only, zur, I were going to ax when you would call again. You shall have my stampt note vor the money, you shall, indeed, zur. And in the mean time, I do hope you'll take zomeit in way of remembrance, as 'twere.

Dame. Will your honour put a couple of turkeys in your pocket?

Ash. Or pop a ham under your arm! don't ye zay no, if it's agreeable.

Mor. Farewell, good friends, I shall repeat my visit soon.

Dame. The sooner the better.

Ash. Good bye to ye, zur. Dame and I wool go to work as merry as crickets. Good bye, Henry.

Dame. Heaven bless your honour! and I hope you will carry as much joy away with you as you leave behind you—I do, indeed. [*Exeunt Ashfield and Dame, R.*]

Mor. Young man, proceed to the Castle and demand an audience of Sir Philip Blandford. In your way thither, I'll instruct you further. Give me your hand.

[*Exeunt Morrington, looking stedfastly at Henry, Gerald following, L.*]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Castle.*

Enter SIR PHILIP BLANDFORD, R.—A knocking at door, L.

Enter EVERGREEN, L.

Ever. (L.) My dear master, I am a petitioner to you.

Sir P. (R.) None possesses a better claim to my favour—ask, and receive.

Ever. I thank you, sir. The unhappy Henry.

Sir P. What of him?

Ever. [*Sir Philip turns from him with resentment.*] Nay, be not angry: he is without, and entreats to be admitted.

Sir P. I cannot, will not again behold him.

Ever. I am sorry you refuse me, as he compels me to repeat his words: "If," said he, "Sir Philip denies my humble request, tell him I demand to see him."

Sir P. Demand to see me! well, his *high* command shall be obeyed, then. [*Sarcastically.*] Bid him approach.

[*Exit Evergreen, L.*]

Enter HENRY, L.

Sir P. (R.) By what title, sir, do you thus intrude on me?

Hen. (L.) By one of an imperious nature : the title of a creditor.

Sir P. I *your* debtor!

Hen. Yes; for you owe me justice. You, perhaps, withhold from me the inestimable treasure of a parent's blessing.

Sir P. [*Impatiently.*] To the business that brought you hither.

Hen. Thus, then—I believe this is your signature—

[*Producing a bond.*]

Sir P. Ah! [*Recovering himself.*] It is—

Hen. Affixed to a bond of 1000*l.*, which by assignment is mine. By virtue of this I discharge the debt of your worthy tenant, Ashfield; who, it seems, was guilty of the crime of vindicating the injured and protecting the unfortunate. Now, Sir Philip, the retribution my hate demands is, that what remains of this obligation may not be now paid to me, but wait your entire convenience and leisure.

Sir P. No; that must not be.

Hen. Oh, sir, why thus oppress an innocent man?—Why spurn from you a heart that pants to serve you? No answer! Farewell.

[*Going.*]

Sir P. Hold—one word before we part—tell me—[*Aside.*] I dread to ask it. How came you possessed of this bond?

Hen. A stranger, whose kind benevolence stepped in, and saved—

Sir P. His name?

Hen. Morrington.

Sir P. Fiend! tormentor! Has he caught me!—You have seen this Morrington?

Hen. Yes.

Sir P. Did he speak of me?

Hen. He did—and of your daughter. “Conjure him,” said he, “not to sacrifice the lovely Emma by a marriage her heart revolts at. Tell him, the life and fortune of a parent are not his own. He holds them but in trust for his offspring. Bid him reflect, that while his daughter

merits the brightest rewards a father can bestow, she is by that father doomed to the harshest fate tyranny can inflict."

Sir P. Torture! [*With vehemence.*] Did he say who caused this sacrifice?

Hen. He told me you had been duped of your fortune by sharpers.

Sir P. Ay,—he knows that well. Young man, mark me.—This Morrington, whose precepts wear the face of virtue, and whose practice seems benevolence, was the chief of the hellish banditti that ruined me.

Hen. Is it possible?

Sir P. That bond you hold in your hand was obtained by robbery.

Hen. Confusion!

Sir P. Not by the thief who, encountering you as a man, stakes life against life, but by that most cowardly villain, who in the moment when reason sleeps and passion is roused, draws his snares around you, and hugs you to your ruin.

Hen. On your soul, is Morrington that man?

Sir P. On my soul, he is.

Hen. Thus, then, I annihilate the detested act, and thus I tread upon a villain's friendship. [*Tearing the bond.*]

Sir P. Rash boy! What have you done?

Hen. An act of justice to Sir Philip Blandford.

Sir P. For which you claim my thanks?

Hen. Sir, I am thanked already—here. [*Pointing to his heart.*] Curse on such wealth! compared with its possession, poverty is splendour. Fear not for me, I shall not feel the piercing cold; for in that man whose heart beats warmly for his fellow-creatures, the blood circulates with freedom. My food shall be what few of the pampered sons of greatness can boast of—the luscious bread of independence; and the opiate that brings me sleep, will be the recollections of the day passed in innocence.

Sir P. Noble boy! Oh! Blandford!

Hen. Ah!

Sir P. What have I said?

Hen. You called me Blandford.

Sir P. 'Twas error—'twas madness!

Hen. Blandford! A thousand hopes and fears rush on

my heart. Disclose to me my birth—be it what it may, I am your slave forever. Refuse me, you create a foe, firm and implacable as—

Sir P. Ha! am I threatened? Do not extinguish the spark of pity my breast is warmed with.

Hen. I will not. Oh, forgive me!

Sir P. Yes, on one condition—leave me.—Ha! some one approaches. Begone, I insist—I entreat.

Hen. That word has charmed me—I obey. Sir Philip, you may hate, but you shall respect me. [*Exit, L.*]

Enter BOB HANDY, R.

Bob H. (R.) At last, thank heaven, I have found somebody. But, Sir Philip, were you indulging in soliloquy?—You seem agitated.

Sir P. (L.) No, sir, rather indisposed.

Bob H. Upon my soul, I am devilish glad to find you. Compared with this Castle, the Cretan labyrinth was intelligible; and unless some kind Ariadne gives me a clue, I shan't have the pleasure of seeing you above once a week.

Sir P. I beg your pardon, I have been an inattentive host.

Bob H. Oh, no; but when a house is so devilish large, and the party so very small, they ought to keep together; for, to say the truth, though no one on earth feels a warmer regard for Robert Handy than I do—I soon get heartily sick of his company.—Whatever he may be to others, he's a cursed bore to me.

Sir P. Where is your worthy father?

Bob H. As usual, full of contrivances that are impracticable, and improvements that are retrograde; forming, altogether, a whimsical instance of the confusion of arrangement, the delay of expedition, the incommodiousness of accommodation, and the infernal trouble of endeavoring to save it. He has now a score or two of workmen about him, and intends pulling down some apartments in the east wing of the Castle.

Sir P. Ah! ruin!—Within there! Fly to Sir Abel Handy—Tell him to desist; order his people, on the peril of their lives, to leave the Castle instantly. Away!

Bob H. Sir Philip Blandford, your conduct compels me to be serious.

Sir P. Oh! forbear! forbear!

Bob H. Excuse me, sir—an alliance, it seems, is intended between our families, founded on ambition and interest. I wish it, sir, to be formed on a nobler basis, ingenuous friendship and mutual confidence. That confidence being withheld, I must here pause, for I should hesitate in calling that man father, who refuses me the name of friend.

Sir P. [*Aside.*] Ah! how shall I act?

Bob H. Is my demand unreasonable?

Sir P. Strictly just—But, oh!—you know not what you ask—Do you not pity me?

Bob H. I do.

Sir P. Why, then, seek to change it into hate?

Bob H. Confidence seldom generates hate—Mistrust always.

Sir P. Most true.

Bob H. I am not impelled by curiosity to ask your friendship. I scorn so mean a motive. Believe me, sir, the folly and levity of my character proceed merely from the effervescence of my heart—you will find its substance warm, steady, and sincere.

Sir P. I believe it, from my soul. Allow me a moment's thought.—[*Aside.*] Suspicion is awakened; does not prudence, as well as justice, prompt me to confide in him? Does not my poverty command me? Perhaps I may find a sympathising friend—the task is dreadful—but it must be so—perhaps he will perform the awful task of visiting the chamber, and removing every vestige of guilt. [*To Bob.*] Yes, you shall hear my story; I will lay before your view the agony with which this wretched bosom is loaded.

Bob H. I am proud of your confidence, and am prepared to receive it.

Sir P. Not here. Let me lead you to the eastern part of the Castle, my young friend. Mark me! This is no common trust I repose in you; for I place my life in your hands.

Bob H. And the pledge I give for its security is what alone gives value to life—my honour. [*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE III.—*A gloomy Gallery in the Castle: in the c., a strongly barred Door. The Gallery hung with Portraits*

HENRY *discovered, examining a particular Portrait, which occupies a conspicuous situation in the Gallery.*

Hen. Whenever curiosity has led me to this gallery, that portrait has attracted my attention—the features are peculiarly interesting. One of the House of Blandford—Blandford!—my name—perhaps my father! To remain longer ignorant of my birth, I feel impossible. There is a point when patience ceases to be a virtue—Hush! I hear footsteps—Ah! Sir Philip and another, in close conversation! Shall I avoid them? No!—Shall I conceal myself, and observe them? Curse on the base suggestion—No!

Enter SIR PHILIP and BOB HANDY, L.

Sir P. That chamber contains the mystery.

Hen. [*Aside.*] Ha!

Sir P. [*Turning round.*] Observe that portrait. [*Seeing Henry—starts.*] Who's there?

Bob H. [*To Henry.*] Sir, we wish to be private.

Hen. My being here, sir, was merely the effect of accident. I scorn intrusion. [*Bows—aside.*] But the important words are spoken—that chamber contains the mystery.
[*Exit, L.*]

Bob H. Who is that youth.

Sir P. You there behold his father—my brother—[*Weeps.*] I've not beheld that face these twenty years.—Let me again peruse its lineaments. [*In an agony of grief.*] Oh, God! how I loved that man!—

Bob H. Be composed.

Sir P. I will endeavour. Now listen to my story.

Bob H. You rivet my attention.

Sir P. While we were boys, my father died intestate. So I, as elder born, became the sole possessor of his fortune; but the moment the law gave me power, I divided, in equal portions, his large possessions, one of which I with joy presented to my brother.

Bob H. It was noble.

Sir P. At least it was just. We lived together, sir, as

one man; as my life I loved him, and felt no joys but what he shared—Sorrow I knew not.

Bob H. Such love demanded a life of gratitude.

Sir P. [*With suppressed agony.*] You shall now hear, sir, how I was rewarded. Chance placed in my view a young woman of superior personal charms; my heart was captivated. Fortune she possessed not, but mine was ample. She blessed me by consenting to our union, and my brother approved my choice.

Bob H. How enviable your situation.

Sir P. Oh! [*Sighing deeply.*] On the evening previous to my intended marriage, with a mind serene as the departing sun, whose morning beam was to light me to happiness, I sauntered to a favourite tree, where, lover-like, I had marked the name of my destined bride, and, with every nerve braced to the tone of ecstasy, I was wounding the bark with a deeper impression of the name—when, oh, God!—

Bob H. Pray proceed!

Sir P. When the loved offspring of my mother and the woman my soul adored—the only two beings on earth who had wound themselves round my heart, by every tie dear to the soul of man, placed themselves before me; I heard him—even now the sound is in my ears, and drives me to madness,—I heard him breathe vows of love, which she answered with burning kisses. He pitied his poor brother, and told her he had prepared a vessel to bear her forever from me. They were about to depart, when the burning fever in my heart rushed upon my brain. Picture the young tiger, when first his savage nature rouses him to vengeance—the knife was in my gripe—I sprung upon them—with one hand I tore the faithless woman from his damned embrace, and with the other stabbed my brother to the heart!

Bob H. You are faint. But let me lead you from this place. Yet hold! The wretched woman—

Sir P. Was secretly conveyed here, even to that chamber. She proved pregnant, and in giving birth to a son, paid the forfeit of her perjury by death.

Bob H. Which son is the youth that left us?

Sir P. Even so. My task being ended, yours begins.

Bob H. Mine!

Sir P. Yes : that chamber contains evidence of my shame ; the fatal instrument, with other guilty proofs, lie there concealed—can you wonder I dread to visit the scene of horror ? Can you wonder I implore you, in mercy, to save me from the task ? Oh ! my friend, enter the chamber, bury in endless night those instruments of blood, and I will kneel and worship you.

Bob H. I will.

Sir P. [*Weeps.*] Will you ? [*Embraces him.*] I am unused to kindness from man, and it affects me. Oh ! can you press to your guiltless heart that blood-stained hand ?

Bob H. Sir Philip, let men without faults condemn ; I must pity you. [*Exeunt, Bob Handy leading Sir Philip, L.*]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Wooded View of the Country.*

Enter SUSAN ASHFIELD, L., who looks about with anxiety, and then comes forward.

Sus. I fear my conduct is very imprudent. Has not Mr. Handy told me he is engaged to another ? But 'tis hard for the heart to forego, without one struggle, its only hope of happiness ; and conscious of my own honour, what have I to fear ? Perhaps he may repent his unkindness to me—at least, I'll put his passion to the proof ; if he be worthy of my love, happiness is forever mine ; if not, I'll tear him from my breast, though from the wound my life's blood should follow. Ah ! he comes—I feel I am a coward, and my poor alarmed heart trembles at its approaching trial—Pardon me, female delicacy, if, for a moment, I seem to pass thy sacred limits. [*Retires up the Stage.*]

Enter BOB HANDY, R.

Bob H. By heavens, the misfortunes of Sir Philip Blandford weigh so heavily on my spirits, that—but confusion to melancholy ! I am come here to meet an angel, who

will, in a moment, drive away the blue devils like mist before the sun. Let me again read the dear words: [*Reading a letter.*] "*I confess I love you still.*" [*Kisses the letter.*] But I dare not believe their truth till her sweet lips confirm it. Ah! she's there—Susan, my angel! a thousand thanks. A life of love can alone repay the joy your letter gave me.

Sus. Do you not despise me?

Bob H. (R.) No; love you more than ever.

Sus. Oh, Robert, this is the very crisis of my fate.—From this moment we meet with honour, or we meet no more. If we must part, perhaps, when you lead your happy bride to church, you may stumble over your Susan's grave. Well, be it so.

Bob H. Away with such sombre thoughts!

Sus. (L.) Tell me my doom—yet hold—you are wild, impetuous—you do not give your heart fair play—therefore, promise me, (perhaps 'tis the last favour I shall ask,) that before you determine whether our love shall die or live with honour, you will remain here alone for a few moments, and that you will give those moments to reflection.

Bob H. I do—I will.

Sus. With a throbbing heart I will wait at a little distance. [*Aside.*] May virtuous love and sacred honor direct his thoughts.

[*Exit, L.*]

Bob H. Yes, I will reflect—that I am the most fortunate fellow in England. She loves me still—what is the consequence? That love will triumph—that she will be mine—mine, without the degradation of marriage—love, pride, all gratified—how I shall be envied, when I triumphantly pass the circles of fashion! One will cry, "Who is that angel?" Another, "Happy fellow!" Then Susan will smile around—Will she smile? Oh, yes—she will be all gaiety—mingle with the votaries of pleasure, and—what! Susan Ashfield the companion of licentious women! Damnation! No; I wrong her—she would not—she would rather shun society—she would be melancholy—melancholy. [*Sighs and looks at his watch.*] Would the time were over. Pshaw! I think of it too seriously—'tis false—I do not—should her virtue yield to love, would not remorse affect her health? Should I not behold that lovely form sicken and decay—perhaps die!—Die! then what

am I ? a villain—loaded with her parent's curses, and my own. Let me fly from the dreadful thought—But how fly from it—[*Calmly.*—by placing before my imagination a picture of more honourable lineaments.—I make her my wife. Ah ! then she would smile on me—There's rapture in the thought—instead of vice producing decay, I behold virtue emblazoning beauty—instead of Susan on the bed of death, I behold her giving to my hopes a dear pledge of our mutual love. She places it in my arms—down her father's honest face runs a tear, but 'tis the tear of joy. Oh, this will be luxury—paradise ! Come, Susan—come, my love, my soul, my wife !

Enter SUSAN, L. ; she at first hesitates—on hearing the word wife, she springs into his arms.

Sus. Is it possible ?

Bob H. Yes ; those charms have conquered.

Sus. Oh, no ; do not so disgrace the victory you have gained—'tis your own virtue that has triumphed.

Bob H. My Susan ! how true it is, that fools alone are vicious. But let us fly to my father, and obtain his consent. On recollection, that may not be quite so easy. His arrangements with Sir Philip Blandford are—are—not mine, so there's an end of that. And Sir Philip, by misfortune, knows how to appreciate happiness. Then poor Miss Blandford—upon my soul, I feel for her.

Sus. [*Ironically.*] Come—don't make yourself miserable. If my suspicions be true, she'll not break her heart for your loss.

Bob H. Nay, don't say so—she will be unhappy.

Ash. [*Without, L.*] There he is. Dame, shall I shoot at un ?

Dame. No.

Bob H. What does he mean ?

Sus. My father's voice !

Ash. Then I'll leather un wi' my stick.

Bob H. Zounds—no—come here.

Enter ASHFIELD and DAME, L.

Ash. (L. c.) What do thee here wi' my Sue, eh ?

Bob H. (R.) With your Sue—she's mine—mine by a husband's right.

Ash. Husband ! what ! thee Sue's husband ?

Bob H. I soon shall be.

Ash. But how, though ?—What, faith and troth ! what, like as I married Dame ?

Bob H. Yes.

Ash. What, axed three times ?

Bob H. Yes ; and from this moment, I'll maintain that the real Temple of Love is a parish church—Cupid is a chubby curate, his torch is the sexton's lantern, and the according pæan of the spheres is the profound nasal thorough-bass of the clerk's Amen.

Ash. Huzza ! only to think, now—my blessing go with you, my children !

Dame. (L.) And mine.

Ash. And heaven's blessing, too. Ecod, I believe, now, as thy feyther zays, thee canst do everything.

Bob H. No ; for there is one thing I cannot do—injure the innocence of woman.

Ash. Drabbit it, I shall walk in the road all day to zee Sue ride by in her own coach.

Sus. (R. c.) You must ride with me, father.

Dame. I say, Tummus, what will Mrs. Grundy say then ?

Ash. I do hope thee will not be ashamed of thy feyther in laa, woolye ?

Bob H. No ; for then I must also be ashamed of myself, which I am resolved not to be again.

Enter SIR ABEL HANDY, R.

Sir A. Heydey, Bob ! why an't you gallanting your intended bride ? But you are never where you ought to be !

Bob H. Nay, sir, by your own confession I *am* where I ought to be.

Sir A. No ; you ought to be at the Castle—Sir Philip is there, and Miss Blandford is there, and Lady Handy is there—and therefore—

Bob H. You are *not* there—in one word, I shall not marry Miss Blandford.

Sir A. Indeed ! who told you so ?

Bob H. One who never lies—and therefore, one I am letermined to make a friend of—my conscience.

Sir A. But zounds, sir, what excuse have you ?

Bob H. [*Taking Susan's hand.*] A very fair one, sir—is not she ?

Sir A. Why, yes, I can't deny it—but, 'sdeath, sir, this overturns my best plan.

Bob H. No, sir: for a parent's best plan is his son's happiness, and that it will establish. Come, give us your consent. Consider how we admire all your wonderful inventions.

Sir A. No; not my plough, Bob—but 'tis a devilish clever plough.

Bob H. I dare say it is. Come, sir, consent, and perhaps, in our turn, we may invent something that may please you.

Sir A. He! he! he! Well—but hold—what's the use of my consent without my wife's—bless you! I dare no more say I approve, without—

Enter GERALD, L.

Ger. (L.) Health to this worthy company.

Sir A. (R.) The same to you, sir.

Bob H. Who have we here, I wonder ?

Ger. I wish to speak with Sir Abel Handy.

Sir A. I am the person.

Ger. You are married ?

Sir A. Damn it! he sees it in my face.—Yes, I have that happiness.

Ger. Is it a happiness ?

Sir A. To say the truth—why do you ask ?

Ger. I want answers, not questions—and depend on't, 'tis your interest to answer me.

Bob H. An extraordinary fellow this !

Ger. Would it break your heart to part with her ?

Sir A. Who are you, sir, that—

Ger. Answers—I want answers—would it break your heart, I ask ?

Sir A. Why, not absolutely, I hope. Time, and philosophy, and—

Ger. I understand—what sum of money would you give to the man who would dissolve your marriage contract ?

Bob H. He means something, sir.

Sir A. Do you think so, Bob ?

Ger. Would you give a thousand pounds?

Sir A. No.

Bob H. No!

Sir A. No; I would not give one; but I would give five thousand pounds.

Ger. Generously offered—a bargain—I'll do it.

Sir A. But an't you deceiving me?

Ger. What should I gain by that?

Sir A. Tell me your name?

Ger. Time will tell that.

Lady Handy. [Without, L.] Sir Abel—where are you?

Ger. That's your wife's voice—I know it.

Sir A. So do I.

Ger. I'll wait without—Cry, "Hem!" when you want me.

Sir A. Then you need not go far. [*Exit Gerald, R. U. E.*] I dare not believe it. I should go out of my wits—and then, if he fail, what a pickle I shall be in! Here she is.

Enter LADY HANDY, L.

Lady H. So, sir, I have found you at last?

Bob H. My honoured mamma, you have just come in time to give your consent to my marriage with my sweet Susan.

Lady H. And do you imagine I will agree to such degradation?

Ash. Do'e, Lady Nelly, do'e be kind hearted to the young loviers. Remember how I used to let thee zit up all night a zweethearting.

Lady H. Silence! [*To Sir Abel.*] And have you dared to consent?

Sir A. Oh, no, my Lady.

Bob H. Sir, you had better cry "Hem!"

Sir A. I think it's time, Bob.—Hem!

Bob H. Hem!

Lady H. What do you mean by—Hem!

Sir A. Only, my dear, something troublesome I wish to get rid of—Hem!

Enter GERALD, R. U. E.

There he is—never was so frightened in all my life.

[*Gerald advances.*]

Lady H. [*Shrieks and exclaims,*] Gerald!

Ger. Yes.

Lady H. An't you dead, Gerald? Twenty years away, and not dead?

Ger. No, wife.

Sir A. Wife! Did you say wife?

Ger. Yes.

Sir A. Say it again.

Ger. She is my wife.

Sir A. Once more.

Ger. My lawful, wedded wife.

Sir A. Oh, my dear fellow! Oh, my dear boy! Oh, my dear girl! [*Embraces Gerald and the rest.*] Oh, my dear! [*Running to Mrs. Gerald.*] No—yes, now she an't my wife, I will—well—how will you have the five thousand? Will you have it in cash, or in bank notes, or stock, or India bonds, or lands, or patents, or—

Ger. No—land will do—I wish to kill my own mutton.

Sir A. Sir, you shall kill all the sheep in Hampshire.

Ger. Sir Abel, you have lost five thousand pounds, and with it, properly managed, an excellent wife, who, though I cannot condescend to take again as mine—you may depend on't, shall never trouble you. Come! This way! [*Beckoning to Mrs. Gerald.*] Important events now call on me, and prevent my staying longer with this good company. Sir Abel, we shall meet soon. Nay, come, you know I'm not used to trifle; come, come—

[*She reluctantly, but obediently crosses the Stage and runs off. Gerald follows, R.*]

Sir A. [*Imitating.*] Come, come—That's a damned clever fellow! Joy, joy, my boy! Here; here; your hands. The first use I make of liberty, is to give happiness. I wish I had more imitators. Well, what will you do? [*Walks about exultingly.*] Where will you go? I'll go anywhere you like. Will you go to Bath, or Brighton, or Petersburg, or Jerusalem, or Seringapatam? All the same to me—we single fellows—we rove about—nobody cares about us—we care for nobody.

Bob H. I must to the Castle, father.

Sir A. Have with you, Bob. [*Singing.*] "I'll sip every flower—I'll change every hour!" [*Beckoning.*] Come,

come! [*Exeunt Sir Abel, Bob Handy, and Susan, R.; Susan kisses her hand to Ashfield and Dame.*]

Ash. (R.) Bless her, how nicely she do trip it away with the gentry!

Dame. (L.) And then, Tummus, think of the wedding.

Ash. [*Reflecting.*] I declare, I shall be just the zame as ever—may be I may buy a zmartish bridle, or a zilver backy stopper, or the like o'that.

Dame. [*Apart.*] And then, when we come out of church, Mrs. Grundy will be standing about there—

Ash. [*Apart.*] I shall zhake hands agreeably wi' all my friends.

Dame. [*Apart.*] Then I just look at her in this manner.

Ash. [*Apart.*] How dost do, Peter. Ah, Dick—glad to zee thee, wi' all my zoul. [*Bows towards c. of Stage.*]

Dame. [*Apart.*] Then, with a kind of half curtsey, I shall— [*Advances to c. also, and their heads meet.*]

Ash. What an wold fool thee beest, Dame—Come along, and behave pratty, do'e. [*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE II.—*The same as Act Fourth, Scene Third. Stage dark.*

Enter BOB HANDY, with caution, bearing a light and a large Key, L.

Bob H. Now to fulfil my promise with Sir Philip Blandford—by—entering that chamber and removing.—'Tis rather awful—I don't half like it, somehow; everything is so cursedly still. What's that? I thought I heard something—no—why, 'sdeath, I am not afraid—no—I'm quite su—su—sure of that—only everything is so cursedly hush, and—[*A flash of light, and a tremendous explosion takes place.*] What the devil's that? [*Trembling.*] I swear I hear some one—lamenting—who's there?

Enter SIR ABEL HANDY, R.

Father!

[*Trembling.*]

Sir A. [*Trembling.*] Bob!

Bob H. (L.) Have you seen anything?

Sir A. Oh! my dear boy!

Bob H. Damn it, don't frighten one—

Sir A. Such an accident! Mercy on us!

Bob H. Speak!

Sir A. I was mixing the ingredients of my grand substitute for gunpowder, when, somehow, it blew up, and set the curtains on fire, and—

Bob H. Curtains! zounds, the room's in a blaze.

Sir A. Don't say so, Bob.

Bob H. What's to be done? Where's your famous preparation for extinguishing flames?

Sir A. It is not mixed.

Bob H. Where's your fire-escape?

Sir A. It is not fixed.

Bob H. Where's your patent fire-engine?

Sir A. 'Tis on the road.

Bob H. Well, you are never at a loss.

Sir A. Never.

Bob H. What's to be done

Sir A. I don't know. I say, Bob, I have it—perhaps it will go out of itself!

Bob H. Go out! it increases every minute. Let us run for assistance. Let us alarm the family. [*Exit, L.*]

Sir A. Yes—dear me! dear me!

Servant. [*Without, R.*] Here, John! Thomas! some villain has set fire to the Castle. If you catch the rascal, throw him into the flames.

[*Sir Abel runs off, L., and the alarm bell rings.*]

SCENE III.—*The Garden of the Castle. The effects of the Fire shown on the Foliage and Scenery.*

Enter HENRY, L., meeting EVERGREEN, R.

Hen. (L.) The Castle in flames! What occasioned it?

Ever. (R.) Alas, I know not!

Hen. Are the family in safety?

Ever. Sir Philip is.

Hen. And his daughter?

Ever. Poor lady! I just now beheld her looking with agony from that window!

Hen. Ah! Emma in danger!—Farewell!

Ever. [*Holding him.*] Are you mad? the great staircase is in flames.

Hen. I care not! Should we meet no more, tell Sir Philip I died for his daughter!

Ever. Yet reflect.

Hen. Old man, do not cling to me thus—'Sdeath! men will encounter peril to ruin a woman, and shall I hesitate when it is to save one? [Exit, R. U. E.]

Ever. Brave, generous boy! Heaven preserve thee!

Enter SIR PHILIP BLANDFORD, L.

Sir P. (L.) Emma, my child, where art thou?

Ever. (R.) I fear, sir, the Castle will be destroyed.

Sir P. My child! my child! where is she! Speak!

Ever. Alas! she remains in the Castle!

Sir P. Ah! then I will die with her! [Going.]

Ever. Hold, dear master! if human power can preserve her, she is safe. The bravest, noblest of men, has flown to her assistance.

Sir P. Heaven reward him with its choicest blessings!

Ever. 'Tis Henry.

Sir P. Henry! Heaven will reward him—I will reward him!

Ever. Then be happy! Look, sir!

Sir P. Ah! dare I trust my eyes?

Ever. He bears her safe in his arms.

Sir P. Bountiful Creator, accept my thanks!

Enter HENRY, bearing EMMA in his arms, R. U. E.

Hen. There is your daughter.

Sir P. My child, my Emma, revive!

Hen. [Apart.] Ay—now to unfold the mystery—The avenue to the eastern wing is still passable—the chamber not yet in flames—the present moment lost, and all is closed forever. I will be satisfied, or perish. [Exit, R. U. E.]

Miss B. (R.) Am I restored to my dear father's arms?

Sir P. (L.) Yes, only blessing of my life! In future, thy wishes shall be mine—thy happiness, my joy.

Enter BOB HANDY and SUSAN, L.

Bob H. My dear friend safe! and the lovely Emma in his arms! Then let the bonfire blaze.

Sir P. But Emma, where is your Henry? I wish to be just to him—I wish to thank him.

Miss B. He has withdrawn, to avoid our gratitude.

Ever. No—he again rushed into the Castle, exclaiming; “I will penetrate that chamber, or perish in the attempt.”

Sir P. Then all is discovered.

Bob H. Hush! for heaven’s sake, collect yourself!

Enter HENRY, in great agitation, R. U. E.

Miss B. [*Shrieks.*] Thank heaven, he’s safe. What urged you, Henry, again to venture in the Castle?

Hen. Fate! the desperate attempt of a desperate man!

Sir P. Ah!

Hen. Yes! the mystery is developed. In vain the massy bars, cemented with their cankerous rust, opposed my entrance—in vain the heated, suffocating damps enveloped me—in vain the hungry flames flashed their vengeance round me! What could oppose a man struggling to know his fate? I forced the doors, a firebrand was my guide, and among many evidences of blood and guilt, I found—these! [*Produces a knife and bloody cloth.*]

Sir P. [*Starts with horror, then with solemnity.*] It is accomplished! Just heaven, I bend to thy decree! Blood must be paid by blood! Henry, that knife, aimed by this fatal hand, murdered thy father!

Hen. Ha! [*Grasping the knife.*]

Miss B. [*Placing herself between him and her father.*] Henry! [*He drops his hand.*] Oh, believe him not! ’Twas madness! I’ve heard him talk thus wildly in his dreams! We are all friends! None will repeat his words—I am sure none will! My heart will break!—Oh, Henry! will you destroy my father?

Hen. Would I were in my grave!

Enter GERALD, L.

Sir P. Ah, Gerald here! How vain concealment! Well! come you to give evidence of my shame?

Ger. I come to announce one, who, for many years, has watched every action of your life!

Sir P. Who?

Ger. Morrington.

Sir P. I shall then behold the man who has so long avoided me.

Ger. But ever has been near you—he is here.

Enter MORRINGTON, wrapped in his cloak, L.

Sir P. Well, behold your victim in his last stage of human wretchedness! Come you to insult me? [*Morrington clasps his hand together and hides his face.*] Ah! can even you pity me? Speak—still silent, still mysterious—Well, let me employ what remains of life in thinking of hereafter. [*Addressing heaven.*] Oh, my brother! we soon shall meet again. And let me hope that, stripped of those passions which make men devils, I may receive the heavenly balm of thy forgiveness, as I, from my inmost soul, do pardon thee. [*Morrington becomes convulsed with agony, and falls into Gerald's arms. Evergreen assists him.*] Ah, what means that agony? He faints! give him air! [*They throw open his cloak and hat. Sir Philip starts.*] Angels of mercy! my brother! 'tis he! he lives! Henry, support your father!

Hen. [*Running to Mor.*] Ah, my father! he revives!

Sir P. Hush!

[*Morrington recovers. Seeing his brother, covers his face with shame, then falls at his feet.*]

Mor. Crawling in the dust, behold a repentant wretch!

Sir P. [*Indignantly.*] My brother, Morrington!

Mor. Turn not away—in mercy, hear me!

Sir P. Speak!

Mor. After the dreadful hour that parted us, agonized with remorse, I was about to punish home what you arm had left unaccomplished; when some angel whispered, "Punishment is life, not death—Live and atone!"

Sir P. Oh! go on!

Mor. I flew to you—I found you surrounded by sharpeners—What was to be done? I became Morrington! littered with villains! practised the arts of devils! braved the assassin's steel! possessed myself of your large estates—lived hateful to myself, detested by mankind—to do what? to save an injured brother from destruction, and lay his fortunes at his feet! [*Places parchments before Sir P.*]

Sir P. Ah! is it possible?

Mor. Oh, is that atonement? No: By me, you first beheld her mother! [*Pointing to Miss B.*] 'Twas I that gave her fortune! Is that atonement? No!—But my Henry has saved that angel's life—Kneel with me, my

boy—lift up thy innocent hands with those of thy guilty father, and beg for mercy from that injured saint.

[*Henry kneels with him.*]

Sir P. Oh, God! how infinite are thy mercies! Henry forgive me—Emma, plead for me—There—there.

[*Joining their hands.*]

Hen. But my father—

Sir P. [*Approaching.*] Charles!

Mor. Philip!

Sir P. Brother, I forgive thee.

Mor. Then let me die—blest, most blest!

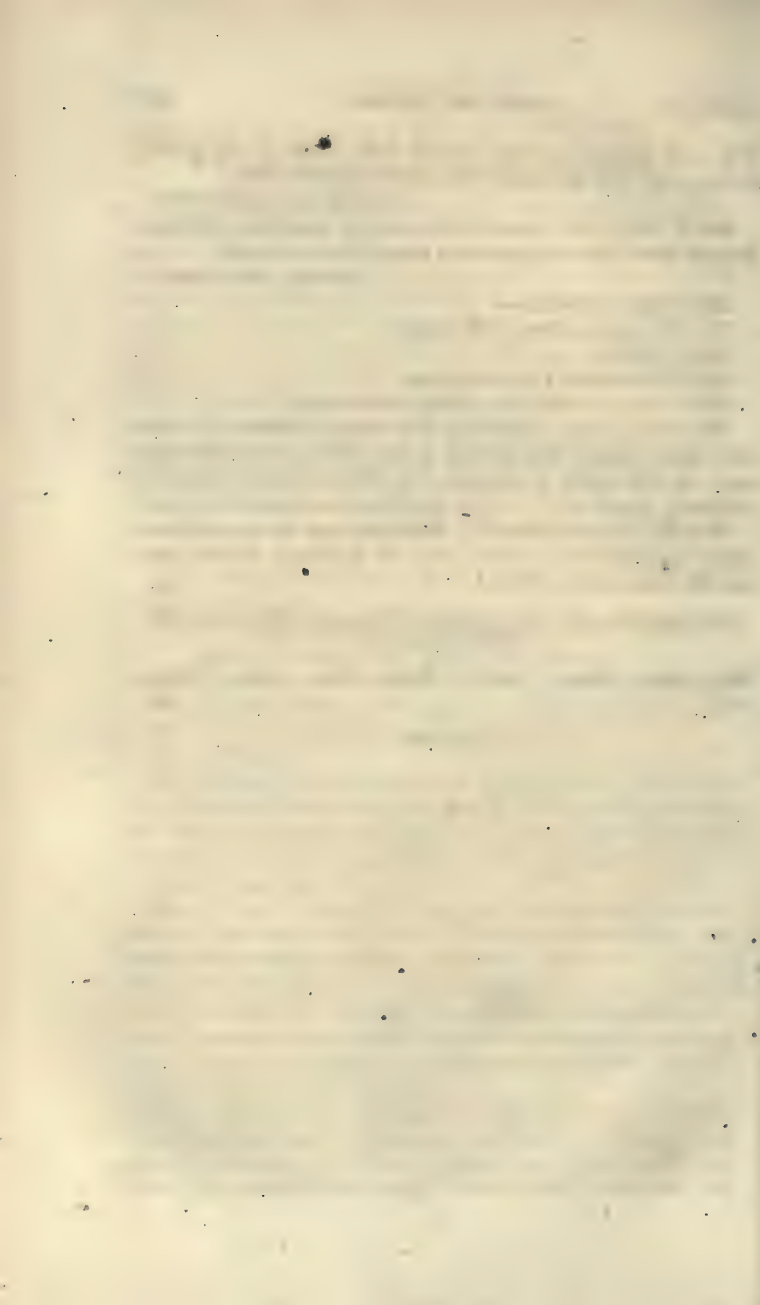
Sir P. No, no; [*Striking his breast.*] Here—I want thee here—Raise him to my heart. [*They raise Morrington. In the effort to embrace, he falls into their arms exhausted.*] Again! [*They sink into each other's arms.*]

Bob H. [*Comes forward.*] If forgiveness be an attribute which ennobles our nature, may we not hope to find pardon for our errors—here?

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF
THE CURTAIN.

SUS.	BOB.	EMMA.	SIR P.	MOR.	HEN.	GER.	EVER.
R.]							[L.

THE END.



No. XLII.

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT,

AUTHOR OF "VELASCO, A TRAGEDY," &c.



ROMEO AND JULIET.

A Tragedy

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.



NEW YORK :

WM. TAYLOR & CO., No. 2 ASTOR HOUSE,

AND JARVIS BUILDINGS, NORTH ST., BALTIMORE.

BOSTON: REDDING AND CO.—PHILADELPHIA: ZIEBER AND CO., AND S. G. SHERMAN.—PITTSBURGH: J. W. COOK.—CHARLESTON: AMOS HEAD.—CINCINNATI: ROBINSON AND JONES.—MOBILE: M. BOULLEMET.—LOUISVILLE: J. H. DENTON.—NEW ORLEANS: J. C. MORGAN, AND JOHN SLY

PRICE 12 1-2 CENTS.

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS

TO THE

MEMBERS OF THE BOARD OF

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

IN REGARD TO THE

MANAGEMENT OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

AND THE

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

THE leading incidents of the plot of this peerless tragedy, are half legendary and half historical. The story is mentioned by Girolamo de la Coste in his "History of Verona"; but before the appearance of that work it had been variously handled by the early Italian novelists. It forms the groundwork of a novel by Luigi da Porto, published in 1535, and of another by Bandello, published in 1554. It was then taken up and recast by one Pierre Boisteau, a French writer, a translation of whose version was published in England in 1557; and on this version a poem was founded by Arthur Brooke, which was published in 1562 under the title of "The Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet, written first in Italian by Bandello, and now in English by Ar. Br." But from an allusion in Brooke's preface, it appears that an English play upon the same subject had already appeared.

To the poem by Brooke, Shakspeare was indebted for his plot and the first faint outline of his characters. Even the incomparable *Mercutio* is dimly shadowed forth in the following somewhat uncouth lines :

"At the one side of her chair her lover Romeo,
And on the other side there sat one called Mercutio;
A courtier that eachwhere was highly had in price,
For he was courteous of his speech and pleasant of device.
Even as a lion would among the lambs be bold,
Such was among the bashful maids Mercutio to behold."

The mention of this *lion-like* trait undoubtedly gave direction to the quickening imagination, which eventually found what was needed for the completeness of the drama in *Mercutio*. In many places in the dialogue, the train of thought has been evidently suggested by Brooke; as in the *Friar's* eulogium on the hidden powers of nature, and his rebuke to *Romeo* for his "womanish tears."

This tragedy was first issued from the press in 1597, when Shakspeare was in the thirty-third of his age; but before that time it had often been, "with great applause, plaid publicly."

There is no evidence that this first edition had the author's *imprimatur*. It was undoubtedly one of those "stolen and surreptitious copies," of which the editors of the old folio edition complain; and two years afterwards a second quarto edition, "newly corrected, augmented, and enlarged," was published, in which it is interesting to trace the author's expansions and unsparing emendations of scenes and passages. There is ample reason to believe that the tragedy was written some years before the date of its original publication—probably in the author's twenty-fifth or twenty-sixth year. Even in its improved state, with all its luxuriant poetry and passionate earnestness, it bears marks of the retention of many juvenile defects. The mature genius which produced "*Othello*," would never have made *Juliet* talk of the "death-darting eye of cockatrice," at the moment when she is all eagerness to learn if *Romeo* has been killed.

The present stage copy of "*Romeo and Juliet*" is that arranged and remodelled by Garrick about the year 1748, and which has been, from that time to our own, the preferred acting edition. In this, all allusion to *Romeo's* first love, *Rosaline*, is omitted; and the catastrophe is so altered as to conform more nearly to the traditionary account as given by Bandello. It is worthy of mention, that this catastrophe was softened down by Brooke, so that *Juliet*, on awaking from her sleep in the tomb, finds *Romeo* dead; and this variation from the original legend has been adopted by Shakspeare.

According to the old tradition, *Juliet* recovers before her lover dies, and just in time to see him struggling in the agonies of a painful death. In the encounter of the lovers under such intensely tragic circumstances, Garrick undoubtedly detected the opportunity for the genius of the actor to make itself felt; and, whatever the closet critics may say to the contrary, it cannot be denied that he has greatly heightened the effect of the concluding scene in the representation, by the changes he has introduced. These changes have been stigmatised by certain commentators as "*Otway's* forced extravagance", and as "not only offensive as an unnatural rant, but also as intruding on our better thoughts the possibility of so unalloyed and so unmerited a horror." This is unjust. Garrick has introduced some half dozen lines from *Otway's* "*Caius Marius*," a tragedy published eighty-three

years after the original appearance in print of "*Romeo and Juliet*", and which, as the writer confesses, is half taken from Shakspeare; but Garrick was himself responsible for the greater part of the language he has substituted, in restoring the original incidents of the catastrophe as related by the early Italian novelists, and he has, we think, shown something of the skill of kindred genius in his manner of dramatising these incidents. How admirably is the boyishly-passionate and impatient character of *Romeo*, with his "womanish tears" and his "unreasonable fury," preserved in his dying exclamations!

"Fathers have flinty hearts—no tears can melt 'em:—
Nature pleads in vain; children must be wretched."

This is almost as closely characteristic of *Romeo*, as the language which Shakspeare himself puts into his mouth in the interview with *Friar Laurence* after *Tybalt* has been slain.

Garrick's omission of the allusions to *Romeo's* first love, *Rosaline*, has been often condemned; and Miss Cushman, the American actress, who has lately won so much fame on the London boards by her impersonation of *Romeo*, has been commended by many English critics of high literary repute for the restoration in her performance of those passages in the first act of the tragedy, wherein these allusions appear. But we have little doubt that Garrick's judgment was the more correct on this point also. These innovations upon his version, although they may be adopted with success occasionally in individual cases, will never be acquiesced in by the majority either of performers or hearers. "The first love of *Romeo*," says Hazlitt, "is left out in the acting play, to narrow the canvas, and assist the concentration of the interest." Another good reason for the omission might have been adduced: as *Rosaline* nowhere appears in the play, all that relates to her is presented in a narrative, and not a dramatic form. An audience must either see, or believe they are about to see, a character, in order to have their interest in him awakened.

Hazlitt is in error when he says that "*Romeo* is *Hamlet* in love." *Romeo* is a froward, unreflecting boy. His whole demeanor conveys the idea of one who has been the curled darling of his parents, and a spoiled child. *Hamlet* is a meditative, philosophising man of thirty. The two characters have few traits

in common. Hamlet himself declares, that he is "not splenetic or rash"; but these are, of all epithets, the most applicable to the impetuous son of Montague.

The character of *Mercutio* is one of the most racy and agreeable that the stage ever mirrored. Dryden mentions a tradition of a declaration made by Shakspeare, that "he was obliged to kill *Mercutio* in the third act, lest he should have been killed by him"—by which Shakspeare, as we construe the remark, meant, *lest his tragedy should have been killed by him*. The truth is, that the unity of this character could not have been preserved beyond the third act. As the tragic interest of the plot commences, and the lovers become involved in disaster and distress, *Mercutio* could not have retained his jesting spirits, and with them our esteem. Furthermore, his services were no longer required in the conduct of the plot, and, had he not been killed, he would have been dismissed—an alternative which would have been intolerable. The only excuse, therefore, for his absence, was his death; and Shakspeare sent him out of the world just at the proper moment, and in a manner the most characteristic.

Of the tragedy of "*Romeo and Juliet*," Schlegel, the German critic, eloquently remarks: "Whatever is most intoxicating in the odour of a southern spring, languishing in the song of the nightingale, or voluptuous in the first opening of the rose, is to be found in this poem. The sweetest and the bitterest love and hatred, festivity and dark forebodings, tender embraces and sepulchres, the fulness of life and self-annihilation, are all here brought close to each other; and all these contrasts are so blended in the harmonious and wonderful work into a unity of expression, that the echo which the whole leaves behind in the mind, resembles a single but endless sigh."

Although *Romeo*, in green-room estimation, is generally regarded as an inferior part to that of *Juliet*, it has been performed with great success by many distinguished actors. Barry, the enchanting "lover" of the English stage about a century ago, was much admired in the character. In the "*Biographia Dramatica*" it is stated, that during the celebrated competition in 1749 between Garrick and Barry in *Romeo*, it was observed by a female critic, that in the garden scene Garrick looked with

great animation, and was so spirited in his gestures, that had she been *Juliet* leaning over the balcony, she should have thought he was going to *jump up to her*; but that Barry was so tender, melting, and persuasive, that had she been *Juliet* she should have *jumped down to him*.

Mrs. Cibber, Miss O' Neill, Mrs. H. Siddons, and Miss Fanny Kemble, won much of their fame by their performances of *Juliet*; and, among American actresses, Mrs. Mowatt and Mrs. Mason have recently shown us embodiments of the character, which, in beauty, fidelity, and passionate earnestness, have never been surpassed by any representatives of the part who have appeared in this country.

We have alluded to Shakspeare's corrections of this play. They afford an unanswerable reply to those commentators, who would make it appear that he wrote with extraordinary ease and rapidity. Undoubtedly, could he have afforded the time, he would have been as fastidious an emendator of his own verses as Gray or Campbell of theirs. We can well imagine with what heaviness of heart he must have seen the surreptitious editions of his plays, with all their imperfections and errors as they were procured from the theatre. In the first edition of this tragedy, the great speech of *Juliet* in the fourth act, anterior to her taking the sleeping potion, occupies eighteen lines. In the amended edition, it is carefully elaborated and expanded. The reader will find it interesting to compare it in its present form with the first unfinished draft, which is as follows:

" Farewell, God knows when we shall meet again!

Ah, I do take a fearful thing in hand.

What if this potion do not work at all.

Must I of force be married to the County?

What if the fear should give me this drink

To poison me, for fear I should disclose

Our former marriage? Ah, I wrong him much,

He is a holy and religious man:

I will not entertain so bad a thought.

What if I should be stilled in the tomb?

Awake an hour before the appointed time?

Ah, then I fear I shall be lunatic,

And, playing with my dead forefathers' bones,

Dash out my frantic brains: Methinks I see

My cousin Tybalt weltering in his blood,

Seeking for Romeo: Stay; Tybalt, stay.

Romeo, I come: thus do I drink to thee."

In the present stage copy of this tragedy many acknowledged errors have been corrected; and all the modern improvements in the *business* of the piece have been carefully noted.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>Drury Lane, 1750.</i>	<i>Park, 1846.</i>	<i>Park, 1847</i>
<i>Romeo</i>	Mr. Garrick.	Mr. Davenport.	Mr. Wheatley.
<i>Mercutio</i>	" Woodward.	" Dyott.	" Dyott.
<i>Prince Escalus</i>	" Bransley.	" S. Pearson.	" Chanfrau.
<i>Paris</i>	" Somase.	" A. Andrews.	" A. Andrews.
<i>Montague</i>	" Burton.	" Povey.	" Anderson.
<i>Capulet</i>	" Berry.	" Anderson.	" Bellamy.
<i>Benvolio</i>	" Mozeen.	" Sutherland.	" Sutherland.
<i>Tybalt</i>	" Blakes.	" Stark.	" Stark.
<i>Friar Laurence</i>	" Havard.	" Barry.	" Barry.
<i>Friar John</i>	" Jefferson.	" Sprague.	" Sprague.
<i>Peter</i>		" Fisher.	" Fisher.
<i>Balthasar</i>	" Ackman.	" M' Douall.	" M' Douall.
<i>Abram</i>	" Marc.	" Jones.	" Matthews.
<i>Sampson</i>	" Clough.	" Gallot.	" Gallot.
<i>Gregory</i>	" W. Vaughan.	" Milot.	" Milot.
<i>Apothecary</i>		" Heath.	" Heath.
<i>Page</i>		Miss Anderson.	Miss Flynn.
<i>Juliet</i>	Mrs. Cibber.	Mrs. Mowatt.	Mrs. Mason.
<i>Lady Capulet</i>	" Bennet.	" Barry.	" Barry.
<i>Nurse</i>	" Merklin.	" Vernon.	" Vernon.

Ladies and Gentlemen of Verona, Maskers, Officers, Guards, Attendants, &c.

The SCENE in the beginning of the Fifth Act is in Nantua; and in or near Verona during the rest of the play.

COSTUMES.

PRINCE OF VERONA.—Embroidered green cloak, vest, and trunk.

ROMEO.—White cloak, vest, and trunk.—*Second dress*: Black do.

MONTAGUE.—Blue do.—do.

CAPULET.—Brown do.—do.

PARIS.—White do.—do.

MERCUTIO.—Scarlet ditto.

BENVOLIO.—Fawn do.

TYBALT.—Fawn do. lined with buff and yellow.

APOTHECARY.—Dress of coarse dark serge, nearly tight to shape.

BALTHASAR.—Grey and scarlet livery.

PETER.—Brown do.

FRIAR.—Grey Friar's dress.

CHORUS.—White surplices.

JULIET.—White trimmed with silver, and spangled muslin drapery.—*Second dress*: White muslin and drapery.

LADY CAPULET.—Black velvet, trimmed with gold and lace drapery.—*Second dress*: Black velvet and black veil.

NURSE.—Black gown trimmed with point lace, brocade silk petticoat.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*;
S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L., *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*;
L. C., *Left of Centre*.

N.B. Passages marked with Inverted Comma, are usually omitted in the representation.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Street in Verona.*

Enter SAMSON and GREGORY, L.

Sam. Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.

Gre. No; for then should we be colliers.

Sam. Gregory, I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Gre. Draw thy tool, then; for here come two of the house of the Montagues.

Sam. My naked weapon is out: quarrel; I will back thee: but let us take the law of our sides: let them begin.

Gre. I will frown as I pass by; and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Enter ABRAM and BALTHASAR, R.

Bal. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Bal. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. Is the law on our side, if I say—ay?

[*To Gregory.*

Gre. No.

[*To Samson.*

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir, but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?

Bal. Quarrel, sir? no, sir.

Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you; I serve as good a man as you.

Bal. No better, sir.

Sam. Well, sir.

Gre. Say—better; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Bal. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow.—
[*They fight.*]

Enter BENVOLIO, R.

Ben. Part, fools; put up your swords; you know not what you do.—
[*Beats down their weapons.*]

Enter TYBALT, L., with a drawn sword.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio; look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword; Or manage it, to part these men, with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee: Have at thee, coward.—

[*They fight.*—*Capulets, L., and Montagues, R., without.*]

Montagues. Down with the Capulets!

Capulets. Down with the Montagues! [Bell rings.]

Cap. [Without, L.] Give me my sword! Old Montague is come,

And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE and Friends, R., CAPULET and his Friends, all armed, L.

Mon. Thou villain, Capulet! [All fight]

Enter the PRINCE, with Attendants, L.

Prince. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your movéd Prince.—

Three civil broils, bred of an airy word,
By you, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturbed the quiet of our town :
If ever you affright our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.—
For this time, all the rest depart away :
You, Capulet, shall go along with me ;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Flourish.*—*Exeunt all but Montague and Benvolio, L.*

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad ?
Speak, nephew : were you by, when it began ?

Ben. Here were the servants of our adversary,
And yours, close fighting, ere I did approach :
I drew to part them ; on the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared ;
Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds :
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
'Till the Prince came.

Mon. Oh, where is Romeo ? Saw you him to-day ?—
Right glad I am, he was not at this brawl.

Ben. My lord, an hour before the worshipped sun
Peered forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad ;
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore,
That westward rooteth from the city's side,—
So early walking did I see your son :
Towards him I made ; but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood ;
I, measuring his affections by my own,—
That most are busied when they're most alone,—
Pursued my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunned who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew ;
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause ?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn it of him.

Ben. Have you importuned him by any means ?

Mon. Both by myself, and many other friends :
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say, how true—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.

Ben. So please you, sir, Mercutio and myself
Are most near to him ;—be it that our years,
Births, fortunes, studies, inclinations,
Measure the rule of his, I know not ; but
Friendship still loves to sort him with his like ;—
We will attempt upon his privacy :
And could we learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as knowledge.

Mon. 'Twill bind us to you : good Benvolio, go.

Ben. We'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

[*Exeunt, Montague, L., Benvolio, R.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Street in Verona.*

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and SERVANT, L.

Cap. And Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike ; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reck'ning are you both ;
And pity 'tis, you lived at odds so long.—
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit ?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before :
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of eighteen years ;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a wife.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marred are those so early made.
The earth hath swallowed all my hopes but her ;
But woo her, gentle Paris ; get her heart ;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent ; so, woo her, gentle Paris.—
This night I hold an old accustomed feast,

Whereto I have invited many a friend,
Such as I love ; and you, among the rest.—
Go, sirrah, trudge about [Gives Servant a paper.
Through fair Verona ; find those persons out,
Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasures stay.
Once more, most welcome, Count : go in with me.
[Exeunt, R.]

SCENE III.—*A Wood near Verona.*—ROMEO crosses through
the Wood, from L. to R.

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO, L.

Mer. See where he steals.—Told I you not, Benvolio,
That we should find this melancholy Cupid
Locked in some gloomy covert, under key
Of cautionary silence, with his arms
Threaded, like these cross boughs, in sorrow's knot ?

Re-enter ROMEO, R.

Ben. Good-morrow, cousin. [Crosses, c.]

Rom. Is the day so young ?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah, me ! sad hours seem long.

Mer. Pr'ythee, what sadness lengthens Romeo's hours ?

Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes them short.

Ben. In love, meseems !

Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof !

Rom. Where shall we dine ?—Oh, me !—Cousin Benvolio,

What was the fray this morning with the Capulets ?

Yet tell me not ; for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate ; but more with love :—

Love, heavy lightness ! serious vanity !

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms !—

This love feel I ; but such my froward fate,

That there I love, where most I ought to hate.

Dost thou not laugh, my friend ? Oh, Juliet, Juliet !

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what ?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Mer. Tell me, in sadness, who she is you love.

Rom. In sadness, then, I love a woman.

Mer. I aimed so near, when I supposed you loved.

Rom. A right good marksman!—And she's fair I love;
But knows not of my love; 'twas through my eyes
The shaft empierced my heart; chance gave the wound
Which time can never heal: no star befriends me;
To each sad night succeeds a dismal morrow;
And still 'tis hopeless love, 'and endless sorrow.

Mer. Be ruled by me: forget to think of her.

Rom. Oh, teach me how I should forget to think.

Mer. By giving liberty unto thine eyes:
Take some new infection to thy heart,
And the rank poison of the old will die:
Examine other beauties.

Rom. He that is stricken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:—
Show me a mistress that is passing fair;—
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Remembering me, who past that passing fair?
Farewell; thou canst not teach me to forget.

Mer. I warrant thee; if thou'lt but stay to hear.
To-night there is an ancient splendid feast
Kept by old Capulet, our enemy,
Where all the beauties of Verona meet.

Rom. At Capulet's?

Mer. At Capulet's, my friend:
Go there; and, with an unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eyes
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires,
And burn the heretics! All-seeing Phæbus
Ne'er saw her match, since first his course began.

Mer. Tut, tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself poised with herself; but let be weighed
Your lady-love against some other fair,
And she will show scant well.

Rom. I will along, Mercutio.

Mer. 'Tis well: look to behold at this high feast
Earth-treading stars that make dim heaven's lights:
Hear all, see all, try all; and like her most,
That most shall merit thee.

Rom. My mind is changed :—
I will not go to-night.

Mer. Why, may one ask ?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. Ha ! ha ! a dream ?

Oh, then, I see, queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife ; and she comes,
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies*
Athwart men's noses, as they lie asleep :
Her waggon spokes made of long spinners' legs ;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;
The collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry beams :
Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash, of film :
Her waggoner, a small, grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid ;
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers :
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love :
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight :
O'er doctors' fingers, who straight dream on fees :
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream :
Sometime she gallops o'er a lawyer's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit :
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson as he lies asleep ;
Then dreams he of another benefice :
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats ;
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathoms deep ; and then anon,
Drums in his ears ; at which he starts and wakes ;
And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab—

Rom. Peace, peace ;
Thou talk'st of nothing.

* *Atomies.* *Atoms.*

Mer. True, I talk of dreams :
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy ;
Which is as thin of substance as the air,
And more inconstant than the wind.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves ;
And we shall come too late. [Crosses,

Rom. I fear too early ; for my mind misgives
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
From this night's revels.—Lead, my gallant friends.—

[*Exeunt Benvolio and Mercutio, R.*

Let come what may, once more I will behold
My Juliet's eyes ! drink deeper of affliction :
I'll watch the time ; and masked from observation,
Make known my sufferings, but conceal my name.
Though hate and discord 'twixt our sires increase,
Let in our hearts dwell love and endless peace. [*Exit, R.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Capulet's House.*

Enter LADY CAPULET, R., NURSE, L.

Lady C. Nurse, where's my daughter ? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my faith,
I bade her come.—[*Crosses, L.*] What, lamb ! what, lady-
bird !—Heaven forbid ! where's this girl ?—what, Juliet !

Enter JULIET, R.

Jul. How now, who calls ?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here. [Crosses, C.

What is your will ?

Lady C. This is the matter :—Nurse, give leave awhile ;
We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again ;
I have remembered me, thou shalt hear our counsel.
Thou know'st, my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

Lady C. She's not eighteen.

Nurse. I'll lay eighteen of my teeth,—
And yet, to my teen* be it spoken, I've but eight,—

* *Teen* Sorrow.

She's not eighteen : how long is it now
To Lammas-tide ?

Lady C. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year
Como Lammas-eve at night, shall she be eighteen.
Susan and she—heaven rest all Christian souls !—
Were of an age.—Well, Susan is in heaven ;
She was too good for me.—But, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night, shall she be eighteen ;
That shall she, marry : I remember it well ;
'Tis since the earthquake, now just fifteen years :
And she was weaned,—I never shall forget it,
Of all the days in the year, upon that day :
For I had then laid wormwood to my breast,
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall ;—
My lord and you were then at Mantua ;—
Nay, I do bear a brain :—but, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of the breast, and felt it bitter, pretty fool !
To see it tetchy, and fall out with the breast.
Shake, quoth the dove-house ! 'twas no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge !—
And since that time it is now fifteen years ;
For then she could stand alone : nay, by the rood,
She could have run and waddled all about ;
For, even the day before, she broke her brow,
And then my husband, heaven be with his soul !
'A was a merry man ;—took up the child !
Yea, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face ?
Thou wilt not fall so when thou hast more wit ;
Nay, wilt thou, Jule ?—and by my holy dam,
The pretty wench left crying, and said—*Ay.*
To see now how a jest shall come about !
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it !—*Nay, wilt thou, Jule ?* quoth he ;
And, pretty fool ! it stinted,[†] and said—*Ay.*

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, Nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. Heaven mark thee to its
grace !

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed !

[†] Stinted. Ceased weeping.

An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

Lady C. And that same marriage is the very theme
I came to talk of.—Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour! Were not I thine only Nurse,
I'd say, thou hadst sucked wisdom from the breast.

Lady C. Well, think of marriage now; younger than
you,

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers: by my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief:—
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady,—lady, such a man
As all the world—Why, he's a man of wax.

Lady C. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay; he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

Lady C. What say you? Can you like of Paris' love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move!

But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter PETER, L.

Pet. Madam, the guests are come, and brave ones, all
in masks. You are called; my young lady asked for;
the Nurse cursed in the pantry; supper almost ready to
be served up; and everything in extremity. I must hence
to wait.

Lady C. We follow thee.

[*Exeunt, L.*

SCENE V.—*A Hall in Capulet's House.*

CAPULET, with Gentlemen and Ladies, masked.—SAMSON
and GREGORY waiting.—*Music.*—*Enter LADY CAPULET,*
led by TYBALT, JULIET by PARIS, NURSE following, L.
They sit, L.

Cap. Welcome, Gentlemen! Ladies that have their
feet

Unplagued with corns, will have a bout with you!—
Ah, ah, my mistresses! which of you all

Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty, she,
I'll swear, hath corns. Am I come near you now?—

*Enter PETER, showing in MERCUTIO, ROMEO, and BENVOLIO,
masked, L.*

You're welcome, gentlemen.—I've seen the day
That I have worn a vizard; and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone!
—More light, ye knaves; and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire; the room is grown too hot.

Rom. Cousin Benvolio, do you mark that lady
Which doth enrich the hand of yonder gentleman?

Ben. I do.

Rom. Oh, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear.

The measure done, I'll wait her to her place,
And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
Be still, be still, my fluttering heart! [*They retire*]

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague,
Come hither, covered with an antic face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity!
Now, by the stock and honour of my race,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore storm you
thus?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn and flout at our solemnity.

Cap. Young Romeo, is't?

Tyb. That villain Romeo.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz; let him alone;
He bears him like a courtly gentleman,
And, to say the truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well governed youth;
I would not, for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my house, do him disparagement;
Therefore be patient, take no note of him.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest:
I'll not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endured:

Am I the master here, or you? Go to!
Be quiet, cousin, or I'll make you quiet.

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their difference.

I will withdraw; but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [Exit, R.
[Dance.]

Rom. [To Juliet.] If I profane with my unworthy hand
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much;
For palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers, too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. Thus, then, dear saint, let lips put up their prayer.
[Salutes her.]

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.
[Romeo and Juliet go up the stage.]

Mer. What is her mother?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous.
I nursed her daughter; heiress to Lord Capulet:
I tell you, he that can lay hold on her,
Shall have the chinks.

Mer. Is she a Capulet?

Come, Romeo, let's begone; the sport is over.

Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my mishap.
[Going, L.]

Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.—
Is it e'en so? Why, then I thank you all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.—
More torches here!—Come on; and let's to supper.

[Exeunt Capulet, Lady Capulet, Prince, Paris, Gentlemen, Ladies, Samson, and Gregory, R.]

Jul. Come hither, Nurse—What is yon gentleman?
[Benvolio bows to Juliet and exit, L.]

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he that now is going out of door?
[Mercutio bows to Juliet and exit, L.]

Nurse. That, as I think, is young Mercutio.

Jul. What's he that follows there, that would not dance?

[*Romeo bows to Juliet and exit, L.*

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go, ask his name.—

[*Exit Nurse, L.*

If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding-bed.

Re-enter NURSE, L.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!

Nurse. What's this? what's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learned e'en now
Of one I talked withal.

Capulet. [*Without, R.*] Why, Juliet!

Nurse. Anon, anon.—

Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.

[*Exeunt, R., Nurse leading Juliet.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An open Place adjoining Capulet's Garden.*

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO, L.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

Mer. He is wise;

And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leaped this orchard wall.
Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure, too.—

Why, Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,

Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;

Cry but—*Ah, me!* couple but—*love* and *dove*;

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,

One nick-name for her purblind son and heir!

I conjure thee, by thy mistress's bright eyes,

By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

Ben. And if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him! My invocation
Is fair and honest; and in his mistress' name
I conjure, only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among those trees,
To be consorted with the humourous* night!
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. Romeo, good night!—I'll to my truckle-bed,
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep!
Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go, then: for 'tis in vain
To seek him here, that means not to be found. [*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE II.—*Capulet's Garden.*

Enter ROMEO, L.

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

JULIET appears on the Balcony, and sits down.

But soft! What light through yonder window breaks!
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she.—

"It is my lady; Oh! it is my love:

"Oh, that she knew she were!"—

She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?

Her eye discourses: I will answer it.—

I am too bold.—Oh, were those eyes in heaven,
They would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were the morn.—
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!

Oh, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah, me!

Rom. She speaks, she speaks!

Oh, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this sight, being o'er my head,
As is a wingéd messenger of heaven

* *Humourous. Humid.*

To the up-turned wond'ring eyes of mortals,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. Oh, Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy!—
What's in a name? That which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title!—Romeo, quit thy name;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word! [*Juliet starts up.*]
Call me but love, I will forswear my name
And never more be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreened in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. I know not how to tell thee who I am!
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee.

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound!
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee displease.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither?—tell me—and for what?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place, death,—considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these
walls;

For stony limits cannot hold love out;
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Jul. If they do see thee here, they'll murder thee.

Rom. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords! look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not, for the world, they saw thee here.

By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.

I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore washed with the furthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st, the mask of night is on my face;
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain deny
What I have spoke!—But farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say—Ay;
And I will take thy word! yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. Oh, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully!
Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo! but else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond:
And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour light!
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's passion; therefore, pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night has so-discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow—

Jul. Oh! swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb;
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;

Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my true heart's love—

Jul. Well, do not swear! Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night;
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,

Ere one can say—It lightens. Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night!—as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Rom. Oh, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine, before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it? for what purpose,
love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have; for both are infinite.—
I hear some noise within.—Dear love, adieu!

Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam!

Jul. Anon, good Nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit from balcony.*]

Rom. Oh, blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night; indeed,
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay;
And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world.

Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam,—

Jul. I come anon!—But, if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee—

Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam,—

Jul. By and bye, I come!—
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief.—
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul,—

Jul. A thousand times good night!

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.
[*Exit, L.*]

Re-enter JULIET, L.

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist!—Oh, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel* gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

ROMEO entering, L.

Rom. It is my love that calls upon my name!—
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My sweet!

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then.—
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone!
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of its liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I!

Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.—
Good night, good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say—Good night, 'till it be morrow.

[Exit from balcony.]

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy
breast!—

Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.

[Exit, L.]

* *Tassel.* Male of the goshawk.

SCENE III.—*A Monastery.*

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, *with a basket, R.*

Lau. The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Check'ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light ;
Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours,
With baleful weeds, and precious-juicéd flowers.
Ob, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities,
For naught so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give ;
Nor aught so good, but strained from that fair use,
Revolts to vice, and stumbles on abuse.
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometime's by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and medicine power :
For this being smelt, with that sense cheers each part ;
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposéd foes encamp them still
In man, as well as herbs : grace, and rude will ;
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Rom. [*Without, L.*] Good morrow, father.

Lau. *Benedicite !*

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me ?

Enter ROMEO, *L.*

Young son, it argues a distempered head,
So soon to bid good morrow to thy pillow.
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never bide ;
But where, with unstuffed brain, unbruised youth
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign
Therefore, thy earliness assureth me
Thou art up-roused by some distemp'rature.
What is the matter, son ?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy ;

Where, to the heart's core, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded ; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lie.

Lau. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set
On Juliet, Capulet's fair daughter ;

As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine :

But when, and where, and how

We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vows,

I'll tell thee as we pass ; but this I beg,

That thou consent to marry us to-day.

Lau. Holy Saint Francis !

But tell me, son, and call thy reason home,

Is not this love the offspring of thy folly,

Bred from thy wantonness and thoughtless brain ?

Be heedful, youth, and see thou stop betimes,

Lest that thy rash, ungovernable passions,

O'er-leaping duty and each due regard,

Hurry thee on, through short-lived, dear-bought pleasures,

To cureless woes and lasting penitence.

Rom. I pray thee, chide me not ; she whom I love,

Doth give me grace for grace, and love for love ;

Do thou with heaven now smile upon our union ;

Do not withhold thy benediction from us,

But make two hearts, by holy marriage, one.

Lau. Well ; come, my pupil, go along with me :

In one respect I'll give thee my assistance ;

For this alliance may so happy prove,

To turn your household's rancour to pure love.

Rom. Oh, let us hence ! love stands on sudden haste.

Lau. Wisely and slow ; they stumble that run fast.

[*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Street.*

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO, I.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be ? Came he not home to-night ?

Ben. Not to his father's ; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Why, that same pale, hard-hearted wench, that Juliet, torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet,

Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabbed with a white wench's black eye; run through the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft!—And is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. Oh, he's the courageous captain of compliments: He fights, as you sing prick-song;* keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest—one, two, and the third in your bosom; the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house,—of the first and second cause; ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hay!†—

Ben. The what?

Mer. The plague of such antic, lispings, affected fantastics, these new tuners of accents!—*Ma foi*, a very good blade!—a very tall man! a very fine wench!—why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-moi's*!

Ben. Here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring. Oh, flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in; Laura to his lady was but a kitchen-wench; marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbe, a gray eye or so, but not to the purpose.—

Enter ROMEO, R.

Signior Romeo, *bon jour*! there's a French salutation for you.

Rom. Good morrow to you both.

Mer. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip,‡ sir, the slip; can you not conceive?

* Music pricked or noted down.

† The hay is the word *hai*, you have it, used when an antagonist is hit.

‡ The slip. A coin so called in Shakspeare's time.

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and, in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

Enter NURSE and PETER, L.

Ben. A sail! a sail!

Mer. Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

Pet. Anon?

Nurse. My fan, Peter!

Mer. Do, good Peter, to hide her face.

Nurse. Give ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. Give ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to supper presently.

Mer. So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; but a —. Romeo, will you come to your father's? We'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady.—Peter, my fan.—
Farewell, lady. [*Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio, L.*]

Nurse. I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his roguery?

Rom. A gentleman, Nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month. [*Turns up the stage.*]

Nurse. An 'a speak anything against me, I'll take him down, an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such jacks; and, if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills.—[*To Peter.*] And thou must stand by, too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure!

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you; I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion, in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore heaven, I am so vexed, that every

part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—[*To Romeo, who advances.*] 'Pray you, sir, a word;—And, as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out. What she bade me say, I will keep to myself; but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say; for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

Nurse. Good heart! and, i'faith, I will tell her as much;—Lord, lord! she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, Nurse? Thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a very gentleman-like offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift This afternoon;

And there she shall, at Friar Laurence's cell,
Be shrived, and married.—Here is for thy pains.

[*Offers her money.*]

Nurse. No, truly, sir, not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say, you shall. [*Nurse takes the purse.*]

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? Well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good Nurse; behind the abbey wall,
Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair,
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.

Farewell! Be trusty, and I'll quite thy pains.

Commend me to thy lady.

[*Exit, R.*]

Nurse. Ay,—a thousand times.—Peter!

Pet. Anon?

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before. [*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE V.—*Juliet's Chamber.*

Enter JULIET, R.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the Nurse;
In half an hour she promised to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him:—that's not so.—
Oh, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,

Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
 Driving back shadows over low'ring hills;
 Therefore do nimble-pinioned doves draw love,
 And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
 Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
 Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve,
 Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.
 Had she affections, and warm, youthful blood,
 She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;
 My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
 And his to me.—

Enter NURSE, L.

Oh, heaven! she comes.—[*Crosses, L.*] Oh, honey Nurse,
 what news?

Hast thou met him?

Now, good sweet Nurse,—

Oh, lord, why look'st thou sad?

Nurse. I am a-weary, let me rest awhile:

[*Juliet brings chair, L.—Nurse sits.*

Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had!

Jul. "I would thou had'st my bones, and I thy news!"
 Nay, come, I pray thee, speak! good, good Nurse, speak!

"*Nurse.* Marry, what haste! can you not stay awhile?
 "Do you not see that I am out of breath?"

Jul. "How art thou out of breath when thou hast breath
 "To say to me that thou art out of breath?"

"The excuse that thou dost make in this delay,

"Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse."

Is thy news good or bad? answer to that!

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance;

Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you
 know not how to choose a man.—Go thy ways, wench—
 serve heaven!—What, have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no;—but

What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I!
 It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back! o't' other side!—Oh, my back, my back!—

Beshrew your heart, for sending me about,

To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

Jul. I'faith, I'm sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet Nurse, tell me, what says my love ?

Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous,—where's your mother ?

Jul. Where is my mother ?—Why, she is within ;
Where should she be ? How oddly thou repliest !
Your love says like an honest gentleman,—
Where is your mother ?

Nurse. Oh, our lady dear !
Are you so hot ? Marry, come up ! I trow ;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones ?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil !—Come, what says Romeo ?

*[Juliet comes to R. of Nurse's chair, coaxing her—Nurse
flaunts round, L.—Juliet passes behind chair to L.—
Nurse turns back to R.—Juliet steals round to R., and
throws herself at Nurse's feet.]*

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day ?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence's cell ;
There stays a husband to make you a wife ;
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks.—
Hie you to church ; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark.—
Go : I'll to dinner ; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune ! Honest Nurse, farewell.

[Exeunt, Nurse, R., Juliet, L.]

SCENE VI.—*The Cloisters of a Convent.*

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO, R.

Lau. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not !

Rom. Amen, amen ! But come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight ;
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare ;—
It is enough, I may but call her mine.

Lau. These violent delights have violent ends,

And in their triumph die ; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite ;
Therefore, love moderately.—Here comes the lady.

[*Exit Romeo, L.*]

Oh, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint ;
A lover may bestride the gossamers
That idle in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall ; so light is vanity.

Enter ROMEO and JULIET, L.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Lau. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heaped like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagined happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament ;
They are but beggars that can count their worth ;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

Lau. Come, come with me ;
For by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till Holy Church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt, R.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Street.*

Enter MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO, L.

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire ;
The day is hot ; the Capulets abroad ;
And if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table, and says, *heaven send me no need of thee*; and by the operation of a second cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood, as any in Italy; an' there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less in his beard than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes; thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

Ben. An' I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.—By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Enter TYBALT, R.

Tyb. [*Speaking as he enters.*] Be near at hand, for I will speak to them.

Gentlemen, good den! A word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something: make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, if you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion, without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo.

Mer. Consort! What, dost thou make us minstrels? if thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords; here's my fiddle-stick, here's that shall make you dance. Zounds! consort!

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men;
Either withdraw into some private place,
Or reason coolly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze:
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I—

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sirs: here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery.

Enter ROMEO, L.

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford
No better term than this: thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee,
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting. Villain I am none;
Therefore, farewell; I see, thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injured thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:
And so, good Capulet, (which name I tender
As dearly as my own,) be satisfied.

[*Exeunt, Romeo, R., Tybalt, L.*

Mer. Oh, calm, dishonourable, vile submission!

Ha! *la stoccata* carries it away—Tybalt—you rat-catcher!

[*Draws.*

Re-enter TYBALT, L.

Tyb. What would'st thou have of me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine
lives; that I mean to make bold withal. Will you pluck
your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? Make haste,
lest mine be about your ears, ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you, sir.

[*Drawing.*

Re-enter ROMEO, R.

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado.

[*Mercutio and Tybalt fight.*

Rom. Draw, Benvolio;

Beat down their weapons:—gentlemen, for shame!
Forbear this outrage.

Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio!—for shame!

[*Exit Tybalt, having wounded Mercutio, R.*

Mer. I am hurt :—

A plague o' both your houses !—I am sped !
Is he gone, and hath nothing ?

Rom. What, art thou hurt ?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch :—marry, 'tis enough.
—Go, fetch a surgeon.

Rom. Courage, man : the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No : 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door ; but 'tis enough—'twill serve : I am peppered, I warrant, for this world.—A plague o' both your houses !—What ! a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death ! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic !—Why the devil came you between us ? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio, or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses ! They have made worms'-meat of me : I have it, and soundly, too.—Ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man.—A plague o' both your houses !

[*Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio, l.*]

Rom. This gentleman, the Prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf : my reputation stained
With Tybalt's slander—Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my cousin ! Oh, sweet Juliet !
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper softened valour's steel.

Enter BENVOLIO, l.

Ben. Oh, Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead !
That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.—
Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive ! in triumph ! and Mercutio slain !
Away to heaven, respective* lenity, [Crosses, l.
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct† now !

Enter TYBALT, l.

Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again [Crosses, r.
That late thou gav'st me ! for Mercutio's soul

* *Respective.* Considerate.

† *Conduct.* Guide.

Is but a little way above our heads,
And thou or I must keep him company.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that did'st consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

[*They fight.—Tybalt falls and dies.*]

Ben. Romeo, away, begone!

The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain—
Stand not amazed; the Prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken. Hence, begone, away!

Rom. Oh! I am fortune's fool. [Exit, R.]

Enter PRINCE, MONTAGUE, CAPULET, Citizens, &c., L.

Prince. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. Oh, noble Prince! I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal quarrel.
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

Cap. Unhappy sight!—Alas! the blood is spilled
Of my dear kinsman.—Now, as thou'rt a prince,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.

Prince. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain;

Romeo bespake him fair; bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal
Your high displeasure. All this, utteréd
With gentle breath, calm looks, knees humbly bowed,
Could not make truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt, deaf to peace; but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it. Romeo, he cries aloud,
Hold, friends, friends, part! and swifter than his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm,
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and Tybalt fled;
But bye and bye comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertained revenge,

And to't they go like lightning; for ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain;
And as he fell, did Romeo turn to fly.
This is the truth, or let Benvolio suffer.

Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague:
Affection makes him false: he speaks not true.
I beg for justice; justice, gracious Prince;
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prince. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
Who now the price of his dear blood hath paid.

Mon. Romeo but took the forfeit life of Tybalt.

Prince. And we, for that offence, do banish him.
I have an int'rest in your heady brawls;
My blood doth flow from brave Mercutio's wounds;
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent my loss in him.
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses,
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase our repeal;
Therefore use none; let Romeo be gone,
Else, when he is found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will;
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[*Exeunt, Capulet, R., the rest, &c.*]

SCENE II.—*Juliet's Chamber.*

Enter JULIET, L.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Tow'rd Phœbus mansion: such a waggoner
As Phæton, would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.—
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That the runaway's eyes may wink; and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalked of, and unseen:—
Come, night!—Come, Romeo! come, thou day in night!
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night,
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.—
Give me my Romeo, night!—and, when he dies,
Take him and cut him out in little stars;
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.—

Oh, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possessed it. So tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
And may not wear them.—Oh, here comes my nurse,
And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.—

Enter NURSE, L.

Now, Nurse, what news?—ah, me!

Why dost thou wring thy hands?

Nurse. Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone!—

Alack the day!—he's gone, he's killed, he's dead!

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse. Romeo can;

Though heaven cannot.—Oh, Romeo! Romeo!

Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?

This torture should be roared in dismal hell.

Hath Romeo slain himself? Say thou but—ay,

And that bare little word shall poison more

Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,

Here on his manly breast.—A piteous corse!

A bloody, piteous corse! pale, pale as ashes!

I swooned at the sight.

Jul. Oh, break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break at once!

To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!

Vile earth, to earth resign; and, motion, here;

And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!

Nurse. Oh, Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had,

That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this, that blows so contrary?

Is Romeo slaughtered, and is Tybalt dead?

“My dear-loved cousin, and my dearer lord?

“Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom,

“For who is living, if those two are gone?”

Nurse. Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished.

Jul. Banished! is Romeo banished?

Nurse. Romeo, that killed him, he is banished.

Jul. Oh, Heaven!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

Nurse. It did, it did; alas, the day, it did!

Jul. "Oh, serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!

"Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?

"A damnéd saint, an honourable villain!"

Oh, Nature! what hast thou to do in hell,

When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend

In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?

"Was ever book containing such vile matter,

"So fairly bound?" Oh, that deceit should dwell

In such a gorgeous palace.

Nurse. There is no trust,

No faith, no honesty in men; all perjured;

Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blistered be thy tongue,

For such a wish. He was not born to shame:

Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;

For 'tis a throne where honour may be crowned

Sole monarch of the universal earth.

Oh, what a wretch was I to chide him so. [*Crosses, L.*

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that killed your cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?

Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,

When I, thy three hours wife, have mangled it?—

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring!

Your tributary drops belong to woe,

Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy

My husband lives, whom Tybalt would have slain;

And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:

All this is comfort. Wherefore weep I then?

Some word there was, far worse than Tybalt's death,

That murdered me. I would forget it fain;

But, oh! it presses to my memory,

Like damnéd guilty deeds to sinners' minds.

Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished!

That—banished, that one word—banished,

Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. In that word,

Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,

All slain, all dead!

[*Falls into Nurse's arms.*

Where is my father, and my mother, Nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corpse.
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears? My eyes shall
flow,

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.

Nurse. Hie to your chamber. I'll find Romeo
To comfort you.—He shall be here anon;—
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence's cell.

Jul. Oh, find him. Give this ring to my true lord,
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[*Exeunt, Nurse, L., Juliet, R.*]

SCENE III.—*The Cloisters of a Convent.*

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, L.

Lau. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful
man;
Affliction is enamoured of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Enter ROMEO, R.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the Prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Lau. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company:
I bring thee tidings of the Prince's doom.

Rom. What less than death can be the Prince's doom?

Lau. A gentler judgment vanished from his lips;
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha! banishment?—Be merciful; say—death;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death. Do not say—banishment;
'Tis death misnamed: calling death—banishment,
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me. [*Crosses, L.*]

Lau. Oh, deadly sin! Oh, rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind Prince,
Taking thy part, hath pushed aside the law,
And turned that black word death to banishment;
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy; heaven is here,

Where Juliet lives. There's more felicity
In carrion flies, than Romeo; they may seize
On the white wonder of my Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessings from her lips;
But Romeo may not, he is banished.—

Oh, father, hast thou no strong poison mixed,
No sharp ground knife, no sudden means of death,
But banishment to torture me withal? [Crosses, R.

Lau. Fond madman, hear me speak;
I'll give thee armour to keep off that word,
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished?—Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a Prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not! talk no more. [Crosses to L.

Lau. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

[Throws himself on the ground—One knocks without, L.

Lau. Arise; one knocks!—Good Romeo, hide thyself.
[Knocking again, L.

Who's there?—Romeo, arise;

Thou wilt be taken.—Stay awhile.—Stand up:

Run to my study.—

[Knocking again, L.

Bye and bye.—Heaven's will,

What wilfulness is this!—

[Knocking again, L.

I come, I come.—

Who knocks so hard? Whence come you? What's your
will?

Nurse. [Without, L.] Let me come in, and you shall
know my errand:

I come from Lady Juliet.

Lau. Welcome, then.

[Opens the door.

Enter NURSE, L.

Nurse. Oh, holy father, tell me, holy friar,

Where is my lady's lord ? where's Romeo ?

Lau. There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

Nurse. Oh, he is even in my mistress's case :
Just in her case. Oh, Juliet, Juliet !

Rom. [*Starts up.*] Speak'st thou of Juliet !—how is it
with her,

Since I have stained the childhood of our joy
With blood ?

Where is she ? how does she ? what says she ?

Nurse. Oh, she says nothing; sir, but weeps and weeps,
And now falls on her bed, and then starts up,
And Tybalt cries, and then on Romeo calls,
And then falls down again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her. Oh, tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge ? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword.*]

Lau. Hold thy desperate hand :
Art thou a man ? thy form cries out thou art ;
Thy tears are womanish ; thy wild acts denote
Th' unreasonable fury of a beast.
Thou hast amazed me ; by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better tempered.
Hast thou slain Tybalt ? wilt thou slay thyself ?
And slay thy lady, too, that lives in thee ?
What ! rouse thee, man ! thy Juliet is alive.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed :
Ascend her chamber ; hence, and comfort her ;
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua,
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the Prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy,
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
Go before, Nurse. Commend me to thy lady,
And bid her hasten all the house to rest.
Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have staid here all the night,

To hear good counsel. Oh, what learning is!
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir.
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. [*Exit, L.*]

Rom. How well my comfort is revived by this!

Lau. Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify, from time to time,
Every good hap to you that chances here.
Give me thy hand; 'tis late; farewell; good night.

Rom. But that a joy, past joy, calls out on me,
It were a grief so soon to part with thee.

Farewell! [*Exeunt, Romeo, L., Laurence, R.*]

SCENE IV.—*Capulet's House.*

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS, L.

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter.
Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I.—Well, we were born to die.—
'Tis very late; she'll not come down to-night.

Par. These times of grief afford no time to woo.
Madam, good night; commend me to your daughter.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love; I think she will be ruled
In all respects by me; nay, more, I doubt it not.
But, soft; what day? Well, Wednesday is too soon;
On Thursday, let it be; you shall be married.
We'll keep no great ado;—a friend or two;
For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much.
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow!

Cap. Well, get you gone; on Thursday be it, then.—
Go you to Juliet, ere you go to bed;
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding day.—

[*Exit Lady Capulet, R.*]

Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!—

Good night. [*Exeunt, Capulet, R., Paris, L.*]

SCENE V.—*Juliet's Chamber.—Balcony, &c., overlooking the garden.*

ROMEO and JULIET *discovered.*

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day;
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree.
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east;
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain tops;
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not daylight, I know it well;
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua.
Then stay awhile, thou shalt not go so soon.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content if thou wilt have it so.
I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
I'll say, 'tis not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.—
What says my love? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is; hie hence, away, begone!
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and displeasing sharps.
"Some say the lark makes sweet division,
"This doth not so; for she divideth us."
Oh, now begone; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light?—more dark and dark our
woes.

Farewell, my love; one kiss, and I'll begone. [*Going.*]

Enter NURSE, L.

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber ;
The day is broke ; be wary, look about. [Exit, L.

Jul. Art thou gone so ?—Love ! lord ! ah, husband !
friend !—

I must hear from thee every day i'the hour ;
For in a minute there are many days.
Oh ! by this count, I shall be much in years
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewell ! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings to thee, love.

Jul. Oh, think'st thou, we shall ever meet again ?

Rom. I doubt it not ; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. Oh, heaven ! I have an ill-divining soul :
Methinks I see thee, now thou'rt parting from me,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb ;
Either my eye-sight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye, so do you :
Dry sorrow drinks our blood.—Adieu ! Juliet, farewell !
My life !—

Jul. My love !

Rom. My soul, adieu ! [Exit, R.*

Jul. Oh, fortune, fortune ! all men call thee fickle ;
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renowned for faith ? Be fickle, fortune ;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

Lady Capulet. [Without.] Ho, daughter ! are you up ?

Jul. Who is't that calls ? Is it my lady mother ?—
What unaccustomed cause procures her hither ?

Enter LADY CAPULET, R.

Lady C. Why, how now, Juliet ?

Jul. Madam, I'm not well.

Lady C. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death !
What ! wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears ?

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

Lady C. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his
death,
“ As that the villain lives which slaughtered him.

* This parting scene stands thus, and better thus, we think, in the original : “ Dry
sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu ! Adieu !” [Exit Romeo.]

Jul. What villain, madam ?

Lady C. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder.

"Heaven pardon him ! I do with all my heart ;

"And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

Lady C. That is because the villain murderer lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these, my hands.

"Would none but I could 'venge my cousin's death !"

Lady C. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not.
And now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time.

What are they, I beseech your ladyship ?

Lady C. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The County Paris, at St. Peter's church,
Shall happily make thee a joyful bride.

Jul. "Now, by St. Peter's church, and Peter, too
"He shall not make me there a joyful bride."

I wonder at his haste ; that I must wed,
Ere he that must be husband, comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I cannot marry yet.

Lady C. Here comes your father ; tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET and NURSE, L.

Cap. How now ? a conduit, girl ? what, still in tears ?
Evermore showering ?—Why, how now, wife !
Have you delivered to her our decree ?

Lady C. Ay, sir ; but she will none, she gives you thanks.
I would the fool were married to her grave.

Cap. Soft ! take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How ! will she none ? doth she not give us thanks ?
Is she not proud ? doth she not count her blessed,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom ?

Jul. "Not proud you have, but thankful that you have :"
Proud can I never be of what I hate ;
Yet thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. "How now ! how now ! chop logic ? What is
this ?

"Proud—and I thank you—and I thank you not !"

Thank me no thankings, "nor proud me no prouds,"
But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to St. Peter's church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

Jul. [*Kneels.*] Good father, I beseech you, on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!—
I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face :

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me.—

Wife, we scarce thought us blessed,
That heaven had left us but this only child ;
But now, I see, this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her :

Out on her, hilding!—

Nurse. Heaven bless her!— [*Raises Juliet.*]

You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? Hold your tongue,
Good prudence; smatter with your gossips—go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!

Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl :

For here we need it not.

Lady C. You are too hot.

Cap. Good wife, it makes me mad; day, night, late,
early,

At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Walking or sleeping, still my care hath been
To have her matched: and having now provided
A gentleman of princely parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful and nobly trained,
Proportioned as one's heart would wish a man—
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer—I'll not wed,—I cannot love,
I am too young;—I pray you, pardon me;—
But, an you will not wed,—Look to't, think on't—
I do not use to jest;—Thursday is near;
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i'the streets;
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee. [*Exit, L.*]

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,

That sees into the bottom of my grief?

[*Kneels.*] Oh, sweet my mother, cast me not away!

Delay this marriage for a month, a week;

Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed

In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

Lady C. Talk not to me; for I'll not speak a word;

Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit, l.*]

Jul. Oh, Heaven!—Oh, Nurse, how shall this be prevented?

"My husband is on earth, my faith in Heaven!

"What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?

"Some comfort, Nurse?"

Nurse. Rise;—'Faith, here it is:

Romeo is banished; all the world to nothing,

That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;

Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth;

Then, since the case so stands, I think it best

You married with the County.

Jul. Speak'st thou from thy heart?

Nurse. From my soul, too;

Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen!

[*Crosses to the opposite side.*]

Nurse. What? what?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.

Go in, and tell my lady, I am gone,

Having displeased my father, to Laurence' cell,

To make confession, and to be absolved.

Nurse. Marry, I will, and this is wisely done. [*Exit, l.*]

Jul. Oh, most wicked fiend!

Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,

Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue,

Which she hath praised him with, above compare,

So many thousand times? Go, counsellor:

Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.

I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;

If all else fail, myself have power to die.

[*Exit, r.*]

A C T I V .

SCENE I.—*The Monastery.*

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE *and* PARIS, L.

Lau. On Thursday, sir! the time is very short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so,
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

Lau. You say you do not know the lady's mind :
Uneven is the course ; I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talked of love,
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway,
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears.
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Lau. [*Aside.*] I would I knew not why it should be
slowed.

Look, sir, here comes the lady tow'rd's my cell.

Enter JULIET, L.

Par. Welcome, my love, my lady, and my wife.

Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next.

Jul. What must be, shall be.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father ?

Jul. To answer that were to confess to you.

“ *Par.* Do not deny to him, that you love me.

“ *Jul.* I will confess to you, that I love him.”

“ *Par.* So will you, I am sure, that you love me.

“ *Jul.* If I do so, it will be of more price,

“ Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

“ *Par.* Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears.

“ *Jul.* The tears have got small victory by that ;

“ For it was bad enough, before their spite.

“ *Par.* Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that re-
port.

“ *Jul.* That is no slander, sir, that is a truth ;

“ And what I spake, I spake it to my face. -

"*Par.* Thy face is mine, and thou hast slandered it.

"*Jul.* It may be so, for it is not mine own."

Are you at leisure, holy father, now, [Crosses, R.
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

Lau. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

Par. Heav'n shield I should disturb devotion.
Juliet, farewell. [Exit, L

Jul. Go, shut the door; and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me, past hope, past cure, past help.

Lau. Ah! Juliet! I already know thy grief.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou know'st my grief,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If in thy wisdom thou can'st give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this steel I'll help it presently. [Draws a dagger
Heav'n joined my heart and Romeo's; thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo sealed,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart, with treacherous revolt,
Turn to another, this shall slay them both;
Therefore, out of thy long experienced time,
Give me some present counsel, or behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me, this bloody dagger
Shall play the umpire.

Lau. Hold, daughter! I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution,
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry County Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to free thee from this marriage.

Jul. Oh, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or chain me to some steepy mountain's top,
Where roaring bears and savage lions roam! *
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er covered quite with dead men's rattling bones,

* Instead of this line and the preceding, Shakspeare wrote:

"Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk

Where serpents are; chain me with roaring lions," &c.

Bears and lions do not keep company, except in menageries.

With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls ;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud,
Things that to hear them told, have made me tremble,
And I will do it, without fear or doubt,
To live an unstained wife to my sweet love. [*Crosses, &c.*]

Lau. Hold, Juliet ;—hie thee home ; get thee to bed ;
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber ;—
And, when thou art alone, take thou this phial,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off ;
When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour ;
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st ;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes ; thy eyes' windows fall
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life !
And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two-and-forty hours ;
And then awake, as from a pleasant sleep.—
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead !
Then, as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes, uncovered, on the bier
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.—
In the mean time, against thou shall awake,
Shall Romeo, by my letters, know our drift ;
And hither shall he come ; and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua !
And this shall free thee from thy present shame,
If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, oh, give me !—tell me not of fear.

[*He gives her the phial.*]

Lau. Hold ;—get you gone ; be strong and prosperous
In this resolve. I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength ; and strength shall help
afford.—

Farewell, dear father.

[*Exeunt, Friar, &c., Juliet, &c.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Capulet's House.*

Enter CAPULET, R., *meeting* LADY CAPULET and NURSE, L.

Cap. What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her!

A peevish self-willed simpleton it is.

Nurse. See, where she comes from shrift, with merry looks.

Enter JULIET, L.

Cap. How now, my headstrong? where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learned me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition

To you and your behests; and am enjoined
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
And beg your pardon!—Pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

Cap. Send for the County; go, tell him of this!
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell,
And gave him what becoming love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. This is as't should be!
Now, afore heaven, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments [Crosses, R.
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

Lady C. No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

Cap. Go, Nurse, go with her:—we'll to church to-mor-
row. [Exeunt Juliet and Nurse, R.

Go thou to Juliet, help to deck her up;
I'll not to bed; but walk myself to Paris,
To appoint him 'gainst to-morrow. My heart's light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaimed.

[Exeunt, Capulet, L., Lady Capulet, R.

SCENE III.—*Juliet's Chamber.*

Enter JULIET and NURSE, R.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best;—but gentle Nurse,

I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night ;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state ;
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter LADY CAPULET, R.

Lady C. What, are you busy ? Do you need my help ?

Jul. No, madam ; we have culled such necessities
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow :
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the Nurse this night sit up with you ;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

Lady C. Then, good night !
Get thee to bed, and rest ; for thou hast need.

[Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse, R.]

Jul. Farewell !—Heaven knows when we shall meet
again.—

I have a faint, cold fear, thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life :
I'll call them back again to comfort me.
Nurse !—What should she do here ?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.

[Takes out the phial.]

Come, phial,—

What if this mixture do not work at all ?

Shall I of force be married to the Count ?

No, no ;—this shall forbid it !—*[Draws a dagger.]*—Lie
thou there.—

What, if it be a poison which the friar
Subtly hath ministered, to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonoured,
Because he married me before to Romeo ?

I fear it is ; and yet, methinks it should not ;

For he hath still been tried a holy man.

I will not entertain so bad a thought.—

How, if, when I am laid into the tomb,

I wake before the time that Romeo

Come to redeem me ? there's a fearful point !

Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,

To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,

And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes ?

Or, if I live, is it not very like,
 The horrible conceit of death and night,
 Together with the terror of the place,—
 As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
 Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
 Of all my buried ancestors are packed,
 Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
 Lies fest'ring in his shroud ; where, as they say,
 At some hours in the night spirits resort ;—
 Or, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
 Environéd with all these hideous fears,
 And madly play with my forefathers' joints,—
 And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud ?
 And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
 As with a club, dash out my desperate brains ?—
 Oh, look ! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
 Seeking out Romeo :—Stay, Tybalt, stay !—
 Romeo, I come ; this do I drink to thee.—

[*Drinks the contents of the phial.*]

Oh, potent draught, thou hast chilled me to the heart !—
 My head turns round ;—my senses fail me.—
 Oh, Romeo ! Romeo !— [*Throws herself on the bed.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Capulet's House.*

Enter LADY CAPULET and NURSE, L.

Lady C. Hold, take these keys and fetch more spices,
 Nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry

Enter CAPULET, L.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir ! the second cock hath crowed,
 The curfew-bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock :—
 Look to the baked meats, good Angelica :
 Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, go, you cot-quean, go ;
 Get you to bed ; faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
 For this night's watching. [*Exit, L.*]

Cap. No, not a whit ; What ! I have watched, ere now,
 All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick—
 The County will be here with music straight ;
 For so he said he would.—I hear him near.—
 Nurse !—Wife !—What, ho !—What, Nurse ! I say.

Enter NURSE, L.

Go, waken Juliet ; go, and trim her up :—
I'll go and chat with Paris ;—Hie, make haste ;
Make haste, I say. [*Exeunt, Capulet, L., Nurse, R.*]

SCENE V.—*Juliet's Chamber.*—JULIET *discovered on the Bed.*

Enter NURSE, R.

Nurse. Mistress !—What, mistress !—Juliet !—
Fast, I warrant her ;—
Why, lamb !—why, lady,—Fy, you slug-a-bed !—
Why, love, I say !—Madam ! sweet-heart !—why, bride !—
Marry, and amen,—how sound is she asleep !—
I needs must wake her.—Madam, madam, madam ;—
Ay, let the County take you in your bed ;
He'll fright you up, i'faith.—Will it not be ?—
What, dressed ! and in your clothes ! and down again !—
I must needs wake you ; Lady ! lady ! lady !—
Alas, alas !—Help ! help ! my lady's dead !—
Oh, well-a-day, that ever I was born !—
Ho ! my lord ! my lady !—

Enter LADY CAPULET, R.

Lady C. What noise is here ?
Nurse. Oh, lamentable day !
Lady C. What is the matter ?
Nurse. Look !—Oh, heavy day !
Lady C. Oh, me ! Oh, me !—my child, my only life,
Revive, look up ; or I will die with thee.
Help, help !—call help.

Enter CAPULET, R.

Cap. For shame ! bring Juliet forth ; her lord is come.
Nurse. She's dead, she's dead, she's dead !—alack the day !
Cap. Ha ! let me see her.—Out, alas ! she's cold ;
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff ;
Life and these lips have long been separated :
Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of the field.
Accursed time ! unfortunate old man !

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE *and* PARIS, R.

Lau. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return:

Oh, son, the night before the wedding-day
Death hath embraced thy bride:—see, there she lies,
Flower as she was, nipped in the bud by him.—
Oh, Juliet! Oh, my child, my child!

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

Cap. Most miserable hour, that time ere saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath caught it from my sight.

Lau. Your daughter lives in peace and happiness:
Heaven and yourself had part in this fair maid,
Now Heaven hath all,—

And all the better is it for the maid!
Come, stick your rosemary on this fair corse;
And, as the custom of our country is,
Convey her where her ancestors lie tombed.
The heavens do lower upon you, for some ill;
Move them not more, by crossing their high will.

[Scene closes them in.]

END OF ACT IV

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Church.*

Enter the PROCESSION *to the Funeral of Juliet, R.*

THE DIRGE.—CHORUS.*

Rise, Rise,
Heart-breaking sighs,
The woe-fraught bosom swell;
For sighs alone,
And dismal moan,
Should echo Juliet's knell.

It is hardly necessary to remark, that this dirge is by Garrick, not Shakspeare

AIR.

She's gone,—the sweetest flower of May,
That blooming blest our sight :
Those eyes, which shone like breaking day,
Are set in endless night !

CHORUS.

Rise, Rise, &c.

AIR.

She's gone, she's gone ; nor leaves behind
So fair a form, so pure a mind.—
How could'st thou, Death, at once destroy
The lover's hope, the parent's joy ?

CHORUS.

Rise, Rise ! &c.

AIR.

Thou spotless soul, look down below,
Our unfeigned sorrow see !
Oh, give us strength to bear our woe,
To bear the loss of thee !

CHORUS.

Rise, Rise ! &c.

[*Exeunt omnes, L.*]

SCENE II.—*Mantua.—A Street.**Enter ROMEO.*

Rom. If I may trust the flattery of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand :
My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne ;
And, all this day, an unaccustomed spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt my lady came, and found me dead ;
And breathed such life with kisses in my lips,
That I revived, and was an emperor.
Ah, me ! how sweet is love itself possessed,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy !

Enter BALTHASAR, L.

News from Verona !—How now, Balthasar ?—
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar ?
How doth my lady ? Is my father well ?

How fares my Juliet? That I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.
Her body sleeps in Capulet's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her carried to her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you:
Oh, pardon me for bringing these ill news.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!

Bal. My lord!

Rom. Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses! I will hence to-night.

Bal. Pardon me, sir, I dare not leave you thus;
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceived;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.—
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter; get thee gone; and hire those horses.
[*Exit Balthasar, L.*]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.—
Let's see for means.—Oh, mischief, thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,—
And hereabout he dwells,—whom late I noted
In tattered weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones;
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuffed, and other skins
Of ill-shaped fishes: and about his shelves,
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scattered, to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said—
An if a man did need a poison now,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
Oh, this same thought did but fore-run my need!
As I remember, this should be the house:

Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—
What, ho! Apothecary!

Enter APOTHECARY, R.

Apo. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man.—I see that thou art poor
Hold, there are forty ducats; let me have
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding gear
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead.

Apo. Such mortal drugs I have, but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? Famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery:—
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then, be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Apo. My poverty, but not my will, consents. [*Exit, R.*]

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Re-enter APOTHECARY, R.

Apo. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.

[*Exit Apothecary, R.*]

Come, cordial, and not poison; go with me
To Juliet's grave; for there must I use thee. [*Exit, L.*]

SCENE III.—*The Cloisters of a Convent.*

Enter FRIAR JOHN, L.

John. Holy Franciscan Friar! brother! ho!

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, R.

Laure. This same should be the voice of Friar John.

Welcome from Mantua ; what says Romeo ?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order to associate me,
Here in this city, visiting the sick ;
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
(Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,)
Sealed up the doors, and would not let us forth ;
So that my speed to Mantua there was staid.

Lau. Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo ?

John. I could not send it,—here it is again ;
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Lau. Unhappy fortune ! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge
Of dear import ; and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence,
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [Exit, L.

Lau. Now must I to the monument alone :
Within these three hours will fair Juliet wake ;
She will beshrew me much that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents :
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come.
Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb ! [Exit, R.

SCENE IV.—*Monument of the Capulets.*

Enter PARIS and PAGE, L., with a Torch and a basket of flowers.

Par. Give me thy torch, boy : hence, and stand aloof.
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen :
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thy ear close to the hollow ground,
So shall no foot upon the church-yard tread,
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,)
But thou shalt hear it : whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee ; go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone,
Here in the church-yard, yet I will adventure. [*Exit, L.*]

Par. Sweet flower! with flowers thy bridal bed I strew.
[*Strewing flowers.*]

Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,
Accept this latest favour at my hands,
Who, living, honoured thee, and, being dead,
With funeral obsequies adorn thy tomb.

[*Page whistles without, L.*]

—The boy gives warning something doth approach—
What curséd foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies?—

What! with a torch! Muffle me, night, awhile.

[*Retires, R.*]

Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR, R., with a Torch and an Iron Crow.

Rom. Give me the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning,
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Put out the torch; and on thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or see'st, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is, partly, to behold my lady's face;
But, chiefly, to take thence, from her dead finger,
A precious ring, a ring that I must use
In dear employment: therefore, hence, begone!
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs.
The time and my intents are savage, wild;
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will begone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou win my favour. Take thou that;
[*Gives him a purse.*]

Live, and be prosperous; so, farewell, good fellow.

Bal. For all this same, I'll hide me near this place;
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Exit, L.*]

Rom. Thou maw detestable, thou womb of death,

Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,
 Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
 [*Attempting to break open the Monument.*]
 And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food.

Re-enter PARIS, L.

Par. Stop thy unhallowed toil, vile Montague.
 Can vengeance be pursued further than death?
 Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
 Obey, and go with me, for thou must die.

Rom. I must indeed; and therefore came I hither.—
 Good, gentle youth, tempt not a desp'rate man;
 Fly hence, and leave me.

By heaven, I love thee better than myself;
 For I came hither armed against myself.

Par. I do defy thy pity and thy counsel,
 And do attach thee as a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then, have at thee, boy.

[*They fight, Paris falls, L.*]

Par. Oh, I am slain; if thou be merciful,
 Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*]

Rom. In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face:—
 Mercutio's kinsman! Noble County Paris
 One writ with me in sour misfortune's book
 I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,

[*Wrests open the Monument.*]

For here lies Juliet—Oh, my love, my wife,
 Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,
 Hath had no power as yet upon thy beauty:
 Thou art not conquered, beauty's ensign yet
 Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
 And Death's pale flag is not advanced there.
 Ah! dear Juliet, why art thou yet so fair?—
 Here, here will I remain! Oh! here
 Will I set up my everlasting rest,
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
 From this world-wearied flesh.

Come, bitter conduct; come, unsav'ry guide,
 Thou desp'rate pilot, now at once run on
 The dashing rocks my sea-sick weary bark;
 No more—here's to my love!—Eyes, look your last:

[*Takes out the poison and drinks.*]

Arms, take your last embrace: and lips, do you
The doors of breath seal with a righteous kiss—
[*Juliet wakes.*]—Soft—she breathes, and stirs!

Jul. Where am I? Defend me, powers!

Rom. She speaks, she lives, and we shall still be blessed!

My kind, propitious stars o'erpay me now,
For all my sorrows past.—Rise, rise, my Juliet,
And from this cave of death, this house of horror,
Quick let me snatch thee to thy Romeo's arms,
There breathe a vital spirit in thy lips,
And call thee back, my soul, to life and love. [*Raises her.*]

Jul. Oh, Heaven! how cold it is! Who's there?

Rom. Thy husband;
'Tis thy Romeo, Juliet; raised from despair
To joys unutterable! Quit, quit this place,
And let us fly together. [*Brings her from the Tomb*]

Jul. Why do you force me so—I'll ne'er consent—
My strength may fail me, but my will's unmoved—
I'll not wed Paris—Romeo is my husband.

Rom. Romeo is thy husband; I am that Romeo,
Nor all the opposing powers of earth or man,
Shall break our bonds, or tear thee from my heart.

Jul. I know that voice—its magic sweetness wakes
My tranced soul—I now remember well
Each circumstance—Oh, my lord, my husband—

[*Going to embrace him.*]

Dost thou avoid me, Romeo? Let me touch
Thy hand, and taste the cordial of thy lips—
You fright me—speak—Oh, let me hear some voice
Besides my own in this drear vault of death,
Or I shall faint—support me—

Rom. Oh, I cannot!
I have no strength; but want thy feeble aid.—
Ah, cruel poison!

Jul. Poison! what means my lord? thy trembling voice,
Pale lips, and swimming eyes—Death's in thy face!

Rom. It is, indeed—I struggle with him now;—
The transports that I felt,
To hear thee speak, and see thy opening eyes,
Stopped, for a moment, his impetuous course,
And all my mind was happiness and thee;—

But now the poison rushes through my veins ;—
I have not time to tell,—

Fate brought me to this place, to take a last,
Last farewell of my love, and with thee die.

Jul. Die !—Was the friar false ?

Rom. I know not that.—

I thought thee dead : distracted at the sight,
Oh, fatal speed !—drank poison, kissed thy lips,
And found within thy arms a precious grave :
But, in that moment—Oh !

Jul. And did I wake for this !

Rom. My powers are blasted ;
'Twixt death and love I'm torn, I am distracted ;
But death is strongest ;—must I leave thee, Juliet !
Oh, cruel, curséd fate ! in sight of heaven—

Jul. Thou rav'st ; lean on my breast.

Rom. Fathers have flinty hearts, no tears can melt 'em ;
Nature pleads in vain ;—Children must be wretched.

Jul. Oh, my breaking heart !

Rom. She is my wife—our hearts are twined together,
Capulet, forbear ;—Paris, loose your hold ;—
Pull not our heart-strings thus ;—they crack—they break.
Oh, Juliet ! Juliet ! [*Dies.—Juliet faints on his body.*]

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, *with a Lantern and an Iron Crow, &c.*

Lau. Saint Francis be my speed ! how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves ! Who's there ?
Alack, alack ! what blood is this which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre ?

Jul. Who's there ?

Lau. Ha ! Juliet awake !—and Romeo dead !—
And Paris, too !—Oh, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance !

Jul. Here he is still, and I will hold him fast ;
They shall not tear him from me.

Lau. Patience, lady !

Jul. Oh, thou curséd friar ! Patience !
Talk'st thou of patience to a wretch like me ?

Lau. Oh, fatal error !—Rise, thou fair distressed,
And fly this scene of death.

Jul. Come thou not near me ;
Or shall this dagger quit my Romeo's death.

[*Draws a dagger.*

Lau. I wonder not, thy griefs have made thee desp'rate.

[*Voices without, r.*] Follow, follow.

Lau. What noise without ! Sweet Juliet, let us fly :
A greater power than we can contradict,
Hath thwarted our intents ; Come, haste away ;
I will dispose thee, most unhappy lady,
Amongst a sisterhood of holy nuns.

[*Voices without, r.*] Which way ? which way ?

Lau. Stay not to question ; for the watch is coming ;
Come ; go, good Juliet.—I dare not longer stay. [*Exit, l.*

Jul. Go, get thee hence ; for I will not away,—
What's here ? a phial !—Romeo's timeless end.—
Oh, churl ! drink all ; and leave no friendly drop
To help me after ?—I will kiss thy lips ;
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them.—

[*Voices without, r.*] Lead, boy :—Which way ?

Jul. Noise again !—
Then I'll be brief.—Oh, happy dagger ! [*Stabs herself.*
This is thy sheath ;—there rust—and let me die. [*Dies.**

Enter BALTHASAR and the PAGE, guarded—PRINCE and Attendants with Torches, r.

Bal. This is the place, my liege.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from its morning's rest ?

Enter CAPULET and Gentlemen, r.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad ?—
The people in the street cry—Romeo ;
Some—Juliet : and some—Paris : and all run
With open outcry tow'rd's our monument.

Prince. What fear is this, which startles in your ears ?

Bal. Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain ;—
My master Romeo dead ;—and Juliet,
Thought dead before, appears but newly killed.

Cap. Oh, me ! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

* The play generally ends here in the representation.

Enter MONTAGUE and Gentlemen, L.

Prince. Come, Montague ; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir now early fallen.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night !
The exile of my son hath stopped her breath :—
What further woe conspires against my age ?

Prince. Look there, and see.

Mon. Oh, thou untaught ! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave !

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring and head ; meantime forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.—
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, L.

Lau. I am the greatest.

Prince. Then, say at once what thou dost know in this.

Lau. Let us retire from this dread scene of death,
And I'll unfold the whole ; if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrificed, some hour before its time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.
Let Romeo's man, and let the boy attend us ;
We'll hence, and further scan these sad disasters.—
Well may you mourn, my lords, now wise too late,
These tragic issues of your mutual hate.
From private feuds what dire misfortunes flow !
Whate'er the cause, the sure effect is woe.

THE END.

P R O L O G U E .

Two households, both alike in dignity,
 In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
 From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
 Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
 From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
 A pair of star-crossed lovers take their life ;
 Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
 Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.
 The fearful passage of their death-marked love,
 And the continuance of their parents' rage,
 Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
 Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage ;
 The which, if you with patient ears attend,
 What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.



FEUDAL TIMES;

OR,

THE COURT OF JAMES THE THIRD.

A Scottish Historical Play.

BY REV. JAMES WHITE.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS,
COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.

NEW YORK:

WILLIAM TAYLOR & CO., No. 2 ASTOR HOUSE,
AND JARVIS BUILDINGS, BALTIMORE

1847.

RECEIVED

THE SECRETARY OF THE

NAVY DEPARTMENT

WASHINGTON, D. C.

NOV 10 1898

NOV 10 1898

RECEIVED

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

'FEUDAL TIMES, or the Court of James the Third,' the third dramatic effort of the Rev. Mr. White, was produced at the Sadlers' Wells Theatre, London, on the 18th of February. Except that it betrays marks of carelessness in some of its minor features, it is undoubtedly superior as an acting play to its predecessor, "The King of the Commons." Many of the scenes are eminently striking; but others are somewhat marred in consequence of the too common fault of dramatists in not rendering sufficiently apparent the motive of the action.

Of the literary merits of this play, the author may well be proud. It contains much powerful and condensed writing, and is studded with many gems of poetry, of a very pure water. Who can read the following extracts, and fail to acknowledge that the poetical genius of the author is of a high standard:

"Thanks for the song. I love the roundelays
That speak of sunny spots or shady dells,
Where wars and rufflers are unheard of ever.
Oh, what a blessed hour for this poor land,
If music should be native to its glens,
And rise from hall and cottage, vale and hill,
Like a pleased nation's prayer of thankfulness
For peace and joy!"

"We've rid through the thick night, and see at last
The opening sky, where the awakened sun
Looks from his cradle in the curtained east.
How still and silent is this morning hour,
As if, in breathless expectation,
It heard the distant coming of the day!"

Of a similar high character is *Cochrane's* description of the assassination of young Giuliano De Medici—an episode happily introduced, and which, whilst strictly subservient to the feelings and situation of the person uttering it, has also the effect of showing, that by his former consort with nobles and princes, he is not unworthy of his present belted honours.

Cochrane and *Margaret Randolph* are the two prominent cha-

acters of the piece, and their conception betrays genius, and their execution skill of no mean ability. They are full of noble and lofty feelings; and placed as they are in contrast with the turbulent and rugged spirits of the fifteenth century, who cared for little else than what pertained "to feats of broil and battle," they must awaken a responsive feeling in the breast of every lover of the true and beautiful. The jesting, yet reflective spirit of *Margaret* in the earlier scenes of the play, is admirably pourtrayed. Here is her simile of the characters of *Angus* and *Lennox*:

"Queen. You forget
That young Lord Lennox is a close ally
Of Angus.

Marg. That's the very thing I thought.
Both are disciples of the kennel: one
A sage grave dog, long-eared, and deep of jowl;
The other, a pert spaniel, yaffing round,—
And excellent companions: one to rouse
The game, and one to tear it down."

Nor is this jesting spirit at all incompatible with that elevated, dignified, and heroic spirit she presents, when the deeper impulses of the woman have been called into action. The gradual development of these feelings, until she rises to the very height of heroic sublimity, is remarkably well carried out. We quote one brief passage, which she utters in describing those who jog along from day to day, never elevating their thoughts above the petty things around them:

"A happy, pleasant, easy, dear good woman,
Who'd gape and quake as if she saw a spirit,
If a great THOUGHT—a thing that fills the heart,
That lifts the soul, that shakes the poor frail limbs,—
Entered her brain, flushed her pale brow and cheeks,
And filled her eye with tears."

The characters of *James* and *Angus* are of secondary importance to the two before mentioned; but the latter especially, in the hands of a good actor, is capable of being rendered very effective. We could have wished, however, that the character of *Angus* had been preserved to the end more consistent. It seems scarcely in keeping with a character possessing any noble and chivalrous feelings, that at the moment of being pardoned by the King he should utter false promises of allegiance, and threaten vengeance against a brave man who had only performed his duty. History speaks more favourably of the renowned "Bell-the-Cat;" but Mr. White, with other dramatists, must be

allowed some liberty with history, in order to facilitate a successful *denouement* of the play.

A London critic, who witnessed the first representation of this play, says: "To Miss Laura Addison—giving her, as a lady, the first place—and Mr. Phelps, the greatest praise is due. The part of *Margaret* was one eminently calculated to bring out all the best points of Miss Addison's acting. We have not often heard, of late, such genuine applause as that which greeted her very vivid description of the combat, as she is supposed to look at it from the window; indeed, so continuous was the approbation of the audience, that it interfered with the progress of the scene. Her interview with *Cochrane*, at the end of the piece, she also rendered very powerful and effective. Mr. Phelps played the hero most carefully, and gave every line with the nice perception of the gentleman and the scholar. His impressive reading of the speech commencing—

"And what is life?—
A flight by a poor bird, 'tween two black cliffs
Across some narrow valley; for brief space
Sunshine falls on its wings; a minute more,
And all is dark again!"

was warmly recognised. Mr. H. Marston's mannerism suited the part of the irresolute, effeminate *James*, admirably; and a better representative of the rugged, fiery *Angus*, could not have been found than Mr. G. Bennett. Miss Cooper, Mr. Graham, and Mr. Hoskins, contributed also to the general good effect; there was a quaintness in the acting of the latter gentleman, very diverting.

"At the fall of the curtain, the applause was loud and universal. Mr. Phelps and Miss Addison were called for, and appeared; so was Mr. Bennett; and, finally, the author was compelled to bow from his private box. The success of "*Feudal Times*" is unquestionable; and reflects the highest credit, as we have stated, upon all parties concerned in its production. The house was densely crowded, not a corner of standing room being left vacant when the curtain rose."

CAST OF CHARACTERS,

As performed at Sadlers' Wells Theatre, London, Feb. 18th, 1847.

King James III. of Scotland	-	Mr. H. Marston
Lord Angus	- - - - -	" G. Bennett
Lord Gairlies	- - - - -	" Graham.
Lord Drummond	- - - - -	" Branson.
Lord Lennox	- - - - -	" Hoskins.
Lord Gray	- - - - -	" Knight.
Walter Cochrane, Earl of Mar	- - - - -	" Phelps.
Bishop of Dunkald	- - - - -	" Mellon.
Queen Margaret	- - - - -	Miss Cooper.
Lady Drummond	- - - - -	Mrs. H. Marston.
Margaret Randolph	- - - - -	Miss Laura Addison.

Lords, Herald, Attendants, Favourites, &c.

The year 1482 is the date at which this play is laid, and the Costumes should be of that period.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L., *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*; L. C., *Left of Centre*.

N.B. Passages marked with Inverted Commas, are usually omitted in the representation.

FEUDAL TIMES:

OR,

THE COURT OF JAMES THE THIRD.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*In front of Holyrood.*

Enter LENNOX and GAIRLIES, L.

Len. WHAT should we fear?

Gair. Loud talking, my Lord Lennox—
That's what we should have fear of.

Len. Not a whit.

Here's a poor king, led like a managed horse,
By Cochrane. What is Cochrane?

Gair. He is a man,
A bold and wise one.

Len. A mechanical!
A fellow that plans houses, that builds bridges,
That levels roads, that reared the battlements
On this old Holyrood.

Gair. [*Pointing up.*] That built, no less,
Yon donjon.

Len. Well, he shall not rule us long;
He's been our master since our noble prince,
Bold Mar, died SUDDENLY. And Albany,
Our other prince, is banished. Come, Lord Gairlies,
'Tis pitiful to yield to the base yoke
Of such a one as Cochrane. We must wake
This king from his soft dreams, his books, and songs,
To do us justice.

Gair. Pray to heaven he wake not,
If he must do us justice! Good, my lord,

Where is that band of names you wot of?

Len. Here!

Gair. Oh! keep it close. It strikes me 'twere more wise

To pray that James go booking, dreaming on;
For "justice" is an ugly-sounding word.

Len. I tell you, if Lord Angus would consent
To wed me to his ward, to Margaret Randolph—

Gair. Does he refuse?

Len. Oh, he would give the girl,
If I'd forego the lands. If he'd agree,
And I had all the Randolphs at my beck,—
Eh? James might waken then,—we'd have no fear
Of justice then,—no, nor of Cochrane neither.

Gair. Hush! here comes Angus.

Enter ANGUS, R.

Ang. Give you good day, my lords.
Heard ye the news toward?

Len. Ha, what is it?

Ang. The Earl of Mar has come to life again.

Len. How! was it false, then? was the prince not slain?

Ang. Slain prince or not, there lives the earl of Mar,
Nobly attended, richly armed; e'en now
He's coming down the High Street.

Gair. There's a look
Within your eyes, that suits not with the news;—
Is John of Mar, our Scottish prince, alive?

Ang. No. But our Scottish prince, a mightier man,
For that the king is but his shadow, and we
His slaves and vassals—Walter Cochrane lives.

Gair. And he is Earl of Mar!

Len. The mason cur!

Let him chip stones. You're jesting, Angus?

Ang. Look you,
My lords. I never had a fame for jesting;
If I had been so lucky, and could trip
A score or two of verses from the tongue,
It might have served me better. Listen here:
The king has made this Cochrane belted earl,
And called him Mar. Power never sank so low,
Nor pride climbed up so high; the king and he

Are brothers—nay, he's something more than brother,
And leads him as he lists.

Len. Come king, come devil,
I'll bear't no longer.

Gair. Gentle lord, be still :
Draw back ; they're coming.

Ang. [*Looking up the High Street.*] An' he had been
born

A noble, he'd ha' borne him nobly. Pity
Such a proud mien should own no redder blood
Than a base churl's ! He bears him like a man,
And has an eye that—Lennox, in your ear—
When will you have so proud a glance as that ?

[*The lords retire, c.*]

Enter KING JAMES, COCHRANE, and Attendants, L.

James. I wish I were a prince of Italy,
To see new towers rise in the balmy air,
And hear soft music all the livelong day.
Ah ! Cochrane, what a happier lot than mine
Is wise Lorenzo's—the magnificent—
The star of Florence ! How I envy him !

Coch. He has great duties, and he does them greatly,
And so is happy.

James. Painters, sculptors, poets,
Are round him ever ; eyes where genius glows,
And lips where love is cradled.

Coch. No, not ever ;
These are for pleasure hours ; his working time
Has other objects—wrongs to remedy—
To vindicate the law, and cast his shield
Over the powerless,—and with an armed hand
To daunt the oppressor. Think, sir, you're a King !

James. A king—a Scottish King ! Oh, let us talk
Of the soft skies and perfume-loaded air ;—
I know what you would say—I cannot do them :
I would I could. I have no heart for brawls.
I wish I had been born a peasant boy,
On the clear Arno—anything but this.
Stay near me, Walter.

Ang. [*Advancing.*] I've a suit, my liege.

James. Have you, Lord Angus ? I have never seen you
That you had *not* a suit.

Ang. My liege, I've urged it
A hundred times.

James. Speak to Lord Mar, I pray you:
He'll hear your suit.

Ang. Sir! mean you Master Cochrane?

James. I mean my friend—I mean—but psha! psha!
pscha!

What should they know of friendship? I've referred you
To Walter, Earl of Mar, my counsellor.

Ang. It's not about a house, an't please you, sir.
A Douglas asks an audience of his king.

James. Now, wake us not, Lord Angus; wake us not!
You think, because we deal not in loud words
And scowling looks, that we are free of gall,—
A cooing dove, a lamb, Now, by the saints,
You've touched a chord has roused the devil in us.
You sneer at what we've done,—*you!* 'Tis enough
To awake the dead; you sneer at Walter Cochrane!
You, who can scarcely spell your proper name;
A mindless, soulless, selfish, boastful thing!
Begone, sir!—Come, Lord Mar, lend me your arm;
It hurts me to be angry.—Get you gone!

Coch. Nay, listen to his suit; for what he says
Of me, forgive it. Listen to his suit.

James. I listen to his suit? no, not a word!
What! is a man to trample on my heart,
To speak against my friend, and such a friend!—
And then to plague me with his suits? No, no!
I'd rather be a friend, a loving friend,
Than the best, calmest, coldest, stoniest king
That ever had great wisdom, but no soul.
I will not hear you. If you've aught to say,
We'll hear it through Lord Cochrane, Earl of Mar;
And so we leave you.—Come, my lord.

Coch. I follow. [Exit James, L.
[Coch. makes obeisance to Angus.] I wait your lordship's
orders.

Ang. Oh, for orders!
We wait on yours. The time has long gone by
For us to give our orders. Some years since,
It was for nobles to command, not beg.—
What say you, Gairlies?

Gair. I think Cochrane here
Bids fairly.

Len. So think I ; and if he'd deign
To speak to James about that wardenship,
I would not think a pound or two of gold
Too much to pay his kindness.

Coch. Ever thus !

They know me not, they will not know me.—Lords,
I veiled my bonnet to your lineages
And your proud names—my own I know is humble :
I wished to serve you—wished to show to you
That our king's heart is as a king's should be—
Open to all. You cast me off, you wrong me—
You waken other feelings. A King's sword
Has touched my shoulder ; a King's hand has bound
The broad belt of an Earl upon my breast :
I banish from my thoughts all humbleness.
My lords, what would you ?

Len. [*Aside.*] Curse him, what a look !
He'll daunt old Angus.

Ang. Now you're like a man,
And, by my soul, I've looked on far-come Earls
Might envy your high bearing. What I would
Is this : that vaunting menials bar not up
The path to James's favour ; let the hind
Stick to his plough, the shepherd to his flock,
The mason (frown not, Cochrane,) to his trowel.

Coch. Lord Angus, if I frowned, I meant it not ;
You taunt me—you are welcome ; for your words
Are light as feathers weighed against the truth.
Eight years ago I left my modest home,
And went to other lands. I taught me there
New arts, unknown in this unsoftened clime ;
But glowing in the light of southern suns,
With grandeur gathered from the power of Thought,
I sat at Buonarotti's honoured feet,
And learned that there's a vivifying soul
In the deep heart of man, that flings itself
In glory on the Dome that lifts to heaven
Its massive form, poised in the middle air ;
Or on the storied aisle, vast, holy, dim,
Fit dwelling-place for prayer and penitence :

I learned the dignity and power of Art
To elevate and awe. Yet Angelo
Is but a mason—rather, he's a god!

Ang. He may be what he likes; it matters not
Whether he is a god, or saint, or devil;
But this I say: if you were worth my sword,
I'd plead my cause myself.

Coch. Not worth your sword!
Rash man, you've said the word! Now, here I stand,
Belted and spurred, a knight and gentleman,
And there's my glove. I tell you, this true sword
Has crossed a nobler than the Douglas's,
Or Lennox's, or Gairlies': which of you
Will lift it? I am ready, sword or spear,
Mounted or all afoot.

Ang. I take your glove;
And if you prove that you're no boasting churl,
But have crossed swords with a true noble, then
Welcome the hour that sees us at the work!
I haven't had my blade blood-specked for months,
And fain would see what colour yours is of.

Coch. Then, sir, I wait your bidding. Fare you well.
[Exit, L.]

Ang. It's better this than paying a worthless dog
To make away with him; 'twill be a pleasure
To do it for myself.

Len. And saves the coin.
You could not get it done under a score
Of golden crowns.

Gair. But let us fix the time.

Ang. So it be soon, fix when and where you like.
I must reach Nithsdale upon Saturday,
And slit this braggart's weasand ere I go. [Exeunt, L.]

SCENE II.—*A room in Holyrood.*

Enter the QUEEN, LADY DRUMMOND, and MARGARET RANDOLPH, R.

Queen. You're silent, Margaret.

Marg. I made up my mind

To be good company to-day, and listen.

Queen. But 'tis unkind. What would the forest be

Without its birds? the spring without its foam?
The garden flowerless?

Marg. All because a girl
Chooses, by way of gift and benison,
To hold her tongue! Poor birds, poor spring, poor flowers!

Queen. Nay, gentle Lady Drummond looks as though
You wrong her every time your lips are closed.

Lady D. And so she does: there's not a joy on earth
So great as listening to her merry laugh.
Laugh, pretty Margaret.

Marg. Ha! ha! Well, I laugh:
But will it please you tell me why I laugh?

Lady D. Why, was there ever such a mad-cap girl!
What have you got to do but laugh all day?
You're young, and rich, and beautiful!

Queen. For shame:
You're nothing but a courtly flatterer,—
You'll make dear Margaret proud.

Lady D. Oh, as for pride,
She's proud enough already!

Marg. Pray, go on:
I'm anxious for some more such honeyed words.
I'm young—that's true; I'm rich—it may be so;
And beautiful—and therefore I should laugh?
I think, dear Lady Drummond, you've missed out
A fourth, and fitting cause for happiness;
I have no glooming, frowning, cold-eyed lord,
To say, "Come, Margaret, here!" "Go, Margaret, there!"
"Do this—do that!" or, "Don't do this, nor that!"

Queen. She hits you there: Lord Drummond ne'er was
drawn
So to the life.

Marg. Or, if I long for court,
Says, "Margaret, you must stay the next half year
In Drummond Tower." I wish I saw the man
Would give his orders so to Margaret Randolph!

Queen. I doubt you not.

Marg. What is it you doubt not?

Queen. That you do really wish you saw the man
That could command you so.

Marg. There's not alive

The man would dare.

Queen. Where is young Lennox gone?

Marg. Into the stable—so, at least, I guess—
To learn some better manners from his horse.

Queen. I know a better school.

Marg. Is it the kennel?

He has very much the manners of a hound,
The graceful air, and deep soul-touching voice,
And valorous look—as if no Scottish hedge
Bore such a weapon as a cudgel.

Queen. Girl,

You speak too freely.

Marg. I? Not I, not I!

I answered a plain question.

Queen. You forget

That young Lord Lennox is a close ally
Of Angus.

Marg. That's the very thing I thought.

Both are disciples of the kennel: one,
A sage grave dog, long-eared, and deep of jowl;
The other, a pert spaniel, yaffing round;
And excellent companions—one to rouse
The game, and one to tear it down. The fawn
Is a poor silly creature to submit.

Queen. It cannot help it.

Marg. Is there no deep ditch,
No foaming precipice of sheer descent,
No rock to dash its silly brains against,
Rather than—faugh! faugh! faugh!—to cow'r and crouch
To yelping cur, or grim-jawed slot-hound?

Queen. What!

Does your old guardian's name not frighten you?
Remember you're the ward of Angus, child.

Marg. I but remember I am Margaret Randolph,
Sole bearer of that name. Alas, alas!
That the great Regent's sword should deck the wall
Of a poor orphan's house, and not one hand
Of his own kin to hold it!

Queen. Let young Lennox
Try if his strength can wield it.

Marg. Madam—but

I will not jest again. I pray you, madam,

Speak not of Lennox—speak not of that sword.

I will not laugh again : I was most wrong

To jest—I ne'er will jest again. [*She retires, L.*

Lady D. Fie, Margaret!

Queen. Let her alone, dear Drummond. She not jest,

Nor laugh, nor sing? Why, she no more can help

Being gay, than the blithe bird, when summer comes,

Can keep its happy heart from pouring out

Its happiness in music. Let her rest :

She'll be herself again.

Lady D. [*Announcing.*] Lord Lennox, madam,
Claims entrance.

Queen. Let us see how he has thriven

Beneath the teaching of his horse and hound.

Admit him.

Enter LENNOX, R., and kneels to the Queen.

Pray you, rise ; you look amazed.

Has Arthur's seat walked forth to Berwick Law?

Or the old Castle fallen into the Loch?

Or have you seen a ghost? What ails the man?

Len. Stranger, far stranger! Nothing will surprise me;

No, if the Castle, and the Berwick Law,

And Arthur's seat, should dance a threesome reel,

With huge Ben Lomond for the piper—nothing

Shall make me start again.

Queen. What is it, sir?

Has crook-backed Gloster set the town on fire?

Len. No, madam. Give me leave to draw my breath.

Queen. Oh, willingly! Suppose you come again,

Say in a week or two, to tell the news.

Len. A week or two! Within an hour or two

'Twill be no news to all the winds of heaven!

I tell you, Angus—stout old Archibald—

Is challenged à l'outrance.

Queen. Is challenged, say you?

And not the challenger? That is amazing!

What fiery spirit took the pace of him,

And gave the challenge first?

Len. Oh, guess, I pray you.

Queen. How can we guess, I pray you? Not an hour

Without a brawl,—few hours without a fight,

Among our polished lords.

Len. You'll never guess :

The lists will be arranged this afternoon ;

'Twill be a charming sight ; for Archibald

Is a stout arm, though grizzled in the locks.

As for the other—in a thousand guesses

You shall not hit him.—Guess him, Lady Drummond.

Lady D. If 'twere not that my lord had strained his
wrist

By striking a pert priest on the thick skull

Without a gauntlet, I should guess 'twas he.

Queen. Is't *à l'outrance* ? Will James give license,
think ye,

Or Cochrane ? They discountenance such things.

Len. Ah, there you've named the very challenger !

Queen. Who, sir ?—the King ?

Len. No, madam : not the King,

But the stone-chipping churl, the chisel-hitter,

The quarry-emptier, the wall-building knave ;

Oh, I could call him fifty names beside !

Marg. [*Advancing.*] Call him a brave accomplished
gentleman,

If you mean Walter Cochrane.

Len. Lady Margaret !

You make me—no, you do not make me laugh ;

You mean not what you say.

Marg. I do !

Len. Well, then,

I'm puzzled more and more. A month ago

You poured an ocean of such cutting words

On his devoted head,—why, my poor tongue

Grows weary with one half the crushing load

Of taunt, and quip, and sneer ! And now you say,

He is accomplished, and a gentleman !

Gramercy on such gentleness !

Queen. The king

Knows not of this. He will forbid the lists.

Len. Why, Cochrane knew, perhaps, his grace's mind,

And challenged in the faith that the good king

Would bar the duel. I'll be off to Angus.

Queen. Go not. This thing needs other aid than yours.
I'll to the king. I'll stop it, if I can.—

Come, Margaret, you can pour your winning words
In James's ear.—Lord Lennox, fare ye well!—
Come, Margaret.

Marg. I attend you. I will speak
To our good king. Oh, would I were a man! [*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE III.—*A room in Holyrood, with pictures, drawings, statues, &c.* JAMES, COCHRANE, and others discovered.
A Musician has just finished a song to the harp.

James. Thanks for the song. I love the roundelays
That speak of sunny spots or shady dells,
Where war and rufflers are unheard of ever.
Oh, what a blessed hour for this poor land,
If music should be native to its glens,
And rise from hall and cottage, vale and hill,
Like a pleased nation's prayer of thankfulness
For peace and joy!

Coch. But music has a voice
Stirring and warlike.

James. Oh, I hate that voice;
I hate the brazen trumpet's angry note!
No, no, the soft delicious harmony
Of linked voices in a plaintive strain,
A tale of love or sorrow, has more power
To bless my soul than any sound of earth:
So speak not of its stirring, warlike voice;
But let me listen all the summer eve
To dying falls and tearful melodies,
Like those we've heard.—Fair Preston, let me see
Your sketch of that old Grecian Demigod.

[*Looks at a paper.*]

Ah, well,—'tis like a god,—a brow of power,
Yet lips all softened into human sweetness.
He might be young Achilles, ere his heart
Battened on blood, while yet he paced the shore,
Watching his mother's coming from the waves.—
You told me, Mar, you knew in Italy
A youth as fair.

Coch. Oh, fairer, lordlier!

James. And young and gallant?

Coch. Brave and beautiful;
No feigned Apollo, girt with clanging bow,

E'er stepped so proudly on the shining ridge
Of topmost Ida, in the golden light
Of his immortal beauty. He was one
To worship without sin; for never saint
Bore such pure heart, or spirit more kin to heaven.

James. Is he, then, dead?

Coch. Dead—dead, within these arms!

James. How was it? Oh, I would he were alive!
I'd bid him come and join a northern king,
Who would make up for cold and rugged clime
By a fond welcome and true tenderness.
Tell us, dear Mar.

Coch. Young Julian was the son
Of the wise Pietro, the prince of Florence,
And brother of Lorenzo, fitly called
Magnificent. 'Tis now four years in June
Since the Cathedral floor was dimmed in blood,
And the hard heel of armed conspirators
Crushed its broad marbles. Julian and the prince
Were at the altar: incense, music, prayer,
All rose to heaven, when suddenly the doors
Flew open, and the cruel Pazzis—foes
Of the De Medicis, and hot in rage—
Rushed through the aisles: ere Julian could lift up
The entranced beauty of his bended head,
A dagger in the hand of Francis Pazzi
Had pierced his side, and his pure soul had risen
On the same breath that carried up his prayer.

James. How? Was such onslaught done in Italy?
Alas, 'tis like a story of our own.

Coch. I caught him falling, and with lucky aim
Stretched his destroyer on the slippery floor.
We fought,—we drove them from the holy place:
We knew not we had lost young Julian;
But when we turned we saw the bended form
Of him, the loved, the honoured, with an air
Of holiness spread o'er his meek-bowed head,
Like the calm glory round a martyr's brow.

Enter GAIRLES and two Lords, R.

Gair. Your grace!

James. What blustering Hannibal is this?

Oh, Gairlies—we are busy. [Looks at a drawing.

What a smile

On the sweet Virgin's lips! A mother's smile,
Mingled with lowly worship—

Gair. Please your grace,

Lord Angus—

James. What of him? Pray you be quick—

Gair. Requires your grace's license to accept
The challenge—

James. To be sure; we would not mar
His lordship's sports.

Gair. An't please you, if you heard
The challenger's name—

James. I have no wish to hear it;
The man that challenged Angus—that's enough.
I care not, when two dogs are close embraced,
With jagged teeth sunk in each other's throats,
Whether the black is Mungo, or the other
Be Luath, or whatever name you please.
Tell Angus he is free to fight or not.—
Kind Ramsay, touch that fairy lute again.—
[To Gair.] You have your answer.

Gair. If I were to name
One here beside us—Master Cochrane—

James. Earl—
He is an Earl!—Come, strike the string, I pray you.

Gair. I think you'd haply interpose a word
Between Lord Angus and his feud.

James. Not I:
I tell you I regard not who the man
That challenged Angus is.—Go on, sweet friend!—
How harsh these words of feuds and challenges!—
Sing me the song of the lone shepherd girl
That died upon the hill, because her lover
Was false and fickle.

Gair. Then I crave your grace
Give orders for the lists, and name some peer
To sit in judgment: 'tis for life and death.

James. A death-feud—ha! well, well, 'tis only Angus.
I meddle not with lists.—My Lord of Mar,
See justice done between these fierce-souled men;
Be umpire.

Coch. On my knee, my sovereign liege,
I claim exemption from the task.

James. That's well.

We thought you had not taste for such a scene.

Gair. [*With a sneer.*] No, faith, my liege—

Coch. Your pardon, good my lord;

All shall be ready; I will move his grace

To name some other umpire. Tell Lord Angus

I will not fail him. [*Excunt Gair. and Lords, R.*

I would spare his heart [*Looks towards the King.*

His loving heart, the pang that this will give.

James. What stays you, Walter?

Coch. 'Tis a fancied view

Of a rich Eastern sunset; o'er the plain

Light falls like a thick veil of golden motes,

And flings a glow, like a whole shower of roses,

Over the side of the vast pyramid.

No sight beside, no motion, and no sound;

Silence, the desert, and the solemn height

Of the square mound! Heaven's eye, the failing sun,

Will soon be closed, and Darkness shall keep watch

Over its slumbering sister, Solitude!

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The King's Closet.*—KING seated, R.

James. I ne'er was fitted for a throne like this,
Nor struggles, nor ambition. No friend left
But Walter—only Walter! Albany,
My brother—he that was my playmate once—
Banded against me: bent, with England's aid,
To rob me of my life, my crown, my all!
Why is not Walter here? I feel my heart
Sink in his absence. Hark! he comes.

Enter QUEEN and MARGARET, L.

Queen. [*Forcing her way.*] Give place!
Back, churl! I will have way; lives are at stake—
'Tis not too late to save them.

James. Gentle wife!

And you, sweet Margaret—

Queen. We've no time for words;
Send and forbid the lists.

James. I'm somewhat sad—

I've had bad news. Let me gain happiness
By having friends beside me,—gentle friends;
Yourself and our fair cousin—might I add,
Counsellor?—Cousin and counsellor! Wisdom lies
In that brave look, oh, deeper, calmer, opener,
Than in the purblind eyes of chancellors,
As heaven shines clearer on a river's breast
Than in a reedy fen. Come, counsel me.

Queen. Nay, she shall give you counsel afterwards;
Meantime send heralds to forbid this duel.

James. I may not, sweet; I gave my word to Gairlies
That Cochrane should appoint a dernier judge,
And I suppose he's done't.—Now, pretty Margaret—
But you're sedate to-day! Not even a smile
To be the seraph watch at the closed door
Where speech lies buried?

Queen. Oh, bethink you, James!
You are a man—a King! A deed this day
Is done, might shame the savage in the wild;
There will be murder—'tis to the death they fight.

James. Oh, Angus has a son, or nephew; fear not;
There will be some one left to bear his name
If he should fall, and ride upon his horse,
And trample on his foes. The other man—

Queen. Have you no care for him?

James. He's a stout arm,
A capital seat on a horse, and a quick eye;
I tell you that at hazard. One thing more:
I speak at random—I will bet my crown
The sun will rise to-morrow in good time
If both are in their graves.—Sweet Margaret,
You hear how careful our good queen has grown
Of our stout liege's limbs. I wotted not
Old Angus had such favour in fair eyes.

Queen. 'Tis not for Angus. Oh, leave off this humour;
Send and forbid this meeting!

James. Do you hear her?

What says my counsellor, my gentle cousin ?

Marg. I say, forbid it not.

Queen. Girl, girl, you're mad !

Your hatred and dislike of Cochrane blind you.

James. Do you dislike him ? Is there in human shape
One that can hate him ? but you know him not.

Queen. She rails on him for ever. Can your hate
Find nothing but his blood to quench its fire ?

James. Whose blood ? I pray you tell me who it is
That you so hate ; tell me, my pretty friend ;
And if an ounce or two will put it out,
Why we will send the barber to him straight,
And prick him into favour with a lancet.

Marg. Your grace has asked my counsel ; this it is :
Lay not a bar between them and their feud.
For one, his prayer—if he e'er thinks of prayer—
Is for a bloody shroud : if he should fall,
He dies an honoured death. The other bears
A crestless helm ; 'twere well he seized his crest
From one who wears the proudest : if he lives,
The envious tongue is silenced ; if he dies,
'Tis but a life the less—a life unprized,
Since thrown among rough natures like these men's—
Among them, but not of them.

James. Who is this ?

Who is the man you mean ? You startle me.

Marg. You made him Earl of Mar—'tis Walter Cochrane.

James. To fight—to fight with Angus ! Cochrane fight
And risk his life—'tis not his own, 'tis mine—
Against mere bone and sinews, like the brutes !
Stop it ! ho, Warder ! Warder ! If he dies,
I'll raze the name of Angus from the earth !—
Warder !

Marg. Call not the Warder.

James. But I will—

To play me false like this ! Angus is known
For the best lance in Scotland ; he will die—
Warder !—they'll bring him in a stiffened corse ;
If I had known—when was the course to be ?

Queen. I heard the trumpet as I crossed the court.

James. 'Tis in the park ; I think I might arrive
Before they run.

Marg. Go not, my gracious liege.

James. Why not? they dare not fight, if I command.

Queen. You should have spoken when I asked you.

James. Woman!

You know not what you've done by keeping back
The name of Cochrane: if I had thought 'twas he—
I'll stop them yet.

Marg. Nay, thus I bar your way.

Think what dishonour you would fling for ever
On him you wish to serve! If he recoils,
Better he ne'er had known a noble thought,
Or heard of gallant deeds, or raised his head
'Mong knightly men—though rugged, they've no fear—
Than that a whisper should connect his name
With the vile word that shames a woman's lip—
A coward!

James. But they know he is as brave
As Milan steel. If you feel tenderly
For Walter—

Marg. [*Coldly.*] Sir, 'tis for his sake I spoke,
For his and yours—to me he is a thing
Valueless, worthless.

James. Let me forth, I say. [*Trumpet sounds.*]

Ha, what was that? It was a trumpet-call.
Too late, too late! Stop, from that window-ledge
Above the dais we see the lists, up, up!
I cannot bear the sight. What see you now?

Marg. [*On the ledge.*] A crowd, but nothing clear; the
level sun
Is flashed in thousand rays from casque and sword.

James. The horsemen! See you not the horsemen,
girl?

Marg. A tall grey horse, with mane in wavy folds,
Is pawing the hot ground, while, calm and fixed
A knight, with loosened rein, gives action free
To the proud tossing of his head.

James. 'Tis he!

That's Walter's barb!

Marg. The other rides a horse
Coal black, except a white star 'tween the eyes,
And seems to try his stirrups and the girths,
Balancing to and fro. [*Trumpet again.*]

James. Another sound !

Marg. A banner rises at the upper side
Beside the great black horse.

James. I know it well—
The Bloody Heart !

Marg. A pennon now is raised
O'er the grey charger—blank, save in its folds
A single star in gold. [*Trumpet sounds.*

James. Again the trumpet !

Marg. Ha, they are gone ! on, on they flash like light ;
A shock !

James. What then ? Quick, quick !

Marg. A saddle's void ;
The horse flies loose—

James. Which horse ?

Marg. It is the black !

James. Thank Heaven for that ! 'tis Angus is o'erthrown.

Marg. Both steeds are loose.

James. What say you ?

Marg. Sword to sword
They fight—'tis nobly struck ! Oh, would to God
I were a knight ! Again—he's down ! he's down !

James. Who's down ?

• *Marg.* Lord Angus ; o'er him like a king
Stands Mar.

James. He's safe ! he's safe ! Cochrane is safe !

Marg. He stoops and raises Angus ; he takes off
His helm ; he lifts him. Now, by Heaven above,
A nobler man than that breathes not on earth !
He leads him to the tent.

James. Hear you the shouting ?
They cannot hide their joy that he is safe.
See you naught else ?

Marg. The crowd begins to part.

James. Come, then, we'll meet him. But I'll chide him,
too :

He must be mad to risk so rich a life
Against a man like that. Think you not so ?

Marg. I know not, sir ; 'twas noble, 'twas—my head
Feels giddy. Have I spoken against that man ?
Hold me excused from going with your grace.

James. Haste, haste ; I long to press him to my heart !
[*Exeunt, L.*

SCENE II.—*Part of the Park.*

Enter ANGUS, R., supported by GAIRLIES and others, LENNOX and Lords.

Lex. A very pretty sight, upon my word !
I'd sooner have a tap upon the skull
From the Tron steeple, than the thud that fell
On Angus' helm. I thought his doom was sped—
He was but stunned.

Ang. Curses upon the casque,
I am not dead !

Gair. How feel you, noble Angus ?

Ang. Why did that peasant slave not take my life ?
How was it, Gairlies ? Had the chance been mine,
He had not breathed again. I would have plashed
My foot in his hot blood—I'll do it yet.
How was it ? Can't you speak ? Am I so fallen,
So sunk, so shamed ? the arm that until now
Was—but no more. How was it ? Tell me all.

Gair. You were unhorsed, and Cochrane leapt to the
ground ;
And then you drew your blade, and then he swung
His sword : and if your helm were not of steel
Of finest proof, you had had your requiem sung.

Ang. And then ? and then ? what did the caitiff then ?

Gair. He raised you in his arms, and bared your face,
And tended you like a sick child.

Ang. And this man,
This Cochrane, having me at mercy, spared me !
Cochrane spared Douglas ! Would to God the helm
Had been of tin or paper, and I had died !
'T had been no shame to die ; but now, to live,
To live on Cochrane's grace, to owe my breath,
My pitiful breath, to mortal man that lives !

Gair. Be calm, brave Angus.

Ang. Calm ! I would I were
Calm in my shroud !

Gair. Welcome, my good Lord Bishop.

Enter BISHOP, L.

Bish. How fares his lordship ?

Gair. [*Aside to Bishop.*] Comfort him, my lord.
If Angus loses heart, the cause is lost ;
And Cochrane will let bloody Justice loose
To tear us limb from limb.

Bish. [*To Angus.*] Take comfort, lord ;
You have long years before you.

Ang. To what use ?
My life is not my own.

Bish. Then you are bought
By politic forbearance ! 'Tis a bribe—
The life he gave—to tie your hand forever ;
To link you to his wheel, to make you wear
The Cochrane badge, to follow in his train,
To be his menial.

Ang. Curse upon the bribe !
I tell you, I would rather be a corse ;
I cannot live to be the thing you say.

Bish. You need not ; see you not, he dared not use
The chance that fortune gave him ? that his art
Was shewn in sparing ? 'Twas an insult, lord,
To bid a Douglas live and be his thrall.

Ang. His thrall ? Great God, is Angus sunk so low ?

Bish. Nay, if you are his *friend*, what will be said ?
That Cochrane spared you—that you're grateful to him,
That you must love him, aid him, tend on him,
Because he pitied you !

Ang. He pitied me !
I will not be his friend—I'll cast his pity
Back in his teeth. What right had he to spare ?

Bish. There may be time and place to pay him back
The grace he did you.

Ang. Would they both were come !

Bish. The princely Albany, with English aid,
Bursts into Galloway on Monday next.
James has sent out his standard, and will name
This Cochrane to command.

Ang. He will not dare !
No man shall give an order, on his peril,
Between the Esk and Nith, unless his name
Be Douglas.

Bish. But the thing is fixed, I tell you,
And Cochrane will be leader. We must strike,

Or yield at once.

Ang. I never could speak the word—
That “yield.”

Bish. If once he face the enemy,
And wins a stricken field, farewell, my lords,
To power and state for *you*; an iron hand
Will hold the sceptre; and your day is done;
You will be meek, submissive chamberlains,
Mild grooms of the stole, and pithless silver sticks;
Gilt pageants of a court,—but the true power
Will be with James. The people love this man.

1st Lord. But he shall never win a stricken field.

Len. He cannot fight the English by himself;
Now, if we were to run?—I’d do it myself
Willingly—if we all should run and leave him?—
Eh!—I but hint it.

2d Lord. Better let him try
The sharpness of a dagger.

Gray. Gentle lords,
I heard my nurse tell an old history,
How that the mice took counsel, and resolved
To hang a bell about Grimalkin’s neck,
To warn them of her coming; till one mouse,
A very sensible animal, I think,
Puzzled them all, by asking which of them
Would risk itself within the monster’s claws
To tie the string.

Len. My lords, I’m not a mouse;
But if I were, and Cochrane were a tabby,
I would not face his claw for all the world!

Ang. Leave it to me, my lords, I’ll bell the cat.

[*Shouting outside.*

Gair. Ha! shouts for Cochrane’s triumph! Come, my
lord,
He must not see you thus.

Ang. But he *shall* see me—

I have to thank him for his courtesy;

I would it were in fitter guise than words. [Exeunt, *n.*

SCENE III.—*Before Holyrood.*

Shouting continued.—Enter COCHRANE, L., his banner carried before him, his helmet on a cushion, and two Esquires,

with sword, shield, &c., followed by the people. Enter, in a separate group, ANGUS, GAIRLIES, and others.

Coch. [To the crowd.] Kind friends, I thank you for your company.

I pray you, leave me to return alone.

Gair. There goes the rascal commons at his heels.

Ang. [To *Cochrane*, who is passing out.] Sir, sir!

[*Cochrane* returns.]

I have to thank you for my life ;

An 'twere more prized, my thanks were heartier.

Coch. The king can ill afford so proud a name,
Or brave a sword, as calls Lord Angus wearer.

We are our king's and country's—not our own.

Ang. But having given thanks for what I prize not—
Seeing it loses what small worth it had,
E'en in the thanking—I would have you count
On nothing more : we are not friends.

Coch. And yet

We may be friends of something dear to both.

Gair. [To *Angus*.] What thing is that that Master *Cochrane* means ?

Ang. Call him Lord Mar ; he's worthy of the belt,
That held a Douglas under his sword-point.—
My lord, I know your meaning ; we may both
Serve Scotland, though sworn foemen to each other.

Coch. Do that, and hate me as you can.

Ang. I've said

My say ; I tell you, we are foes to the death.

Coch. There breathe few other men would say that word
And live ; but a stout hand and open tongue
Come girt with rugged safety to my heart.
I trust the sacred office of my lord [Alluding to *Bishop*.
Will teach you kinder thoughts—and so, farewell !

[*Going*.]

Enter JAMES, R.

James. Walter ! and safe ! Oh, how you wronged me,
Walter !

Coch. [Kneels.] My liege.

James. Up from your knee, t'my heart, t'my heart !
And not a wound ? How dare you, Lord of Mar,
Transgress our orders ?—but you are not touched ?—

We shall take measure for your punishment.
Oh, Walter ! had you fall'n, what could I do
With the cold scowling of our lords !

Coch. Your grace
Will pardon my ambition to cross swords
With such a knight as Angus.

James. Such a knight !
Why, I could knight a thousand such a-day,
And make them dukes and earls ; but you, dear friend,
So wise, so deep, so elevate of soul—
How dared you fight without our royal will ?
We'll put you in close ward.—And you, rash man,
How dared you lift your sacrilegious hand
On a high nature like Lord Mar's—our friend ?

Ang. My liege, I saw a glove, and took it up.

Coch. True : on my knee I plead for Angus' pardon :
I was in fault, hot, heedless, and provoked :—
I was the challenger.

James. [*To Angus.*] If you had touched
One hair, I would have borrowed a lion's heart,
And torn you where you stand !—But it is past.
Match you with rufflers like yourself ; I'll find
Some way shall tame you.—Come, my Lord of Mar.

Coch. Not till you've pardoned Angus.

James. Pardoned him !
The man that tried to rob me of my guide,
My aid, my stay !

Coch. You pardon both or none.

James. Well, from our heart we pardon you, Lord Angus,
And trust to have your aid in our good cause
Ere long.

Gair. Sit down, Lord Angus, you are faint.

Ang. No ! if the standing racked me with hot pains
Forever, as they do now, I would not show
By look or sign that Douglas owned a pang.
Farewell, Sir King ; farewell, my Lord of Mar.
I own you for a knight expert in arms ;
But an' my horse had equalled your grey steed,
The issue might have changed.

Coch. You like the horse ?

Ang. No knight e'er crossed a nobler.

Coch. My brave horse,
My gallant grey! I rode him in the field
At Reggio, with the Southern chivalry,
When we o'erthrew the turbaned Saracen:—
A soul of fire, a heart of gentleness,
A courage like a king's—My stately barb!—

[*To an attendant.*

Carry Grey Julian to Lord Angus' stable.—
My lord, he'll bear you with a step more proud,
Since he supports a Douglas and brave man.
Farewell. [*Exeunt James and Cochrane, R.*

Ang. I cannot take his horse.

Gair. Why not?

'Tis worth a thousand crowns.

Bish. Another bribe
To win you to his service.

Gair. Take the horse;
He knows he has no right to such a steed.

Ang. I cannot tell—there's something strange in this;
There never was a king with such an air,
Or opener hand. I'll think upon it. Come. [*Exeunt, L.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in Holyrood.

JAMES, COCHRANE, and LORD DRUMMOND, R.—*James gloomy and depressed.*

Coch. What said the learned bishop? Droop not so.

James. He warned me of false friends; he said the stars
Prophesied evil.

Coch. Has the earth no poison,
That he must wrong the heavens? The stars on high
Fulfil their courses,—clear, unfailing, calm—
Reckless of what we do on this poor globe;
And if they give a lesson, 'tis but this—
To walk in high serene tranquillity
On our appointed paths, as they on theirs.

James. False friends, he said. I have no friend but you;
I told him so; and then he shook his head
And prayed. Ah, Walter, if the stars speak truth?

Coch. I've given orders to receive the stars,
And hostile planets, and opposed conjunctions,
In fitting guise; Caerlaverock is well stored;
The Borders guarded; a stout company
On Lauder Bridge. If you advance your banner,
I think the heavens will smile before a week,
And the lord bishop read their lessons better.

James. But will our liegemen follow?

Coch. Try them, sir!
Lead them! 'Tis a poor heart that will not follow,
When 'tis well led.

James. What, I? Is there no way
To close this feud? What is it Albany wants?
They tell me he but asks our love again;
Oh, if he ask but that—

Coch. Who tell you this?
You have not heard of Albany's truth from Angus?

James. No.

Coch. He's too brave for falsehood.

James. But he'll bear
Hatred for what has happ'd.

Coch. A heart like his,
If 'tis the heart I think it, has no room
For thought so base: no, sir; our strife shall be
Which shall be foremost in our country's service;
We shall be foes no longer.

James. You are like
The sun, dear Walter, all compact of light,
And bright'ning what it looks on, till it shines
As with a separate fire. I like not Angus.

Coch. He's rough in speech, but true in heart and hand.
The lords await your grace.

James. Come with me.

Coch. Nay;
I'll follow in brief space. Shew them their King—
Bear you a royal front; tell them your sword
Shall shine the foremost, and your steed tread first
Upon an English corse.

James. Bring the full guard—

I like it not ; where are their lordships now ?

Coch. There—in the park. Fear not for Angus' faith ;
I'll answer for his zeal.

James. Would it were past !

They're in the park, you say.

[*Exit, R.*

Drum. I think his grace

Looks downcast, though so near a stirring day.

Coch. You have forgot, my lord, that a king's heart

Is not as ours. He has a father's grief,

Who sees his son in danger of his life :

His subjects are his children. Pray you, follow,

And give him comfort. [*Exit Lord Drummond, R.*] All are
ranged in wrath,

And pour their hate on me. Oh, why for this

Left I the sunny land, the golden south,

The birth-place of high thoughts and noble men !

But James, the loving king, the trustful heart,

I will not leave his side, though at his side

I know the grave lies open. All against me !

Lennox, the Queen, and the pure, noble heart

Of Margaret Randolph ! If she knew my thought,

How for no pride, nor avarice, nor ambition,

I toiled and struggled !—when the strife is o'er,

She'll know how she has wronged me. Is't, then, so ?

Beats there no heart in all this troubled land

In unison with mine ? Angus, brave Angus !

One effort more to win so stout an arm !

I'll see him : he is harsh, and cold, and proud ;

But bears too high a name to stoop so low

As play the traitor to his trusting king.

[*Exit, L.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

MARGARET and LADY DRUMMOND discovered, R.

Marg. Dear Drummond, are you sure the Queen is
changed,

And hates this man ? Why does she hate him ?

Lady D. Why ?

I marvel you should ask : a man like him !

His fathers have been vassals of the Comyns,

Or tenants of the abbey-lands of Perth,

Or something else, I can't remember what.

Marg. And therefore the Queen hates him?

Lady D. To be sure.

Marg. Oh!

Lady D. Don't you hate the man yourself?

Marg. Who? I?

Of course, of course; but what has changed the Queen?

She did not hate him; nay, she chided me

Because I spoke so harshly of Lord Mar:

I did speak harshly—harshly, very harshly.

Lady D. Oh, you were always such a merry girl;

When you but heard his name—and the poor king—

His puppet! his poor toy! 'twas pretty sport

To hear how you described them.

Marg. Was it so?

Lady D. But you look serious now. Is it because

He took some vantage over poor old Angus?

Marg. Vantage! what vantage, save what his bold
heart

And his stout arm bestowed? What moves the Queen

To hate that man?

Lady D. She thinks he rules the King

Too much; that it were better to bring back

The Duke of Albany, the good king's brother.

Marg. The man that fawns on England? the base man,

The traitorous, cruel, lurking, false-tongued man.

That trusts to foreign swords to force his way

Over Scotch corsers to the Scottish crown?

No! I say no! I tell you, I say no!

Lady D. Margaret, what ails you? why, your eye's
on fire,

Your hand is shaking; what's the matter, girl?

Marg. Where's Angus? he is brave—oh! ask me not.

Why my hand shakes; if it wore mailed glove,

It would not shake. Where is the Earl of Angus?

Lady D. I think he's in the park; the other lords
Hold council.

Marg. Do they? They hold council!

Now in the name of heaven and all the saints,

What need of counsel now, when the foe stands

In very act to spring on our poor land?

Council! pah! there's no time for council now.

I'll see the Earl of Angus.

Lady D. Wait awhile ;

I'll go with you : put on your hood and veil.

Marg. No! as I am !—Counsel! I scorn the word!
Follow me, Drummond. If the queen takes part
With Albany, and frowns upon Lord Mar—
James is so easily led—I'll see Lord Angus. [*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE III.—*The Park.*

Enter GAIRLIES, GRAY, LENNOX, BISHOP, and LORDS, L.

Gair. This Cochrane has wrought marvels on the king.

Bish. I tell you, sirs, there's something more in this
Than comes of mortal guiding. He has help
From all the fiends.

Enter ANGUS from behind, R.

Ang. Then he has goodly friends :
We'll try and get some devils of our own ;
He can't have got them all.

Bish. You'll find it true.

Ang. [*To the Lords.*] What happened at your meeting ?

Gair. Hang your sword
On an old nail.

Gray. Take off your spurs, brave Angus.

Ang. Look you, my lords: I know not what you mean ;
But if it be because my spear broke short
On Cochrane's breastplate, I will shew your lordships,
Which ever of you chooses to essay it,
That I've another spear of sharper point:
Who answers me ?

Bish. 'Tis not of that, brave Angus ;
'Tis that this Cochrane, by the secret aid
Of the foul fiend—

Ang. Psha! Is it only that ?
What said the king ?

Gair. That we must all advance
To guard the Border against Albany.

Ang. I will not move an inch. What else, my lord ?

Gair. Cochrane has seized on every Border strength ;
Caerlaverock—Annan Tower—the Hermitage—

Ang. Ha !

Gair. And the fords of Esk, and Tweed, and Nith.

Ang. Now by my soul, he bears him like a man!
Pity he will not live to boast of it!

Gair. If you should fail, *our* daggers will make sure.

Ang. I shall not fail.—[*To himself.*] And yet he's of
stout heart;

I wish he did not lie in Douglas' way.

Gray. Our swords will aid.

Bish. I put him in the ban

As a fiend's friend; who slays him is a friend
To us and Rome.

Ang. Aid! aid!—I want no aid,
Nor ban, nor Rome! Listen, my good lord bishop:
I know the sort of slaying pleases best
Our holy mother Church: a quiet stab
Where no one sees; a sleeping draught too strong;
An eyeless dungeon in some hidden tower:
I'll have no deed like this to please the Church.
This Cochrane is a Man, and as a man,
And by a man, he shall be slain. This arm
Shall do the deed. It is no fameless thing,
A brave man's doom. That man's a foe to me
That takes this from me. Be he priest or earl,
The man that slays Lord Mar, till I am by,
Dies by this hand.

As Angus is going out, enter COCHRANE, L., with Attendants and the Royal Banner.

Coch. The king departed!—Angus!

Gair. Here's Cochrane.

Coch. I would speak to you, my Lord.

Ang. Were you a spy, my lord? for if you were,
And heard my words—

Coch. I heard you not.

Gair. [*To the Lords.*] Hush! hush!

Ang. I told your lordship when I saw you last,
We were not friends: I am not to be bought
Even by the worthless life you left to me.

Coch. Bought, my good lord? oh, 'twere of priceless
worth,

The heart of a brave man in this our need.
I fain would buy you, but as noble hearts
Are bought—by noble trust.

Ang. Trust me no trust ;
I know what place is mine, or should be mine.

Coch. Your place, Lord Angus ? Should your place be here,

When every plain and strath in Douglasdale
Echoes with tramp of horse and sound of horn ?

Ang. Who sounds the horn ? Who rides the horse ?

Coch. True Scots,
Who look with longing for the leadership,—
Of Angus.

Ang. But I hold no leadership ;
There's one holds that, that spells a different name
From Douglas.

Coch. No, not so. The Douglas' cry
Shall cleave the foeman's van, like a bold hawk
Piercing a summer cloud ; that other name
Will sound but as a man's who loved his king,
And wished—proud wish!—to die in the defence
Of the unconquered soil that gave him birth.
You should not think so harshly of that name.

Ang. Sir, Douglas will take care of his own name ;
Do you the same of yours.

Coch. [*To the Lords.*] And you, my lords ?

Ang. They do as I do ; not a man of them
Stirs southward.

Coch. Then, by heaven !—but patience yet.

Enter MARGARET, L., she stands apart.

I pray you, noble Angus, pause awhile
Ere you reject the offer of a love
That will be lasting ; for it takes its strength
From duty, from regard ; here is my hand ;
You take the king's true love as well as mine.

Ang. [*Rejecting the hand.*] The king, sir, should have
thought of this before ;
He had his nobles ready, sword and spear,
And he chose others.

Coch. But you leave the land
Naked, defenceless—England's mock and scorn,
Albany's spoil.

Ang. Gramercy, sir, make haste
If you have more to say. I've told the king,

I've told yourself, we'll have no upstart here
To outface the oldest names. Do I speak plain?

Coch. My lord, I will not say what I have heard,
Of acts and threatenings that 'twere shame to speak,
Linked with the honoured name of Angus.

Ang. Well!

Speak or no speak, it makes no boot to me :
I've told you my resolve.

Coch. Then you refuse
Your following to the Border?

Ang. Till I am asked

By some one better worthy of my answer.

Marg. [*Coming forward.*] Then answer me!

Coch. The Lady Margaret!

Ang. Rash girl! pert minx! go, mind your wheel.

Marg. When men

Know not their duty, it is time, my lord,
For women to do theirs. A danger threatens—
Douglas hangs back, and calls himself a Douglas!
Take you another name, Lord Angus.

Ang. To your seam!

You speak like Master Cochrane.

Marg. For I feel

Like the Earl of Mar.

Ang. Remember, pray you, madam,
Who 'tis you are; you bear no nameless name.

Marg. Nor wavering heart! Angus! for shame, Lord
Angus!

To hear the clarion sounding for the battle,
And keep you from the van! Have you forgotten
How good Sir James took Robert Bruce's heart,
In a rich silver casket locked and barred,
Among the heathen Saracens of Spain;
And when the fight was thickest, flung the heart
Into the midst, and said to it, "Lead on
As thou wert wont, Douglas will follow thee!"
And so he did, and slew the infidels
Till he was slain; he was your ancestor;
For shame, for shame!

Coch. [*To the Lords.*] There spoke the Randolph
voice!

There beat the Randolph heart! hear you her words,

And falter in your duty ?

Marg. Angus ! Angus !

Oh, if I were a man, I would not speak—

No, I would act ; but bearing a weak hand,

I give my tongue its way ; I warn you, Angus,

You cast the pedestal from 'neath your feet—

You and your lordly friends—on which you stand !

You cast the golden chance away from you,

'That makes your interest and your country's one.

It may not come again : close with Lord Mar—

March with the king. Would I might march with you !

Would I might see the banner of my house

Flap in the breeze above the helméd heads

Of steel-clad Randolphys !

Ang. But you shall not, girl ;

Nor James, nor Cochrane ; not a man of them,

Shall move without my order.

Marg. Stop me not !

They shall ! they shall ! Here, who will be my knight ?

Who'll lead my men ? There shall not one remain

Lurking like laggard cowards ! Are ye all

Struck dumb by the bold frowning of this man ?

Who'll take my scarf ?

Ang. I think, not one of them ;

I think they know the peril they were in

Too well for that.

Coch. [*Kneeling to Margaret.*] Oh, lady, at your feet

I kneel ; I'm all unworthy but to touch

The scarf that bears the colours of the Randolph ;

But I will wear it as some sacred thing,

Some banner that has gathered in its folds

The treasured blessings of all holy saints !

Marg. And lead the men ? Into the front of battle ?

Here, take the scarf—summon them to your power !

Ang. Now, by my soul, this insult is the last !

I tell you—off with base concealment now !—

Death shall resolve this strife. The man, by heaven,

That spurns a Douglas, dies !

Coch. Take back defiance !

Friendship I've offered twice, you've scorned it twice ;

Now look you to yourselves. The sword is drawn—

Beware its edge !

Ang. Mine has an edge as well.—

Come, girl, come with me ; you shall learn your place.

Marg. My place is here.

Coch. [*To standard-bearer.*] Advance the royal banner !

[*The banner is held over Margaret's head.*]

Lady, you are in safeguard of the King !

Who moves a step, who lifts an arm, by heaven

His doom is sped. Round her a ring is drawn

Of duty, trust, allegiance ; back, I say !

Who oversteps it, dies !

Ang. Come, I command you ;

Come !

Marg. What, a traitor give command to me ?

Oh, I have that within should bear me up

Against a thousand renegades like you ;

Go !

Ang. You shall answer for this thing.

[*Exeunt Angus and Lords, R.*]

Len. O ho !

I'll join this Cochrane. Angus has no chance.

I wish my fingers had had blisters on't

Before I signed. I'll speak to him.

[*Exit, R.*]

Marg. Lord Mar !

I think you knew me not till now ; even now

I think you do not know me, what I am :

I'm not the bold-tongued thing I seemed to be

When Angus moved me ; I would have you think me

Different from that ; you do me wrong, Lord Mar ;

But I deserve your thoughts.

Coch. I've thought on you

As on some loftier nature ! gazed on you

As on the sculptured forms that fill with awe

The heart and brain—immortal deities,

Worshipped by those brave workers of old Time,

Who clothed the utterings of their inner heart

In shapes of outward beauty. Majesty

Shone on your brow, as on the marble front

Of heaven's imperial Juno ; Purity

Lived in your eyes, as in the stately look

Of loftiest Dian ; and—but pardon, lady,

I know not what I say ; it matters not

What thoughts are mine—I pray you, pardon me.

Marg. Pardon you, Mar? Pardon is not the word;
You saved me from Lord Angus—raised me up
To thoughts that were above me. Ah, Lord Mar,
The orphan pardons not—she thanks you.

Coch. Nay,
Pardon is what I ask—I ask no more;
If I have been too bold—but foes are nigh.

[*Gives Margaret to the Guards.*]

Answer the Randolph's safety with your lives.
My sword is near; lead onward to the king.

[*Exeunt half the Guards and Margaret, L.*]

Re-enter LENNOX, R.

Len. My gracious Earl of Mar, I hope your lordship
Will spare me one half second.

Coch. What d'ye want?
I'm busy. [*Going.*]

Len. My good lord, pray pardon me,
'Tis on the king's affairs.

Coch. Say on, my lord.

Len. My lord, draw this way; farther yet, my lord.
I can do James a service—such a service
As never has been done by mortal man
To a king before.

Coch. Draw back, good Cunningham.

[*Exeunt Guards, L.*]

What is the service?

Len. He might give his crown
To know the service; and yourself, my lord—
It touches you no less.

Coch. Think not of that.

What service is it you can do the king?

Len. I must have promise ere I do it. Life
Hangs on it, and death! the very hour I speak,
I risk my safety; if a word were known—
Nay, if they saw me here—come more this way—

Coch. Lord Lennox, you have come to me unasked;
You tell me you can serve the king.

Len. I can;
But I must have sure guerdon for the deed.

Coch. What is it? You say life is on the cast,
And yet you talk of guerdon! What is it?

Land? titles? money? Name the sum, my lord;
Is it by weight you sell your services,
Or length or breadth? What is your price, I say?

Len. Look not so fierce, talk not so loud, Lord Mar:
You know that Albany is on the Border
With a strong English force?

Coch. Ay.

Len. Well, my lord,—
But will you answer that his grace consent
To grant my suit?

Coch. Go on, go on.

Len. And you,
You'll aid me, too?

Coch. Say on, and have no fear.

Len. Well, Albany has dealings with our chiefs—
With me—myself—I can't deny the fact—
With Gairlies, Seton, Gray—with all of us.

Coch. Not all, think better; not with all—remember. •

Len. Yes, all—except, of course, King James's friends,
Crawford and Drummond—but except these two,
All.

Coch. No, not all. I think there beats one heart
Too proudly for such deed—though that same heart
Loves me not—there's no treachery finds place
In gallant Angus!

Len. He withholds his power;
He will not aid the array.

Coch. But traffics not
With bribes and dealings with false Albany.

Len. Oh, but he does. He'll forth this very night
To the Southern March to join the English force:
He's got the coin.

Coch. No, no!

Len. Think of the risk,
And I am sure you'll never grudge the price
I ask for what I do.

Coch. I think of it.
You risk your life by treason to these men,
And ransom it from treason to the king.
For what you say of Angus—mark me, sir,
It cannot be; the brave have higher thoughts.

Len. My lord, the banished Albany has sent

His missives to us all. The lords are banded
To give no aid to James; the English king
Gives help to Albany, and claims the crown
As suzerain lord. The duke has given consent
To hold it in full homage: I've the deed
For signature; already there are names—

Coch. The renegades! the traitors! Give it me.
Where is the deed?

Len. But is the guerdon granted?

Coch. Name it. But give the deed.

Len. That his good grace
Would give me Angus' ward, the Lady Margaret;
And you must recommend the suit, my lord.
Angus consents that I should wed the girl,
But claims one half her lands—the best half, too:
Now, if a manor or two—

Coch. [*Aside.*] Give patience, Heaven!
And keep me from hot sin on this man's life!

Len. Play not so fiercely with the dagger heft;
The king is guardian in chief; his grace
Must give the estates in full.

Coch. Where is the deed?

Len. In my glove sleeve.

Coch. Lord Lennox, look on me;
You'll see no jesting spirit in my eyes:
You go not hence alive till you've resigned
That deed.

Len. Alive! you mean it not, my lord.
I would not grudge—

Coch. If, ere you breathe three times,
You lay it not within my hand, you die.
By Heaven! I'd think it sport and happiness
To spurn you into ashes with my heel.
Give me that deed.

Len. There, take it.

Coch. Cunningham!

Enter CUNNINGHAM and Guard, L.

Keep the Lord Lennox in close ward: one word,
One sign, one motion, cleave him to the chin.
Away!

[*Lennox is led off, L. Tears open the deed and reads.*]

Gray—Gairlies—Angus!—God before!
Treason shall pay its penalty in death!
The loftiest head the first! Justice, bare-armed,
Shall steep the proudest of their crests in blood. [*Exit, l.*]

END OF ACT III.

A C T I V .

SCENE I.—*A Hall in Angus' House.*

ANGUS, GAIRLIES, GRAY, &c., *discovered.* A Table, Goblets, &c.

Ang. If he had fifty devils at his back,
He shall not daunt me thus! The Randolph's knight!
Before my very eyes to wear her badge,
And summon her array! No, by St. Bride!
He shall not trample on us so. Lie still, [*To his sword.*]
I feel you panting in the sheath.

Gair. My lord,
Reflect—it's madness to go on.

Ang. Oh, is it?
We're all a little mad in Liddesdale.

Gair. H'm—maybe so; 'twere wiser to repent.

Ang. Repent! the Douglas does not know the word,
Save to some shav'ling priest at shriving time;
But if you faint in heart, and quake at the knees,
And tremble and look pale—

Gair. You know me, Angus,
Too well for that; I only wished we had found
Some other way to reach our aim.

Ang. No, by the rood!
Short shrift, quick end. I hate your "other ways."
I see a deer, I stab it in the throat—
I see a wolf, I spear it ere it springs—
I see a man, I slay him where he stands:
I like no "other ways" to reach my aim.

Gair. We're ready to obey you. What's your plan?

Ang. My train now waits me at the nether port;
And by good spurring, I may sound the horn

In Nithsdale yet, and rouse the Douglasses
 To meet this Cochrane ere he sees the Esk.
 There are twelve hundred spears in Douglas' train;
 I trust Lord Mar will find their points more sharp
 Than he found mine. And so, farewell, my lords.

[*Going.*]

Enter HERALD, R.

Herald. The king sends greeting to the Earl of Angus;
 You are his prisoner. He will speak your doom
 Ere fleets an hour.

Ang. My train—my train!

Herald. The king
 Has sent them forward, save some twenty spears,
 To Lauder.

Ang. Was it James did this, my friend?

Herald. I had my message from the Earl of Mar.

[*Exit, R.*]

Ang. Fill me a stoup of wine! A prisoner—
 The Malvoisie from Paris—Cochrane thought
 To cheat me of my stirrup-cup. [*Squire gives cup.*] Pour
 on!

Let it shine upward to the brim. [*Drinks.*] This cup
 Was given by James's father to my father;
 The crown is on the lid—the Scottish crown—
 It is not half so solid as it looks.

See! [*Wrenches crown off the cup and crushes it.*]

Speak I plain enough? the crown is dust!
 It had been better for this senseless king
 To ha' let me go. It would have pleased me well
 To deal with Mar. I must go higher now.

[*Doors open, c. A flourish.*]

A Herald. Room for the king!

Enter JAMES, COCHRANE, and Guards, c.

James. What is your quest, Lord Mar?

Coch. I call for judgment on this traitor.

James. Angus,

What means this thing? We've come expectant here,
 By the advice of our true liegeman, Mar,
 Who told us he would bring before our seat—
 The seat of judgment, but of justice, too—
 Traitors—he named them not—and *you* are here.

Ang. Ay, sir, a prisoner; seized in my own hall.
What reason has Lord Mar to call me traitor?
If I make bold to redd my private quarrel
With the Lord Mar, Lord Mar is not yet king
That I have heard of, to make open feud
And a drawn sword a treason. If your grace
Thinks quarrelling with Lord Mar a crime 'gainst you;
And a rough man like me, that knows no more
Than his own tongue, is to be gagged or doomed
Because it pleases the Lord Mar,—God wot,
I must submit.

James. Say on, my Lord of Mar.
I try to steel my heart to a high deed,
As suits my office; what is't he has done?

Coch. What has he done? Lord Angus, give reply—
Here, in this awful presence, answer it.
What have you done? You've given your mailed hand
To banded traitors. You have promised aid
To England's thrall, rebellious Albany,
Who calls himself our king, and holds his crown
As Edward's vassal.

Ang. 'Tis too much, my liege;
I have no dainty phrases to retort,
Having no gift of speech: but it is false
What this man says—I dare him to the proof.
What I have done is this:—I have refused
To take command from such a man as Mar
In my own lands—Douglas for Douglasdale—
That's what I've done.

Coch. [*Gives the bond to James.*] A moment's pause, my
liege!

Listen. Do you hear the step of any one
Mounting the stair? [*Steps are heard.*]

LENNOX, guarded, appears at door, R.

Do you see the face, my lords,
Of any one you know?

Ang. If with this hand
I clutched his throat!—Say on, I speak no more.

James. Is it all true, Lord Lennox? Are they joined
With our worst foes?—their names all written here?

Len. Alas, 'tis true.

Coch. 'Tis not in wrath I speak,
'Tis in your service. He is no king, my liege,
That quails before the look of bold-eyed crime.
What need of more? Their looks confess their guilt.
They set their lives at hazard; and the chance
Is theirs, that fortune might have given to you:
They would have used their 'vantage on your life.

Ang. I think Lord Mar's too hasty. If your grace
Would let me whisper a few humble words—

Coch. No; on the instant order them to the axe!

James. My Lord of Mar, you are impatient;

[*After a pause of indecision.*]

I'll hear him.

Coch. No, sir. You must speak the doom
Of them or me; nay, in the pause, you weigh
More than men's lives—your very crown, your name
Hang on the balance. If you'd have the throne
Made honourless, a seat for shame and weakness—
A pageant on a blood-stained theatre,
Where murder revels—a poor gilded chair,
Jostled aside by the unmannered wrath
Of mail-clad quarrellers—while you look on,
Voiceless, unvalued in the strife,—then go,
Speak to Lord Angus—pardon them, my liege.
But if you'd have the sceptre shine aloft,
A safeguard to the lowly—a rebuke
To haughty violence—an awful sign
Round which, as glory gathers round a star,
Shines the grave lustre of Authority—
If you would be a man—to strive with men—
A king, to daunt the lawless—doom them, sir!
They are guilty—be you just and resolute.

James. [*After a pause.*] No, gentle Mar, I cannot pass
their doom!

I'll follow the great lesson you have taught me,
And rather I forgive.—You'll be true men?
You will not turn against us?

Ang. We will serve you
As faithful liegemen. [*To Cochrane.*] I'm your debtor,
Sir,

But hope to pay you soon.

James. [*To Cochrane.*] You're angry with me:

I know that I was wrong ; but—'twas too much—
I had not strength.

Ang. You'll find our lives more worth
Than dead men's hands, if Mar had had the power
To bend you to his aim. Get me my sword ;
I need it yet. [*Nods to Cochrane.*] Till our next meeting !

Come, sirs. [*Exeunt Angus, Gray, &c., R.*]

James. Go now, my lords ; I would be left alone.

[*Exeunt all but Cochrane and James, L.—a pause.*]

I cannot look at you, Lord Mar ; I feel
I am not worth your friendship ; you will leave me—
I cannot bid you stay ; yet when you're gone—
When you breathe once again the ennobling air
Of happier lands—you'll think upon me, Walter,
As one who tried to reach your height, and failed ;—
At least, as one who loved you.

Coch. Leave you, sir—

You did not think it. I have but one thought—
Your fame, your happiness. I will not leave you.
If foes gloom round you—if the dark day comes
When grief, when danger gather over you—
Strive with it ; I will aid you in the strife ;
There shall be one voice near to comfort you,
One arm to guard, one man to die for you !

James. Will you not leave me ?—oh, I'm happy now !—
Still stay with me, advise me, strengthen me ?
Oh, Walter, let my tears speak what I feel,
And cannot say.

Coch. Come, cheer you, sir,—e'en now
'Tis not too late. So kind a heart as yours
Wins loving service. Angus will ride forth
To join the array. You must precede him, sir .
The royal flag must float o'er town and tower.

James. We shall set forward—oh, this very hour—
And reach the camp before the dawn of day.
Go to the Lady Margaret—bid her summon
Her clansmen from the following of Angus.
And you'll not leave me ! I scarce hoped for it ;
I have no words for thanks. Rejoin me soon. [*Exit, L.*]

Coch. Good, kind—too good, too kind. The time
draws near

That ends this weary struggle. Let it come. [*Exit, R.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Holyrood.*MARGARET and LADY DRUMMOND *discovered.*

Lady D. I cannot bear to see you weep. Weep not, Dear Margaret.

Marg. Who was it told you I was weeping ?
I weep not ; if a tear come to my eye,
'Tis not of grief.

Lady D. And what said Angus to you ?

Marg. He did not say ; he barked, he grunted, bel-
lowed,

A dog, a boar, a bull—no man, no man.
I tell you, Drummond, if this hand—ah, me,
That it's so soft and small !—if it had held
A dagger, he'd ha' spoke in different tones—
He would, I tell you !

Lady D. Margaret, are you mad ?

Marg. Perhaps I am, and therefore bear with me ;
Bear with me, Drummond, let me lean on you ;
Give me a heart to trust to, if I weep.
But no, I will not weep.

Lady D. And so Lord Mar
Stood by you ; and he wears the Randolph colours.
Oh, he's so wise, that man ! I've heard them say,
Too wise.

Marg. Ah, Drummond, know you this,—that men
Who go far down into the deep earth's caves,
Down, down in darkness, out of sight and sound,
Look up through the thick night, and see the heaven
All filled with stars at mid-day ;—great bright stars,
That purblind eyes, blinking in the hot light,
See not ?

Lady D. Indeed ?

Marg. And so, perhaps, 'tis well
Not to live ever in the noonday sun,
But see the starlight in deep caves.

Lady D. Indeed ?
There is a sound, as if your words had meaning,
But I can't catch it.

Marg. Then, another thing :
I've heard, that when the traveller climbs the ridge

Of some far mountain, piercing the blue sky,
Up, up, far up in heaven—that on the top
Sound is not, and a dull, dead silence reigns,
Ever—for ever in the unsyllabled air.

Lady D. Well, Margaret?

Marg. So, perhaps, the lowlier born
Catch voices that ne'er reach to such a height
As kings and nobles strain for.

Lady D. You're above me,—
I know not what you say; I wish you'd tell me
Some pretty tale instead.

Marg. A pretty tale:
How Lady Drummond jogged along through life;
Did what her mother told her when a child;
Married, because her father wished her married;
Follows her lord's commands, because it's right;
Goes oft to mass, because the church requires it;
Fasts all through Lent, and eats but fish on Fridays;—
A happy, pleasant, easy, dear good woman,—
Who'd gape and quake as if she saw a spirit,
If a great THOUGHT—a thing that fills the heart,
That lifts the soul, that shakes the poor frail limbs—
Entered her brain, flushed her pale brow and cheeks,
And filled her eye with tears. But, silly girl,
Why do I talk of tears? See, I'm not sad.
What I have here, may make me grave, calm, bold,
Not sad; and therefore, Drummond, mark me well,
I've done with tears.

Enter an Attendant, L.

Attend. Please you, the Earl of Mar.

Marg. I'm glad he comes.

Lady D. I will not wait his presence.
I'll to the Queen.

[*Exit, R.*

Enter COCHRANE, L.

Marg. I looked for you ere this;
The badge you wear assures you kindest welcome.

Coch. I have the king's command to visit you.

Marg. You rob your coming of its sweetest grace;
I hoped 'twas by no king's command you came,
But willingly; but no,—forgive my idle talk,—

There's something on your brow—there is a look—
Is the king safe ? Does Angus yield and go ?

Coch. The host has moved for Lauder.

Marg. Angus with them ?

And Gray ? and Gairlies ? But you'll not desert me ?
You'll wear my colours still ?

Coch. I had not dared

To lift my hopes so high—I feared—I thought ;
You looked—you spoke ; I dreamed you would not
deign—

Marg. Now, then, my lord : I have deserved this pang ;
'Tis time I make confession of my faults.

Oh, I was wrong—how wrong ! I knew you not ;

I was so thoughtless. Say you'll pardon me.

I had not strength to climb to the pure height
Of thoughts like yours. But tell me you forgive me.

Coch. Forgive you, lady !

Marg. But I let my tongue

Rail on you, and my eyes ; but they were false !

There was an awe within me even then,

I knew not why : I saw you placed so high

O'er other men. You seemed some mountain ridge

Far up, near heaven ; but cold :—and yet it caught

The sunshine first. You must have thought me weak,

And harsh, and cruel. Do you forgive me, Mar ?

Coch. Look not with eyes like these—let me not hear

A voice like that,—they'll make the doom more sad

That hangs above me ; let me bear a life

Dark, joyless,—with no star to shine on it,

Save duty and allegiance ; let me not

Cherish a dream,—nay, turn you not away ;

I would not have you turn away your eyes.

Marg. I thought you told me not to look on you,

Nor speak ; I turn away from you

Because I would not you should see me weep.

Coch. No, weep not—there should never sorrow come
To eyes like yours.

Marg. Did you not say, a doom

Hung over you ? And that your life was dark

And joyless ?

Coch. And you weep ! Oh, Margaret,
If I might take your hand, and look on you,

And tell you—but, no, no ; it may not be !

Marg. Wherefore ? I know not what your words portend ;

But this I know : there beats one heart, Lord Mar,
That shares your grief, whate'er your grief may be,
That would be partner of the darkest doom
That can be yours.

Coch. And this to me—to me ?

Margaret, this hour o'er pays a life of grief.
Come what, come may, I've heard from those dear lips
Words that would sweeten death : ay, let it come ;
It cannot rob me of this ecstasy !

Marg. Am I forgiven, Mar ?

Coch. Oh, ask me not !

Let me but look into your eyes, and dream ;
Words can add nothing to the perfect bliss
That binds us.

Marg. But you leave me for the host.

Coch. Ay, love, to come to you again in joy.
With peace, war's holiest triumph, on my sword.
Let the base traitors threaten ; there's a power
Within me now shall quell them ; and the spell
That chains them,—that wakes hope within my heart,
Strength in my arm,—shall be my Margaret's love !
Come, dearest, to the king ; 'twill glad his heart
To see me happy. He will thank you ; come. [*Exeunt, R.*]

END OF ACT IV.

A C T V.

SCENE I.—*The Tent of Angus at Launder.*

Enter ANGUS, GAIRLIES, *Lords, and attendants, R.*—*Angus putting on armour.*

Ang. He said he'd speak my doom. My gauntlets,
knave !

Let him look to his own. The dirk that came
Last week from Milan ; the short sword I wore
At Rothesay, when I slew John of the Isles.

Will daylight never come ?

Gair. I think a streak
Of glimmering light rests on the pennon points
O'er all the heath.

Ang. Let the same glimmer play
On my sword blade ! Listen for their approach ;
Cochrane and James will be among us soon ;
Then to it, my lords !

Gair. There is a rapid tramp
Of horsemen coming down the Lauder Fell ;
Now they're across the bridge.

Ang. Are they in force ?

Gair. I guess not more than two or three score.

Ang. Away then !

Pause not, hold you your council in the church.
Lochleven, have my train drawn up. Ere long
I'll hold a parley with our lord, the king,
As suits us both. So, leave me now, my lords,
And wait my coming. [Exeunt, Lords, R.]

The grey dawn looks cold ;
And fitful breezes sway the lazy folds
Of the white tents ;—what eye shall see them glow
In the hot blaze of noon ? Will Mar's or mine ?
Not both, of that be sure ; unless—but, no—
It is not worth the trial. If he left
This nerveless king, and gave his aid to me,—
Angus and Mar,—who could gainsay us then ?
Not Albany, nor England, nor no Scot
In all the land ! With wisdom and a sword
Like his—Ha ! would he listen to it ?

[Lennox appears at door, L.]

Who's there ?

Enter LENNOX.

Len. May I come in, Lord Angus ?

Ang. Ay, my lord ;

'Tis easier than your going out will be.
Lord Lennox, traitor ! spy ! deceiver ! dog !
Why does my dagger rest within its sheath ?
What want you here ? I had no wish to stain
My hand with such dishonoured blood as yours.
Speak, ere I slay you.

Len. I told nothing, Angus,—
Nothing I could conceal; speak not so harshly;
I tell you, I will aid you to my best
Against the king, or Mar, or any one.

Ang. Oh, you are changed, then! What is it you can do?

Len. All, any thing; Lord Mar, if that's his name,
Has played me false; wears Margaret Randolph's colours;

Claims her for bride, and has his claim allowed.
I'd slay him with this hand.

Ang. Oh, you speak well;
But that's a work for worthier hand than yours.
What is't you want? I'd be alone, I tell you.
Go; I remit your life: 'twould shame my blade
To lift it on a thing so poor as you.
Go, sir!

Len. Lord Angus, 'twas to offer aid
I came to you. I bear command to-day
Of the king's guard.

Ang. Ah! well;—what then?

Len. I thought
I might be useful. Give me but revenge;
I ask no more.

Ang. Revenge! and you command
The guard? Well, then; you *shall* have your revenge.
Withdraw your men when I'm in speech with James;
I'll take their place with Douglasses—ho! ho!
A good device. See that you fail me not,
Or we have some further settlement to make.

[*Touching his sword.*

Len. I'll wait you.

Ang. Come, then; James must be arrived
Ere this,—and some one welcomer than James.

[*Exeunt, L.*

SCENE II.—*Lauder. Grey dawn. The Tents of the Army
seen on the Plain. Lauder Church in the distance.*

Enter JAMES and COCHRANE, L.

Coch. We've rid through the thick night, and see at
last

The opening sky, where the awakened sun
Looks from his cradle in the curtained east.
How still and silent is this morning hour,
As if, in breathless expectation,
It heard the distant coming of the day!

James. No happy day.

Coch. Ay, sir, a happy day,
If we will make it so; a day shall bring
A glad train with him; bold-eyed Constancy,
Firm-hearted Hope, with Caution at his side,
And, God's best gift, Endeavour! Without these
No day is happy; with them, there's a light
To gild the darkest.

*[Lennox leads in the guard, R., and stands motionless
at the back of the stage.]*

James. And the host lies there,
Silent! I know not what the cause may be,
But something weighs upon my heart. Ah, friend!

[Leans on Cochrane's shoulder.]

Coch. You have lacked sleep; you've ridden in hot
speed:

I pray you, go you to your tent awhile,
And rest your limbs.

James. And you; where go you, Walter?

Coch. Oh, I have thoughts to keep me from my couch.

James. Ah, Walter, what a dull-eyed mole was I,
To see not that two hearts like yours could beat
But for each other!

Coch. Both shall beat for you
In truest love and loyal watchfulness.

James. Is it not well I spared Lord Angus' life?
You blame me not for that?

Coch. I trust 'tis well.

Where is his lordship's tent? Young Daylight stands
On the far hill, and gathers round his head
The beams to make his crown that awes the world.

[Looks towards the tents.]

They should be stirring, ere the lark on high
Sings his farewell to the pale morning star.
I must go rouse them for their work this day.

I'll come to you, ere long; but rest meanwhile. *[Exit, L.]*

[The guards go off,—Angus and the Douglasses enter R.]

James. [*Not perceiving the change.*] This is a weary time ;
this clang of war

Jars on my heart ; an 'twere not for my faith
In Walter, and the strength my spirit draws
From his high thoughts, this life were but a weight
Numbing the soul. After too brief repose
I must enclasp this tired breast in mail,
And then for council ; well—

Ang. [*Coming forward.*] It needeth not.

James. Angus ! what mean you ?

Ang. I speak plain enough.

It needeth not that you take counsel, sir :
Our plans are fixed.

James. What thing is this ? what speech ?

How dare you speak to your anointed king
In guise so harsh ?

Ang. I speak not in such words

As your fair friends,—your minstrels, and such like ;
But I speak plain.

James. Guards, seize this man !

Ang. My liege, [*Pointing to the Douglas standard,*] see
you the banner ?

James. Treason ! what is this ?

Ang. No treason, sir, but justice. It is time

A Scottish king kept worthier company.

James. What is't you mean ?

Ang. I'll show you what we mean ;

And your proud minion, Cochrane.

James. What of him ?

You mean not ill to him ? Oh, spare him, Angus,
And I'll forgive you all.

Ang. I think, my liege,

'Twere better you reflect, when you forgive,
What's your forgiveness worth. The Douglasses
Have something to forgive as well as you.
They've not forgotten how your father, sir,
Slew Douglas—basely, treacherously slew him,
In his own hall. There may be thoughts like these
In some that own his blood.

James. But you'll not dare

To take his life—to slay him ; him, so wise,
So good, so brave ; Let me but go to him.

Ang. Move not an inch. I mean your grace no scaith,
Unless, unless—

James. 'Tis not about myself;
I'd have you spare my friend.

Ang. [*To the Guards.*] Let him not stir!
I tell you, sir, the doom ere this is passed.
He dies, with all the crew of them. Nay, nay,
This is no time for holiday sweet words;
'Tis at your peril if you move.

Enter MARGARET in riding-cloak and hood, R.

Marg. Come I in time?

Oh, sir, I heard that treason was afoot,—
I rode in headlong haste: oh, where is Mar?
Angus—my liege—what does this silence mean?

Ang. It means that we are trampled on no longer.

James. It means that Mar is doomed.

Marg. Then it was true!

Angus, I kneel before you; tell me—tell me,
What is't you do? Oh, sir, have pity on him,—
Pity on me!—I never thought to live
To ask your pity,—but—have pity on me!

Ang. It makes my cheek grow red to listen to you,
A Randolph asking pity for that man!

James. Save him, Lord Angus! Is it power you ask?
I give you power, wealth, all that you can wish;
But let me hear that Cochrane is in safety.

Ang. Go, sir! It fits you ill to waste your breath
In suit so idle. Lead his grace to his tent.

James. Say that you'll save him ere I go.

Ang. Farewell.

Move him away, I say.

[*The King goes off with the Guards, L.*]

Marg. Where is Lord Mar?

If 'tis too late to save him, let me share
The fate that may be his: in life or death—
In weal or woe, our doom is one forever.

Ang. Perhaps 'tis not too late.

Marg. What! not too late?

Oh, Angus, I will love you from this hour,
As never daughter loved her sire before;
I'll tend upon your steps, where'er you go,—

I'll place a crown of blessings on your head
With my dear prayers. Tell me 'tis not too late!

Ang. It rests with him and you. I hate him not;
Albeit he would have given me to the axe.

Marg. Rests it with me? name but the price you ask,
Tell me what I may do to save his life.

Oh, he will do your hest, whate'er it be,
For it will give him back to me! Come, Angus,
Take me to where he is. Let me but see him,—
I tell you, I will win him to your will.

His life—his life! Oh, give me but his life!
And I will wear you ever in my heart.

Come, come.

Ang. Build not your hopes too high.

Marg. Come, come.

[*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE III.—*The Church at Lauder. A great door at the back of the Stage with a wicket in it. Lords, GAIRLIES, &c., discovered.*

Enter LENNOX, hurriedly, L.

Len. Cochrane is on his way:—now life or death
For him or us, is as this hour shall send.

Gair. What shall we do?

Len. Where is the Earl of Angus?

He spoke so boldly when no danger threatened;
He should be here.

Gair. Are we to kill the man?

Gray. Angus has sworn he'll do it.

Len. So would I,

If, if—

Enter COCHRANE, R.

Coch. What make you here, my lords! 'Twere time
To strike the tents, and blow the horn for march.

What holds you dumb? Come, I am unwelcome here?

Bish. Your lordship, you were scarce expected yet;
We thought—

Gray [*and the others pushing Lennox*]. Go forward.

Len. No, not I.

Gair. I will, then.

Coch. [*To Bish.*] Well, my lord, what was your thought?

Gair. [*Touching Cochrane's hunting horn.*] That you
have blown the horn too long—a rope
Would suit you better.

Coch. Are you in earnest, sir?
Or is it a mock?

Gair. No mock, as you shall find.

Lords. No mock, no mock.

Coch. [*To the Lords, and seizing Gairlies.*] Give way,
there, coward lord!

Say your last prayer. I would not slay your soul;
Hence, or your lives are dust! What mean you, sir,
By words so bold?

Gair. Nothing, my lord.

Coch. Be safe,
And keep a watch upon your babbling tongue.

[*Releases him.*]

Bish. Alas, sir, 'twas a foolish frowardness;
They knew not what they did. Give me some speech
Apart, I pray you.

Coch. Let their lordships go.

[*Watches them as they go out.*]

Gair. [*To Gray, as they are going.*] We'll bar the outer
door till Angus comes;
He leaves not this alive.

Gray. A good stout twine,
And a high gallows tree.

[*Exeunt Lords, L.*]

Coch. [*To Bishop.*] And now, my lord,
What is it you would tell me?

Bish. [*Putting off time till Angus comes.*] Oh, my lord,
This is a sinful time. Alas, how black
Are all our hearts, how sunk from innocence!

Coch. Well?

Bish. Would it not be wise for even the best
To put no trust in fleshly arms like these?

Coch. Alas, my lord, I looked not at this time
For homily so grave.

Bish. Then, sir, I leave you.

[*Shouting outside.*]

I think I but disturb you.

[*Exit, L.*]

Coch. What is this?

There's more in this than meets the eye or ear:
That taunt, that insult.

[*Going.*]

Enter ANGUS and MARGARET, L.—Margaret, wrapt in a cloak, remains behind.

Ang. Rest you, good my lord.

Coch. You, too! 'Twere better we should meet no more.

Ang. But we have met,—and by St. Bride of Douglas, The odds are great we ne'er shall meet again. Look you, Lord Mar—nay, interrupt me not—I'll tell my own plain tale as suits me best: You think I hate you. Well, I love you not;—The reason why, you know: these other lords Have doomed you to a death, within this hour, That fits not a brave man; and that you're brave, And wise, and kind, he'd be a bold-tongued knave That would gainsay when I am by.

Coch. Go on.

Ang. The doors are guarded by your enemies; They'd take your life,—nay, I would do it myself, If you refused my offer.

Coch. I refuse it.

I know not what it is. It comes from you—
I spurn it, I refuse it.

Ang. Think again.

'Tis but to live in quiet in this realm,
In your own castle, happy, powerful, rich,
But friendly to my cause.

Coch. Pray you, my lord,
Tell me no more. You say the doors are guarded
With hostile swords; if they were multiplied
By twenty times their number, and each sword
Were pointed by a Douglas, you should fail
To move my soul one jot. Hostile or not,
I care not. My bright blade, that never flashed
Save in the sunlight of an honoured cause,
Serve me in this my need, as thou hast done
In strait as great as this! I warn you, sir,
Your life is hanging on a thread!

Ang. Reflect.

Ten minutes shall be yours; and in my place
I leave a better pleader than myself,
To counsel you; and so I leave you.

[While speaking, he leads Margaret to Cochrane's side, and goes out, L., looking back at them. Cochrane, turned away from Margaret, does not see her.]

Coch. Doomed

To shameful death ! And Angus offers life—
And what is life ? what is the fatal charm
In that short word, that plays about the heart,
And sways it ? 'Tis a vain, blank, worthless thing :
A sword half drawn, and sheathed in the same breath ;
A flickering leaf, falling from tree to ground ;
A flight by a poor bird 'tween two black cliffs
Across some narrow valley ; for brief space
Sunshine falls on its wings ; a minute more,
And all is dark again. And for this thing
Does Angus think to bend me to his wish ?
You cannot move me, sir, from what I've said :
Leave me, I charge you.

Marg. Mar !

Coch. My Margaret !

What blessed angel brought you to my side ?
Nay, you're the angel's self, and in the gloom
Of hour like this, how cheering is the light
Of your kind eyes !

Marg. Ay, Walter, they are kind,
And will be ever kind ; and we shall yet
Be happy—oh ! how happy—if you yield—
No, not to Angus—if you yield to me.
Will you not yield to me ?

Coch. I know your heart
Too well to think you'd plead for anything
That brought dishonour with it. Shall I yield
To you ? Yes, I will yield.

Marg. And leave the strife
Of pride and anger to those desperate men ?
While we—Oh, Walter, what a life of joy
Will shine on us !—never to part again—
In some far spot, in our own peaceful home,
Together, still together, till we die !
Tell Angus you consent. Oh, thanks for this !
I'll pay you for it all my life with love !

Coch. Consent to what ?

Marg. To be Lord Angus' friend ;

To leave the court, to live in peaceful state.
Far from tumultuous thrones and wayward kings.

Coch. [*Looking to the door.*] What! tempt me to my ruin by these lips?

Villain, I tell you, no!—My Margaret,
You know not what you ask. You bid me lift
My sacrilegious hand upon my friend,—
You bid me be a traitor to the king,
False to my country, and unworthy you.
You ask me—no, you know not what you ask.
I thought you knew me.

Marg. Once I thought my heart
Was nobler than I find it: once I thought
I could have died with gladness; but, ah me,
I feel I am but a girl, a poor weak girl:
I wished to have you mine, to be your own,
Your wife, your all! I cannot see you die,
When we might be so happy if you lived!
Will you not yield?

Coch. And be a thing for scorn?
So vile, that all the mountains of the earth,
Heaped in one pile on my dishonoured head,
Would fail to hide me? Think on what you ask,
And tell me you would rather have me die,
Than live the slave that they would turn me to.

Marg. I would not have you change from what you are:

But I am weak; I thought I was more strong.

Ang. [*At door.*] Does he consent?

Coch. No!

Marg. Yes; a moment, Angus.—

Oh, Mar!

Coch. What? is it Margaret Randolph's voice
That tries to win me to disgrace? I knew not—
I was most wrong—forgive me, that my heart
Deceived me in this thing.

Marg. No, no! away
False womanish fancies! You shall see me, sir,
Firm as yourself. I thought not of the price
They claimed for their forbearance.

Coch. Now you speak
As suits your noble nature, Margaret.

This is no time for honeyed words of peace.

What mean those men ?

Marg. They mean your death.

Coch. I know.

Marg. A base—base death, so bitter is their wrath.

Ang. [*At door.*] Come, does he yield ? the clock is on the stroke ;

When it strikes six, he lives my friend, or dies

A felon's death ! I cannot change the doom.

[*Shouting without.*]

Marg. They've seized the king !

Coch. Ha ! open wide the door !

I'll hew my way through all the fiends in hell !

Marg. They will not open. Back ! come back, dear Mar !

They're in strong force. Oh ! if the hour is come,

Save you from the dishonour of their touch ;

They'll shame the glories of your noble life

With hangman-hands ; they'll drag you to a death—

I'd have you meet a *man's* death as a *man*,

But not the death they'd have you die—not that.

See, I've no tremor now. Shew Roman courage !

[*She offers him a dagger.*]

Coch. [*Rejecting it.*] I have a nobler courage than the Roman's—

Submission : not with coward, hopeless hand,

Shall I strike out the holy lamp of life.

Margaret, this is the last time we shall part ;

Farewell ! farewell !—Now, Angus, ope the door !

[*The clock strikes during this, the door opens, and Coch-rane rushes out—clashing of swords and clamour.*]

Marg. Guard him, all angels ! aid him !

Coch. [*Without.*] To the king !

[*He is forced back, wounded—he defends the entrance—Margaret bars the wicket.*]

To the king ! to the king !

Marg. Mar, Mar ! you are in blood—

You're wounded—faint—

Coch. No, no, the door, I say !

Marg. Lean on me, Mar ; how feel you, dearest Mar ?

Coch. As one who struggles in a summer sea,
Far from the land, with tired arms, and waves

All round him. [*A great knocking at the main door, as if to force it in; shouting, &c.*] Margaret, give me your sweet hand;

If I had lived to thank you for your love—

If I had lived—but—[*Sinks to the ground—a pause—noise outside.*] Tell our lord the king,

I tried to make him 'honoured, loved, and feared:

If I had reached his tent, I would have died

As suits a Scottish noble—at the feet

Of his kind king. Margaret, what bliss it is

To see you thus! I bless you as I die.

[*The great door is burst open; Angus and the others appear; Cochrane, by an effort, springs up and clutches his sword.*

Back! back! the ground she treads is holy ground!

Back! back!—Ha! [*Staggers forward and dies.*

Marg. Heard you what he said? Give place!

Away! my heart's on fire! I'll have revenge!

Traitor and murderer! [*Rushes on Angus' sword.*

'Tis but what I wished;

I thank your sword for giving me this death.—

Walter, they tried to keep me from your side;

They cannot do it! How happy 'tis to die

Thus!

[*Dies.*

THE END.

No. XLIV.

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT,

AUTHOR OF "VELASCO, A TRAGEDY," &c.

CHARLES THE XII.

An Historical Drama

IN TWO ACTS.

BY J. R. PLANCHÉ.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.

NEW YORK :

WM. TAYLOR & CO., No. 2 ASTOR HOUSE,
AND JARVIS BUILDINGS, NORTH ST., BALTIMORE.

BOSTON: REDDING AND CO.—PHILADELPHIA: ZIEBER AND CO., AND S. G. SHERMAN.—PITTSBURGH: J. W. COOK.—CHARLESTON: AMOS HEAD.—CINCINNATI: ROBINSON AND JONES.—MOBILE: M. BOULLEMET.—LOUISVILLE: J. H. PENTON.—NEW ORLEANS: J. C. MORGAN, AND JOHN SLY.

PRICE 12 1-2 CENTS.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

CHICAGO, ILL.

1900

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

CHICAGO, ILL.

1900

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

CHICAGO, ILL.

1900

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

CHICAGO, ILL.

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

THIS is one of the best of Mr. Planché's excellent dramas. Its success on its first representation was immediate and decided. It was originally produced the eleventh of December, 1828, at Drury Lane Theatre; and, intrinsically meritorious as it is, it probably owed much of its popularity to the admirable acting by which it was sustained. Contemporary accounts assert that Farren, as *Charles the Twelfth*, performed with unusual effect. His costume was so exact and characteristic, that the audience were at once reminded of the familiar pictures of the Swedish monarch. Nor was his conception of the character less correct than his external imitation. It was rough, peremptory, dominant from habit and the consciousness of power, parsimonious and simple in action, quiet, dignified and regal in the proper acceptance of the phrase. His attitude, deportment, and speech in the scene where (being unknown) an officious Burgomaster (*Muddlewerk*) is examining him, under the suspicion that he is the proscribed *Vanberg*, was an excellent piece of acting.

Liston, as *Adam Brock*, gave a delightful picture of the kind-hearted old islander, and his first interview with the King was of a character to charm the audience by its simplicity and truth to nature. Miss Love was the original *Eudiga*, which she played with great archness and humour. The scene in which she aped the King's voice and manner, was especially well received. *Triptolemus Muddlewerk*, whose brain is an everlasting magazine of plots, conspiracies, and chimeras dire; who sees in the most trifling event something remarkable, and in whose vicinity a pudding cannot be boiled but there is treason in the smoke—found a faithful representative in Mr. Harley, of whom we find it said: "No one appears to enjoy a play more than

Harley, and we verily believe he is heartily sorry when it is over." Miss Ellen Tree, as *Ulrica*, is described as having played "prettily" and in good taste. "Altogether," says the London Literary Gazette, "we have rarely, if ever, seen a drama of this class got up in so perfect a style, nor one which possessed more sterling attractions. The parts were literally *individualised* by the attention given by the performers to costume, and the careful study of manners and historical characteristics."

Upon the literary merit of a piece so exclusively written for representation, it is almost superelegatory to offer a remark. A few meagre hints in the Life of Charles the Twelfth, are said to have furnished the author his materials for the drama. He has shown a consummate knowledge of the arts of effect in character, stage grouping and situation, in every scene of the piece. It possesses, however, something higher than what is technically termed a *melodramatic* interest, or it could never have afforded to such actors as Farren and Liston opportunities of exercising their powers so acceptably.

We are indebted for the copy from which the present edition is taken, to Mr. Mitchell, of the Olympic Theatre, New York, at whose establishment the drama is frequently performed in a very finished and spirited style.

STATE OF NEW YORK

IN SENATE,
January 12, 1887.

REPORT
OF THE
COMMISSIONERS OF THE LAND OFFICE,
IN ANSWER TO A RESOLUTION PASSED BY THE SENATE,
MAY 18, 1886.

ALBANY:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO. PRINTERS,
1887.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>Drury Lane, 1829.</i>	<i>Mitchell's Olympic.</i>
<i>Charles XII. King of Sweden</i>	Mr. W. Farren.	Mr. Walcot.
<i>Colonel Reichel</i>	" Lee.	" Baker.
<i>Gustavus de Mervelt</i>	" J. Vining.	" Levers.
<i>Major Vanberg</i>	" Cooper.	" Clark.
<i>Adam Brock</i>	" Liston.	" Holland.
<i>Triptolemus Muddlewerk</i>	" Harley.	" Mitchell.
<i>Ulrica, daughter of Vanberg</i>	Miss E. Tree.	Mrs. H. Isherwood.
<i>Eudiga, daughter of Adam Brock</i>	Miss Love.	Miss Clarke.
<i>First and Second Officer, Sentinel, &c.</i>		

COSTUMES.

CHARLES XII.—Old-fashioned light blue coat, with brass basket buttons, buff waistcoat, leather breeches, buff sword-belt and sword, jack-boots, spurs, small cocked hat, and black stock.

COLONEL REICHEL.—Light blue regimental surtout, trimmed with gold, buff waistcoat, leather breeches, large boots, spurs, cross-belt and sword, cocked hat trimmed with yellow fringe and yellow ostrich feathers, and yellow kerchief tied round the left arm.

GUSTAVUS DE MERVELT.—*Ibid.*

OFFICERS.—*Ibid*, but plainer.

VANBERG.—Old-fashioned drab coat and waistcoat, dark small-clothes, blue stockings, green apron, black wig, shoes and buckles.

ADAM BROCK.—Old man's brown coat with brass buttons, flowered waistcoat, chocolate-coloured breeches, blue stockings, shoes and buckles

MUDDLEWERK.—Suit of old-fashioned black, red silk stockings coming up over the knees with garters below, Midas' wig, small three-cornered hat, shoes and buckles.

ULRICA.—Chocolate-coloured jacket, the sleeves terminating at the elbows with large cuffs, puffed, green petticoat trimmed with red and black, light white apron, body to correspond with petticoat, red stockings, shoes and buckles, hair turned over a roll, little lace cap just upon the crown of the head.

EUDIGA.—Yellow jacket trimmed with black fur, blue striped petticoat, black velvet body, green stockings, shoes and buckles—hair, &c. same as Ulrica.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*;
S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L., *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*;
L. C., *Left of Centre*.

N.B. Passages marked with Inverted-Commas, are usually omitted in the representation.

CHARLES XII.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Court-Yard of a small Village Inn in the Island of Rugen, Swedish Pomerania, R.—Farm-House, L. U. E., with Barn, Stable, &c.*

Enter ULRICA. from the Inn, R. D. F.

Ulr. [*As she enters.*] Yes, sir, certainly! in five minutes! What a hurry this stranger is in; and how sharply he speaks, too; he seems a military man—some officer, I suppose, to whom the word of command is habitual. Should he know Gustavus! But, alas! why do I permit myself to think of him? Forget not, Ulrica, that Major Vanberg is now but an humble village innkeeper, and that his daughter may no longer pretend to the hand of one of his majesty's pages.

[*Adam Brock sings without, L. U. E.*

Merry, merry, merry!
Ever merry be;
Never was there merry man,
But honest, too, was he.

Ah! here comes our kind and eccentric friend and neighbour, Adam Brock.

Enter ADAM BROCK, L.

Brock. (c.) Ah! what, there you are, eh? Bless your nice little smiling face! it does one's heart good to look at you.

Ulr. I cannot help smiling when I see you, Mr. Brock—your good humour is infectious; and fortunately for us,

I'm sure, for this village would be but a dreary place to dwell in, if you were to leave it.

Brock. Oh, gad! I don't know—I like to see people merry, and therefore try to make 'em so, for my own sake. My life, Ma'mzelle Ulrica, has been one long hearty laugh, and so was my father's before me. "Adam, you grinning young dog!" he used to say to me,—“You're your father's boy to a chuckle. Laughter, my lad, is the distinguishing characteristic of the human species; but remember, that, if you would always have a smile on your own countenance, you must never be guilty of an act that will banish one from your neighbour's.”

Ulr. And you have well observed his excellent admonition, by striving to make every one happy around you. I am sure my poor father and I can never repay the obligations which—

Brock. [*Laughing.*] Ho, ho, ho! obligations! Now, what on earth do you call obligations? Ar'nt your father and I foster-brothers? And wasn't his father the best friend I ever had? Now, don't talk such nonsense, or you'll put me out of temper.

Ulr. I never knew but one person who could do that.

Brock. What, I suppose you mean Muddlewerk. A meddling, blundering, pottering wiseacre! Well, I will confess—thunder doesn't sour my beer worse than that fool of a burgomaster does my temper! I hate long speeches and long faces, and that ninny always bores me with both. There isn't a day passes he doesn't make me wish him at the bottom of the Baltic, with his confounded ancient histories tied round his neck. But where is your father? I've news you'll both be glad to hear—my boy, Fred, is made a sergeant! He just galloped over from the camp, this morning, to say as much, and was off again like a shot; so I want you two to come over to us, and make a merry day of it.

Ulr. I should be delighted. But we have an officer in the house, who arrived late last night; he has asked for his bill, however; therefore—

Brock. Well, but what then? If he's nothing better to do, bring him with you—the more the merrier! If he isn't proud, I'm sure I arn't. It makes no difference to Adam Brock, whether an honest man be a king or a cob-

bler! If he likes a hearty laugh, and a hearty welcome, I'd crack a joke and a bottle with one just as soon as t'other.

Ulr. But then, my father—it might not be safe for him to be long in company with this stranger.

Brock. Oh! there's no danger; but, perhaps, it may be as well not to risk it. However, here he comes to speak for himself.

Ulr. Then I'll leave you to make your own arrangements. I shall be only too happy to spend the day with Eudiga.
[*Exit Ulrica, R.*

Enter MAJOR VANBERG, from the Inn, R,

Brock. Friend Firmann, my boy's made a sergeant!

Van. I wish you joy, Brock.

Brock. Well, I dare say you do; but nobody would think it, to hear you say so. Od rot it! I wish I could see you a little more cheerful, man! Come, I want you to go home with me, and drink a cup of wine to Fred's health. Ulrica tells me you've an officer in the house, and I said, at first, bring him with you; but—

Van. Not for the world! I've kept out of his sight as yet—his presence alarms me. I was in hopes this sequestered spot might have escaped such visitors. Charles the Twelfth is in the island, and this man may be attached to his person. Should I be discovered by any accident, the severity of the king is notorious.

Brock. Fear nothing, man: the king himself has never seen you since he was seventeen; most of the officers here are French, belonging to Ville-Longue's regiment; and I defy your oldest acquaintance to know you in this disguise. Besides, who the deuce would dream of your daring to keep a house of public entertainment? That's why I urged your taking it! No, no, put a bold face on the matter, and a merry one, too. Laugh! there's nothing like it! Laugh, and nobody will suspect you.

Van. Ay; 'tis an easy thing to *say* laugh, friend Brock.

Brock. And an easy thing to do, friend Firmann, when a man's conscience is clear! You know you are innocent of the crime laid to your charge, and you hope, one of these days, to be able to prove it. Why, then, laugh. Od rot it! you must laugh—you shall laugh. Come with

me, and my mad-cap of a girl shall see if she can't make you.

Van. [*Alarmed.*] She doesn't know my story?

Brock. Oh, bless you! no, no, no. I'm close as wax.

Van. Do not think it is for myself I fear—it is for you, my kind, my generous friend, I tremble! when I think on the danger to which I have exposed you.

Brock. Then why the devil do you think of it? I never do. Pack of stuffs! what good would they get by sending old Adam Brock out of the world a few years before his time? Psha! and for merely, doing as he'd be done by—ho, ho, ho! how I should laugh to catch 'em at it.

[*Exeunt up the steps into his house, L. U. E.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Inn—a door in the flat, R., leading to an Inner chamber—table, chairs, writing materials, hand-bell, &c.*

Enter CHARLES XII., with a paper in his hand, R.

Chas. These people are very poor, but very honest; one florin for supper, lodging, and breakfast. Well—I must pay no more; for, were I only to double the sum, it would excite their suspicion; and a discovery of my rank would frustrate my plan. Come! the senate cannot accuse me of extravagance this time. [*Sits at the table near the flat, c., and writes.*] But where is this boy, now, to carry my despatches?

Enter ULRICA, L.

Ulr. [*Aside.*] If, without exciting suspicion, I could obtain news of Gustavus—I have a great mind to ask the question; I will, too. [*Advances.*] Sir!

Chas. Well; what do you want, my good girl?

Ulr. I beg your pardon, sir; but may I ask you a question?

Chas. Yes; if it's a short one.

Ulr. You are an officer?

Chas. I am.

Ulr. And a Swede?

Chas. [*Fervently.*] I thank Heaven!

Ulr. Were you ever at Stockholm, sir?

Chas. [*Smiling.*] Why, yes; but it is now more than

fifteen years ago; and my friends there are rather impatient, I believe, to see me again.

[*Rising and advancing, l. c.*

Ulr. [*With hesitation.*] Then, sir, what I wished to ask you is, did you happen to know there a gentleman named Gustavus?

Chas. Gustavus! I have known many. There was one of that name in my family—he died in the moment of victory! I have endeavoured to live like him—Heaven may, perhaps, grant me as glorious a death! [*Recovering himself.*] Gustavus what? has he no other name?

Ulr. [*Hesitating.*] Gustavus De Mervelt.

Chas. Hah! humph! De Mervelt—an aid-de-camp to the king.

Ulr. Indeed, sir! He was but a page when I knew him.

Chas. And how came you to know him, young woman, eh? Come, it's my turn to ask questions now. Were you ever at Stockholm?

Ulr. Sir, I—[*Aside.*] I must be cautious. [*Aloud.*] Once, with my father, sir.

Chas. And how came a king's page in company with an innkeeper's daughter?

Ulr. It was the festival of St. John, sir, and he danced with me in the park.

Chas. Humph! [*Aside.*] These young rascals of pages! And have you never seen him since?

Ulr. Alas! no, sir,

Chas. By that sigh; I presume, you would wish to see him?

Ulr. Oh, very much indeed, sir.

Chas. Do you love him?

Ulr. Sir!

Chas. Ah! I see you do. Silly young woman, what do you expect will be the end of this, eh? D'ye think he'll marry you? [*She looks indignantly.*] What does the girl stare for? He told you so, I suppose, and you believed him. I tell you, he won't; do you believe me?

Ulr. No, sir, I do not believe you; and were Gustavus here, he would vindicate his own honour and my confidence. I see you do not know him; I need trouble you no further.

[*Exit, l.*

Chas. Gad's my life! here's a little firebrand! I like her spirits—pity she's a girl! I'd have given her a commission on the spot. But this young spark, Gustavus—I shall investigate this business. I made him my page when he was only fifteen: he was with me four years in Germany, and won my esteem by his valour and integrity; he was promoted and sent home, previous to the battle of Pultowa; and, on his joining me twelve months ago at Stralsund, I made him my aid-de-camp, my secretary; but I'll have no seducer about my person. If I find he has been practising on the simplicity of this poor girl—

Enter GUSTAVUS DE MERVELT, R.

So, sir, you are here at last—I have waited for you.

Gus. (R. c.) I crave your majesty's pardon; but—

Chas. (c.) Hush! I would not be known—call me plain sir; we may be overheard. Now say on.

Gus. On the point of leaving Stralsund, I was recalled by the governor, who had received this despatch from Stockholm.

Chas. [*Taking it.*] Humph! You are the bearer, also, of a despatch from Stockholm for another person in this house?

Gus. I, sir!

Chas. [*Sternly.*] Young man! bethink yourself, and answer me truly: under pain, sir, of my displeasure, did you never make a promise of marriage to a young girl with whom you danced in the park of Stockholm on the festival of St. John?

Gus. Never, sir! I never even danced in the park on such an occasion.

Chas. Gustavus De Mervelt, I have never yet detected you uttering a falsehood! Upon your honour, sir, as a Swedish soldier, are you not acquainted with a young girl named Firmann, the daughter of the man who keeps this inn?

Gus. Upon my honour, no, sir! this is the first time I was ever in the Island of Rugen, and, to my knowledge, I never saw the person you mention anywhere.

Chas. [*Kindly.*] Enough, enough, Gustavus! Some fellow has assumed a name which he thought might give lustre to his conquest in the eyes of a simple country girl.

Now, what have we here ?

[*Breaks open the despatch and reads.*]

Gus. [*Aside.*] A strange circumstance !

Chas. Hah ! what's this ? [*Reads.*] "*Certain information having been received that Charles Vanberg, formerly major of horse, and condemned by the senate, on suspicion of treason, to perpetual banishment, has repassed the frontiers, and is dwelling disguised in the Island of Rugen, I hasten to apprise your majesty of the fact, and*"—So, so, so.

[*Crossing to R.*]

Gus. [*Aside.*] Vanberg ! unfortunate ! And I have borne this !

Chas. We have traitors amongst us, have we ! Humph ! do they forget John Patkul ? Sit down, sir, and write as I dictate.

Gus. [*Aside.*] Cruel task !

Chas. [*Dictating.*] "*To the governors and burgomasters of the Island and Principality of Rugen : we hereby offer the sum of 2000 crowns to any person who shall discover and apprehend Charles De Vanberg, a banished traitor, and deliver him into the hands of justice.*" So—have you finished ? Give me the pen to sign.

Gus. [*Aside.*] He is lost ! and Ulrica, too. Is she with her hapless father ?

Chas. A light to seal these letters. [*Rises and exit, R. S. E.*]

Gus. Yes, sir. [*Rings a small hand-bell from the table.*]

Enter ULRICA, L.

Ulr. Your pleasure, sir ?

Gus. [*Turning.*] A light, my good girl, to—[*Seeing Ulrica*—Gracious powers !

Ulr. Gustavus !

Gus. For your life, not a word !

Re-enter CHARLES XII. R. S. E.

[*Aside.*] You know me not—silence and courage, or we are lost.—A taper—quick, young woman.

Chas. (c.) [*To Ulrica, who is going.*] Stay ! come hither. If I spoke sharply to you just now, it was because I wished you well. Tell me, now, what sort of a person was the young gentleman of whom you spoke ?

Ulr. [*Aside, L. C.*] I know not what to say !

Chas. I mean, what sort of looking person? For instance—was he taller or shorter than my friend here?

Ulr. Much about his height, sir.

Chas. [*Aside.*] She doesn't know him—'twas as I suspected, then. [*Aloud.*] He was a villain, my poor girl, and not Gustavus De Mervelt. Go, bring me a light, and forget the fellow as soon as you can. [*Exit Ulrica, L.*]

Gus. [*Aside.*] Saved for the moment!—But what will become of them?

Chas. [*Sitting at the table.*] Let a courier be despatched with these letters to Stralsund: this you will deliver yourself to the proper authorities at Bergen, and let copies be instantly forwarded to all the magistrates throughout the island; return to me here, but not a hint of who I am to the inhabitants, as you value my favour, sir.

Re-enter ULRICA, with a lighted taper, L.

Chas. [*While sealing letters.*] Is there not a person of the name of Brock in this neighbourhood?

Ulr. Yes, sir, Adam Brock; that large farm is his, sir, facing our house.

Chas. Good! I have some business with him.

Ulr. Shall I send and tell him so, sir?

Chas. No: I will visit him myself. [*Rising, and giving the letters to Gustavus.*] Away, sir, and remember my instructions. [*Exit Charles, R. D. F.*]

Gus. [*Returning.*] Ulrica! my beloved! [*They embrace.*] Your presence of mind has saved us for the instant—but where is your father?

Ulr. He keeps this inn, and is, at this moment, with that very Adam Brock I have been speaking of.

Gus. He must fly instantly! before this order I bear shall be made public!—His retreat is discovered—a price set on his head—Oh, Ulrica! after five years' separation, thus to meet! But I dare not stay.

Ulr. One moment! who is this man?

Gus. An officer of distinction, attached to the king. Fly, both of you, but, wherever you go, remember Gustavus.

[*Exeunt, Ulrica, R., Gustavus, L.*]

SCENE III.—*Parlour at Adam Brock's—a fire-place with fire burning, C.—a large window, R. S. E.—two sabres*

suspended above the chimney-piece—table, chairs, bottle, wine-glasses, &c.

Enter TRIPTOLEMUS MUDDLEWERK, L.

Mud. Mr. Brock! Mr. Brock! where is he, I wonder! poor simple man! he little imagines what's going forward! he does nothing but laugh, laugh all day long, and suffers his daughter to do just as she pleases: he won't laugh at the news I have to tell him, though, that's one comfort. How grateful the inhabitants of Circow ought to be for such a blessing in the shape of a burgomaster as Triptolemus Muddlewerk! If it wasn't for my intelligence and activity, the poor creatures would never be aware of half their misfortunes.

Enter ADAM BROCK, *with a bottle of wine*, R.

Brock. (R. c.) Heyday! Mr. Burgomaster! what wind has blown you here?—What awful discovery has given such an extra elevation to your worshipful nose, and made your face as long as a Dutch nutcracker's?

Mud. (c.) Now that's a very rude speech, Mr. Brock, to make to a civil magistrate, particularly when he is interested solely on your account.

Brock. [*Aside.*] Oh, burn your interest! this meddling booby, now, will put me out of tune for the whole day.

Mud. And as to a long face, Mr. Brock, you will please to remember I've got a very long head.

Brock. Yes; and ought to have very long ears.

Mud. A burgomaster's, Mr. Brock, is no such easy situation as some folks may suppose: it requires great abilities, Mr. Brock, and, as if on purpose to put mine to the test, things have gone on worse in the neighbourhood, since I've been in office, than they were ever known to do before—now, that's very odd.

Brock. It would have been very odd if they hadn't.

Mud. What, when I'm so vigilant?—When there isn't a day passes that I don't discover some mystery, like *Cædipus*.

Brock. Mystery! you make a mystery of the paring of a turnip. There isn't a pig stuck in the parish, but you think its squeaking very extraordinary, nor a pudding boiled, that you don't see treason in the smoke.

Mud. To be sure : a pretty magistrate I should make, if I didn't see a great deal more in things than is meant by 'em : now you don't see treason when it's hatching under your nose, like Julius Cæsar in the Capitol.

Brock. [*Aside.*] He doesn't suspect, surely. [*Aloud.*] Confound your ancient history, speak out at once, man—what's your business with me ?

Mud. Your daughter, Mr. Brock.

Brock. Well, what of her ?

Mud. Was seen walking with a soldier this morning in the wood, behind the village.

Brock. You don't say so ! you can't mean it !

Mud. It's a fact ; I saw 'em with my own eyes, like Antony and Cleopatra.

Brock. And do you know who the soldier was ?

Mud. No ; but I have my suspicions.

Brock. So have I : I strongly suspect that it was her brother : now, Mr. Mystery, what have you to say to that ?

Mud. Her brother ! humph ! that's very odd : well, but if it was her brother, he brought a letter from Stralsund.

Brock. And suppose he did, what then ?

Mud. Why, he dropped it ; I picked it up ; here it is : to Ma'mzelle Eudiga Brock, and a very suspicious document it is.

Brock. Why, you hav'nt surely been impertinent enough to read it ?

Mud. Impertinent ! really, Mr. Brock ! not read it ! indeed, but I have, though ; and, I say, if you permit your daughter to receive letters from officers—

Brock. Stop, Mr. Burgomaster Muddlewerk ! I've one little bit of advice to give you, before you go any further—make yourself as busy as you please in such matters of state as your superiors may be silly enough to trust in your hands, but leave the family affairs of Adam Brock to his own management ; or, much as I respect the law and the dispensers thereof, there is an old Bohemian fashion of flinging magistrates who overstep their duty, out of the window, which I may, one of these days, be tempted to introduce into Pomerania. A word to so wise a personage as yourself, must, I'm sure, be enough : there is a window—
[*Pointing to it.*]

Mud. Mr. Brock, you shall answer for this. I—

Brock. And, by the bye, there's a ditch under it that'll be just the thing.

Mud. Mr. Brock, you wouldn't dare—

Brock. It's not very deep; but there's mud enough to save bones from breaking, and so—

Mud. I wish you a very good morning, Mr. Brock.

[*Runs out, l.*]

Brock. [*Bursting into a loud laugh.*] Ha! ha! he'll not venture over my threshold again for some time, I take it: what a fool I am to let that jackanapes put me out of temper! But there, ha! ha! it's all gone now. Here, Eudy! Eudiga!

Enter EUDIGA, R.

Eud. (R.) Here, father!

Brock. (C.) Have you lost a letter?

Eud. A letter?—no—stay—yes, I have: I have, indeed, dear father; have you found it?

Brock. That meddling goose, Muddlerwerk, picked it up: here it is.

[*Giving it.*]

Eud. [*Embarrassed.*] Have you read it, father?

Brock. Not I; but that prying fool did, I can tell you; and, I say, odds life! Eudy, he tells me it's written by an officer—take care, my girl, take care what you're about; I ask for no secrets, particularly as your brother was the bearer; but these young military sparks are ugly play-things for a girl of eighteen: they are like their own fire-arms, Eudy, very bright and pretty to look at, but crammed full of mischief, and, ecod! they go off when you least expect it.

Eud. My dear father, it was my intention, this very day, to speak to you on the subject, as you will perceive by casting your eye over this note.

[*Gives it.*]

Brock. Indeed! [*Reads.*] "*Dearest Eudiga—I acknowledge the justice of your reproof, nor will I longer urge your silence on the subject to your excellent parents.*"—Egad! the fellow doesn't write badly, whoever he is. "*My only reason for wishing to postpone the disclosure, was the hope I entertain that a few days will put into my hands the papers necessary for the justification of your friends, and that I might, therefore, have some claim upon the esteem of your fa-*

ther to back my proposal." What does he mean by that, Eudy, eh?—And who is this Mr.—Mr.—

Eud. Reichel: you have heard me speak of a young colonel, whom I have frequently met at my godmother's, at Stralsund.

Brock. Your godmother's! ah, there it is! that comes of having great people for godmothers. Eudy, Eudy, are you sure he means you honourably?—Does he know you are only a farmer's daughter?

Eud. Yes, indeed, father.

Brock. And who are the friends for whom he is interested?

Eud. [*Confidentially.*] Major Vanberg and his daughter.

Brock. Major Vanberg! why, you little devil, how came you to know anything about Major Vanberg?

Eud. Why, do you think, father, I cannot be trusted with a secret as well as yourself?—I am Ulrica's confidant, you are the Major's. Colonel Reichel has, I trust, obtained a proof of his innocence, and I have made his producing it the act for which he may claim my hand as a reward—will you refuse it him, father?

Brock. Refuse it! only let him restore my old friend to honour and happiness, and, ecod! if he likes it, he shall marry me into the bargain. And so, you cunning young baggage, you know—

Eud. Every thing: that, unjustly banished and languishing for his native land, Major Vanberg wrote to his foster brother, Adam Brock; that, despising the danger that threatens all who harbour and protect an attainted person, my kind brave father listened but to the dictates of his heart, and furnished the poor exile with funds and disguises, restored his daughter to his arms, and established them in the little inn of his own village, the better to baffle all suspicion.

Brock. Oh! pooh! pooh! nonsense! your kind brave father has done nothing more than his duty by the playmate of his children and the son of his benefactor. But, Eudy, my love, you've played a bold game here: if this Colonel Reichel should betray us all—

Eud. [*Reproachfully.*] Father!

Brock. Oh! oh! oh, yes, of course, he's all perfection!

I never knew a lover that wasn't. Well, I never did look on the dark side of a picture yet, while I could help it; and I won't begin at fifty-two: but I should like to see this Colonel Reichel, though. Odds life, Eudy! if he makes us cry for anything but joy, I'll never forgive him.

Eud. If his duty will permit him to leave Stralsund but for a few hours, he has promised me to ride over to Circow.

Brock. Well, if he behaves himself, you shan't go portionless to him, Eudy: Adam Brock can count crowns with his colonelship, I warrant—[*Aside.*] no thanks to the king, though, as I shall take the liberty of telling his majesty, if ever he gives me an opportunity.

Eud. Here comes the major, dear father; say nothing till we are certain of success.

Brock. Oh! mum! leave me alone!

[*They bring forward the table and chairs.*]

Enter MAJOR VANBERG, L.

Van. I thought I heard Ulrica's voice.

Brock. She's not arrived yet: but come, sit down—here's the wine, and famous stuff it is, I can promise you.

[*Sits and uncorks the bottle.*]

Eud. Here comes Ulrica now.

Enter ULRICA, hastily.

Brock. Come, come, ma'mzelle, we've been waiting for you.

Ulr. Your pardon! [*Running to her father, and taking him aside.*] Father, our retreat is suspected! instant flight alone can save us.

Van. Hah!

Ulr. A reward is offered for your apprehension. Dear father, let us away.

Van. [*Bitterly.*] Away! whither, my child? whither can we fly? The island swarms with soldiery; and all passage to Stralsund is strictly forbidden, without an express order from the king.

Brock. [*Rising and advancing to them.*] Holloah! what's the matter? You seem alarmed.

Van. My friend, we are betrayed; and we are lost.

Brock. Betrayed! [*Aside.*] That damned colonel!

[*Aloud.*] No, no, don't be frightened; there's some mistake.

Ulr. No; 'tis known we are in Rugen, and—

[*Knocking at the door.*]

Van. They come!

Brock. No, no, I tell you—it can't be—it sha'nt be! Here, in here—you. Eudy—all of you.

[*Exeunt Vanberg and Ulrica. R.*]

Eud. [*To Brock.*] Dear sir, is anything serious—

Brock. Serious! Oh, Eudy, Eudy! I'm afraid you've played the devil with us. But in with you, and keep close; I must do the best I can, now. [*Pushes her out after them, R. D. F.*] Where's my pipe? [*Taking it out of his pocket, and throwing himself in a chair, R. C.*] So, now I'm ready for them. [*Sings.*]

Merry, merry, merry!

Ever merry be!

[*A knock at the door.*]

Come in—come in—don't stand knocking at the door there; come in, friend, whoever you are—no ceremony here. [*Singing.*]

Never was there merry man

But honest, too, was he.

Enter CHARLES XII., L.

Chas. I would speak with Adam Brock.

Brock. Well, you do speak with him, then—I'm Adam Brock, at your service. Who may you be?

Chas. An officer of the king's household.

Brock. Well; and your business with me? Sit down, sit down, man—no ceremony, I say—there's a chair close beside you. [*Takes out his tobacco-box, and fills his pipe.*] You don't mind smoke, do you?

Chas. [*Sits down near the table.*] No, nor fire either; I am tolerably used to both.

Brock. Ha, ha! ecod! I've no doubt, as you're one of the king's officers. You'd need be all Salamanders, to stick close to his elbow. Well; your business with me?

Chas. Do you remember the letter you wrote to the council of regency, after the battle of Pultowa?

Brock. May be, I do. What do you know about it?

Chas. You shall hear: I was with the king at Bender, when a copy of it was forwarded to him, with the news of

the victory of Helsinberg. It ran thus: "*My lords,—Charles the Twelfth hates unnecessary words—so do I—Sweden wants money and soldiers—I send you herewith my only son, and the savings of thirty years.—My boy I give to his country; but, for the sake of a little girl I have still at home, I shall expect the king to repay me the money on his return to Sweden.*"

Brock. [*Laughing.*] Ecod! I believe that's nearly word for word. I'm a queer hand at letter-writing. But I say, my fine fellow, you've a much better memory than your master; for he's been twelve months now at Stralsund—ay, and backwards and forwards into the island here—and never once sent to say as much as, "Brock, I can't pay you."

Chas. He was to blame.

Brock. To blame—I believe you! I wish I could see him, I'd tell him what I thought of him. How did he know but I might be in want of the money by this time? I told him I'd a daughter. Suppose, now, my brave boy, Fred, had been popped off by some of those rascally Danes, and I'd gone the way of all flesh, what was to have become of poor Eudy, I should like to know? But no matter now. Only, I say, catch me lending him money again—that's all!

Chas. [*Smiling.*] Come, come—you must make some allowances for this poor king: he has had enough upon his mind to make him forget more important matters. It is now nearly sixteen years ago since Charles the Twelfth leaped, sword in hand, into the sea, at Humblebeck; and, since that hour, that sword has not rested many days in its scabbard. But he has not forgotten his debt to Adam Brock, and I am sent to pay it.

Brock. No! are you, though? Come, that's capital!

Chas. See, [*Producing a paper,*] here is an order for the money, with the regular interest from the time it has been used.

Brock. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha! Well, now, that is honest. Now he and I are friends again. Oddslife! I'm as glad—

Chas. [*Holding the paper to him.*] Take it, my friend.

Brock. Not I—rot the money! Don't suppose I'm glad about that—no, no. My delight is, that Charles the

Twelfth, the king who never broke his word, has not forfeited that honourable distinction.

Chas. But you will take your own, surely?

Brock. Not a shilling of it! [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha! how the man stares! Lord bless you, my good friend, I don't want it, thank heaven! Things have gone merrily since I sent that to Stockholm; I've had a legacy left me, of double the sum; my farm thrives; my boy, Fred, is made a sergeant, and likely to win his own way to honour and glory; I've enough to live as well as I wish, and, should I die to-morrow, to leave my pretty Eudiga something handsome, by way of a wedding portion. No, no: do you take that paper back to the king, with my compliments; tell him he has still more need of it than I have, and I give it him, out and out!

Chas. [*Aside.*] Singular man! [*Aloud.*] But the king cannot suffer—

Brock. Pho, pho! don't tell me—he must suffer! I've said the word, my boy, [*Slapping Charles on the shoulder,*] and I stick to my text as stoutly as he does.

Chas. But the king is notoriously obstinate and—

Brock. Oh, yes, I know; the Turks call him "Iron Head." When I was at school, they called me "Wooden Head." [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha! I'm as obstinate as he is, I'll lay you a wager.

Chas. But, at any rate, he is the strongest; and he will, therefore, compel you to accept.

Brock. Will he?—Ha, ha, ha! that remains to be seen. I know he wants it, and, rot me! if he shan't keep it.

Chas. But, my good friend Brock, there's another reason which may have some weight with you: his majesty has expressly forbidden me to re-appear before him till this paper is delivered into your hands; you know the implicit obedience he expects from his servants. Would you be the cause of my disgrace?

Brock. Why, no, to be sure; but, if that's all, I'll manage it for you. Give me the paper. [*Taking it.*] There—now you have delivered it into my hands, you know.

Chas. True; and now—

Brock. And now you'll see what I'll do with it.

[*Twists up the order, and putting one end in the candle, sets it on fire,*

Chas. [*Hastily.*] What are you about?

Brock. [*Holding up the burning paper.*] Cancelling a debt of the state—ha, ha, ha! [*Laughing, and lighting his pipe with the order.*] There's a lesson for your chancellor of the exchequer!

Chas. [*Rising.*] Well, well—I give you fair warning. Charles the Twelfth is not the man to be outdone in generosity; he will pay his debt in some way or other.

Brock. Let him stay till I ask him, then. One of these days, perhaps, I may want his good word for a friend, and then let him give me his hand like a man, and say, "Adam Brock, you shall have it."

Chas. A bargain! In his name, I promise you. [*Holding out his hand to Brock.*] "Adam Brock, you shall have it!"

Brock. [*Rising.*] That's hearty. [*A knocking heard, l.*] Come in.

Enter GUSTAVUS DE MERVET, l.

Brock. Another officer!—[*Aside.*] 'Gad, we mayn't be all safe yet!

Chas. [*Signing Gustavus to be silent.*] Oh! a young friend of mine, who is tired of waiting for me.—[*Aside.*] Now, sir, what news? You have ridden hard.

Gus. [*Aside.*] The Danish fleet is off Stresow, sire.

Chas. [*Aside.*] Good!—[*Aloud.*] Farewell, friend; I report your answer to the king.

Brock. Well: but stay—you'll take a glass of wine before you go?

Chas. I never drink wine.

Brock. You don't! how I pity you!—But I forgot. Ha, ha, ha! Ugh, you sly rogue! [*Winking and nudging him.*] What, because the king never drinks wine, you won't, eh? ha, ha, ha! And, I say, I suppose you make believe not to love the girls, either, as he don't? Ho, ho, ho! that's a capital joke. Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! I should never do for a courtier. I love 'em dearly, bless their sweet hearts! And I love a good glass of wine, too, my boy. So, here's the king's health in a bumper! [*To Gustavus.*] I say, young one, you'll pledge me, at any rate?

Gus. With all my soul!

Brock. Ah! you're one of the right sort, I see, with

half an eye. There's for you. [*Pouring out bumpers.*]
Here's Charles the Twelfth, and success to him!

Gus. Charles the Twelfth, and success to him!

Brock. Bless his old jack-boots! He's a good fellow at bottom, I believe, though he is a little too fond of fighting, eh? Mr.—Mr.—by-the-bye, what's your name?

Chas. Name—oh, my name is—[*Aside.*] What shall I say?—[*Aloud.*] Reichel.

Brock. [*Starting.*] Reichel! What, Colonel Reichel?

Chas. Ay.—[*Aside.*] He doesn't know him, surely.

Brock. The devil it is! [*Confidentially.*] Well, then, I say, havn't you and I something further to talk about?

Chas. [*Embarrassed.*] Something further? No.—[*Aside to Gustavus.*] To the inn for my horse. [*Exit Gustavus, L.*]

Brock. [*Aside.*] Oh, I see—he wants to get rid of the other, first.—[*Aloud.*] Well, there, now he's gone, you can speak out.

Chas. Speak out!

Brock. Ay, to be sure. [*Taking him by the arm, and bringing him forward.*] Why, didn't you come here to speak to me about Eudy?

Chas. Eudy!

Brock. Yes, Eudy—my daughter! What the devil ails you? Have you changed your mind? Don't you mean to marry her?

Chas. I marry your daughter!

Brock. Why, zounds! what do you mean by this?—You havn't been playing the fool with her, have you?

Chas. Certainly not.—[*Aside.*] 'Sdeath! I have hit upon an unlucky name here!—[*Aloud.*] My good friend, you are mistaken: I know nothing of your daughter.—The fact is—

Brock. The fact is, that you're a scoundrel! You don't know anything of my daughter, don't you? Ecod! but I'll make you know something of me before I let you go! I see through it all: the king never wrote that paper—I wish I hadn't burned it. I know your object in coming here: you have betrayed my daughter, me, and my friends; but out of this house you don't budge till—

Enter TRIPTOLEMUS MUDDLEWERK, with his clerk and two soldiers, L.

Mud. (L. c.) Till I have examined you both, Mr.

Brock. Guard the door—search the house—clerk, sit there.

VANBERG, ULRICA, and EUDIGA, are brought in, R.

Ah, Mr. Firmann and his daughter! I shall want your evidence.

Brock. (R. c.) What's the meaning of all this?

Mud. Silence!—keep silence before the representative of his majesty! Yes, yes—this is my man, no doubt! [*Looking intently at Charles.*] My good friend, you will please to give an account of yourself. Produce your papers—you have some papers, I suppose?

Chas. (L.) No.

Mud. No!—no papers! put that down, clerk—he has no papers. You threatened to fling me out of the window, Mr. Brock: we shall see what the law will do with you for harbouring individuals without papers; and you, too, Mr. Firmann, I am sorry to say, you stand in the same predicament. Do either of you know the person you have received under your roofs?

Brock. [*Sitting, R. c.*] I do, for a base traitor.

Mud. Put down that—he knows him for a base traitor! I thought as much.

Brock. Who has trifled with the feelings of an innocent girl, that loved and trusted him. Eudy, my child, what say you now to your noble colonel? He disowns all knowledge of you.

Eud. (R.) My noble colonel, sir?—Who?—That gentleman?

Brock. Ay, Colonel Reichel.

Eud. That is not my Colonel Reichel, sir.

Brock. No!—Well, I must say, I did think my Eudy had an uncommonly queer taste. But he called himself Colonel Reichel, at any rate.

Mud. Oh ho! he did so, did he? Take notice of that, clerk—travelling under an assumed name! You have a military air, friend. May I ask if you are in his majesty's service?

Chas. I am not in his majesty's service.

Mud. But you have been?

Chas. Formerly, till my father died.

Mud. [*Aside.*] As I suspected!—The very man!—I

thought he could not escape my vigilance!—[*Aloud.*] Know, all men, [*Pulling out papers,*] that I, Triptolemus Muddlerwerk, burgomaster of Circow, am instructed by these papers to seize the person of a notorious traitor, who is lurking, disguised, amongst the loyal inhabitants of Rugen. I think I need not go far to put my finger upon the culprit. Let me see. [*Looking alternately at his papers and Charles.*] The said Charles Vanberg is about five feet ten inches in height—forehead high—very little hair.—Take off your hat, friend. [*Charles takes off his hat.*] There's very little there.—Aged forty-five.—[*Aside.*] He doesn't look quite forty-five.—[*Aloud.*] What is your age, friend?

Chas. Thirty-three.

Mud. [*Aside.*] He looks older than thirty-three.—[*Aloud.*] If you are not the man I think you, pray what is your name?

Chas. Charles.

Mud. As I anticipated.—But Charles what, friend? Charles is only your Christian name, I presume.

Chas. I was never called by any other.

Mud. Put down that, clerk—that's very remarkable. Have you any settled habitation?

Chas. I have not had, for nearly sixteen years.

Mud. Put down, no settled habitation.—The fellow's a perfect vagabond, be he whom he may!—But, hark ye, friend, I have a luminous idea: you said, I remember, just now, that you had a father.—Now, sir, upon your allegiance, if you ever had a father, what was that father's name?

Chas. Charles.

Mud. What, Charles, and only Charles? Sirrah! sirrah! this is contempt of court!

Chas. Phoo! phoo!

Mud. [*To clerk.*] Put down phoo, phoo! You don't pretend to tell me that both of you were always called plain Charles?

Chas. Not exactly: he was sometimes, for distinction's sake, called Charles XI., of Sweden.

Mud. [*Starting.*] Eh!—how?

Chas. Consequently, I am Charles XII.

All. The king!

[*All kneel but Muddlewerk, who makes only one step to the door, and bolts out, L.—the Clerk sneaks after him.*

Chas. [*Laughing.*] Hey-day! what's become of my learned representative?—Rise, my good friends; your king has more occasion for you to stand by him, than to kneel before him.—Well, my obstinate creditor!

Brock. [*Kneeling and trying to smother a laugh.*] I beg your majesty's pardon, but I must laugh, if I'm to be hanged for it.

Chas. Laugh—laugh, my honest friend; you have our free consent. [*Cannon heard without, R.*] But, hark!—these cannon announce the landing of the enemy.

Enter GUSTAVUS DE MERVELT, and First and Second Officer, hastily, L.

Now, sir, the Danes?

Gus. Prince Anhalt is in Stresow, sire.

Chas. 'Tis well—we will attack him to-night. To horse, and away!

All. Long live the king!

[*Exeunt Charles, Gustavus, and First and Second Officer, L.*

Ulr. [*Embracing her father.*] Father, you are yet safe—let us fly!

Van. [*Snatching a sword from above the chimney-piece.*] Yes, I will hence, but it shall be to the battle!—I will seek an honourable death in the ranks of my country, and wipe out the foul stain of treason in the blood of her enemies.

Brock. [*Doing the same.*] Bravo!—And Adam Brock will fight by your side!—Don't hold me, Eudy.—In such a cause as this, I've a great mind to clap you into a pair of breeches, and make you fight, too.—Have with you, my friend!—Charles XII. for ever!—Down with the Danes!—Hurrah!

[*Exeunt, L.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Gothic Room in a Mansion at Stralsund.**Enter EUDIGA, R.*

Eud. The enemy has ceased firing: let me seize the opportunity, before the Prussian batteries re-open upon this devoted town, to see and speak with Colonel Reichel. According to his note, he should by this time be on guard at the bastion, near the Franken Thor. Evening shades are gathering fast around me: rise, gentle moon, and light me to my lover!

SONG.—EUDIGA.

Day has gone down on the Baltic's broad billow;
 Evening has sigh'd her last to the lone willow;
 Night hurries on, earth and ocean to cover,—
 Rise, gentle moon! and light me to my lover!

'Twas by thy beam he first stole forth to woo me;
 Brighter, since then, hast thou ever seem'd to me:
 Let the wild waves still the red sun roll over,—
 Thine is the light of all lights, to a lover.

Enter ULRICA, R.

Ulr. (R.C.) Eudiga! Eudiga!—I'm glad you're not gone. I, also, have determined on an expedition; while you seek Colonel Reichel, I will endeavour to find Gustavus, who is not yet aware of our arrival in Stralsund.

Eud. (C.) But your father?

Ulr. His wound is easier, and he feels inclined to sleep.—None can enter the house in our absence, except Mr. Brock, who has the other key; and he is working in the entrenchments, with the citizens, who, to a man, have nobly volunteered their services to the king.

Eud. Come, then, Ulrica; our ways lie together as far as the Market Place.—My hopes are sanguine.—Reichel's interest is powerful with the king; and, the proofs of your father's innocence placed before the king by such hands, at a proper moment, and backed by his entreaties, we cannot fail of success.

Ulr. You are our guardian angel!

[*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE II.—*The Ramparts of Stralsund, and distant country, by moonlight—Sentinels discovered, L. U. E.*

Enter COLONEL REICHEL and First Officer, L., CHARLES and Second Officer, R., meeting.

Col. R. Who goes there ?

Second Offi. The king.

[Colonel Reichel and first officer salute.

Chas. Who commands this post ?

Col. R. Your majesty's faithful servant.

Chas. Colonel Reichel ! the guard is changed, then ?

Col. R. This moment, sire.

Chas. Well, colonel, we have been beaten out of Rugen.

Col. R. The bad news has reached me, sire.

Chas. (R. C.) The only consolation is, that it was not our fault. Twelve thousand men against two, is rather long odds, even for my soldiers ; and, to do the Danes justice, they fought bravely.

Col. R. (L.) Your majesty's escape has been miraculous.

Chas. Ah ! a story seldom loses in the telling, colonel ; but I confess it was a narrow one. I owe my life to a stranger, who fought side by side with me, from the moment we were driven back into the plain.

Col. R. An officer, sire ?

Chas. No, nor even a soldier by profession. As well as the darkness and confusion allowed me to distinguish, he seemed a simple villager—an inhabitant of the island ; but he laid about him like an old soldier. A Danish lieutenant recognised and closed with me, and seizing my sword, bade me surrender. I drew a pistol with my left hand, and shot him, but my name had attracted the nearest of the enemy, and I was surrounded in an instant. My stout villager, however, stuck by my side, and, together, we kept the fellows at bay, till Poniatowsky came up and dispersed them. As I mounted the horse he brought me, I flung to the gallant stranger my discharged pistol, that he might have some token of the service he had rendered his sovereign ; at the same moment a fresh charge separated us—I saw him no more.

Col. R. He, poor fellow, has fallen.

Chas. I trust not ; I wish to believe he has not yet been able to cross to Stralsund : the fugitives are still coming in crowds. To-morrow, I hope, will discover my preserver. Colonel Reichel, what is the matter ?

Col. R. Nothing, sire, nothing. [*Leaning on his sword.*]

Chas. You were wounded in the last sortie ?

Col. R. A slight flesh wound, your majesty.

Chas. My good friend, you are in no condition to keep this guard. I know your hurt was a severe one, and you are worn out with watching. [*To Second Officer.*] See Colonel Reichel to his quarters, sir.

Col. R. I thank your majesty ; but I am still able to do my duty : this post is important, and, while I have life, I will not desert it.

Chas. Nay, then, as you dispute our pleasure, colonel, we must place you under an arrest for the present. [*To Second Officer.*] Look to your prisoner, sir. [*Crossing to L.*] See that he has proper attention, and fear nothing for your post, Reichel—I've had an hour's sleep—I am fresh—I'll take the guard for you.

Col. R. My gracious master—

Chas. Go, go, take care of yourself, for my sake. Charles XII. cannot afford to lose his best officers, when four kingdoms are leagued against him. [*Exit Colonel Reichel and Second Officer, L.—To First Officer.*] I have taken your colonel's guard, sir ; you will finish your round, and report to me as the officer on duty. [*First Officer bows, and exit, R.*] Poor Reichel ! it is but fair, as I assumed his name yesterday for my convenience, that I should take the guard to-night for his. It will make my peace with Adam Brock's daughter, who seemed rather indignant at my being taken for her handsome colonel.

[*Charles walks to the ramparts, c., and looks over.*]

Sentinel. (R.) Who goes there ?

Eudiga. [*Without, R.*] A friend.

Sen. Advance, friend.

Enter EUDIGA, R. U. E.

Sen. Ha ! a woman ! go back ! you must not approach the ramparts.

Eud. I have a packet for the officer who commands this post. It is of the utmost importance.

Chas. [Returning from the rampart.] Let her pass : where is this packet ?

Eud. [Aside, R.] Gracious powers ! the king !

[Attempts to retire, R.]

Chas. Stay—arrest that woman. [Sentinels intercept her.]

Eud. [Aside.] Fatal mistake !

Chas. Whom sought you here ?

Eud. Colonel Reichel, sire.

Chas. The packet is for him, then ?

Eud. It is, sire.

Chas. Surely, I have seen your face before ! you are the daughter of Adam Brock ?

Eud. Y—y—yes, sire.

Chas. Why this agitation, madam ?—You know me to be your father's friend. Give me those papers—I will forward them to the colonel.

Eud. [Alarmed.] Sire !

Chas. You hesitate. [Sternly.] Young lady ! I have said I am your father's friend—I deem it, therefore, my duty, in his absence, to inquire into the motives which have induced his daughter to take this extraordinary, this imprudent step. I am aware of your attachment to Colonel Reichel ; he is an officer of great merit, who has important claims on our esteem and protection ; but, were he my own brother, I would visit severely so flagrant a breach of discipline, as the making his post a place of idle assignations.

Eud. Colonel Reichel knew not of my coming, sire ; but my business was urgent—it concerned the happiness, the life of a dear friend.

Chas. Ha ! indeed, the life ! Under such circumstances the King of Sweden may be a better advocate than a colonel of the guard : follow me, madam, I will inspect these papers myself. [Exeunt, L.]

SCENE III.—A dilapidated Tapestry Chamber—a recess, with drawn curtains, L. C., in the flat—an opening in the tapestry, R. C., in the flat, and a door, R.

Enter TRIPTOLEMUS MUDDLEWERK through the tapestry opening, R. C., in the flat, with a lamp in his hand.

Mud. Where have I got to ?—As I'm a half-starved

sinner, into the next house!—I took it for a cupboard, and it's a communication.—Oh, dear! oh, dear!—what will become of me?—The king will turn me out of office, and the Danes have turned me out of doors!—I ran away, like Æneas, by the light of my own property.—The rascals fired my farm, roasted my precious pigs in their own sty, and smoked my unsuspecting geese in their own pens!—I've sat in a coal-cellar all day, like Marius amongst the ruins of Carthage; and, in this concave state, they wanted me to work at the fortifications.—My gracious! I want fortifying myself! [*Cannon heard, R.*] There—there, they've begun again!—Oh, curse 'em! I thought they'd been quiet a long time!—I must go back to my coal-cellar; but, if I could only lay my hands on a bone first, that had some meat upon it, however little!—What's behind that curtain, I wonder? [*Draws the curtain in flat, L. C., and discovers Vanberg asleep on a couch, without the black wig he has worn as a disguise, with his right arm bound up, and a large black patch on his forehead.*] Eh!—Oh, lord! [*Starting back.*] There's somebody there!

Van. [*Waking.*] Who's that?—Ulrica?—My love, what tidings?

Mud. Ulrica!—Why, bless my stars! it's Firmann, the inkeeper!

Van. [*Aside.*] The burgomaster!—I am betrayed!

Mud. [*Aside, c.*] Betrayed!—Oh, what, they wanted him to work at the fortifications, too!—And he's at hide and seek, like me!—[*Aloud.*] No such thing, my good friend—I won't betray you. I feel for your situation—I sympathise with you sincerely.

Van. [*Astonished.*] You do?—You are aware, then, of my situation, and you sympathise with me?

Mud. To be sure, I am—to be sure, I do.—It's a very awkward situation for both of us—I'm in the same scrape, you know.

Van. (L.) Ah, there's my torment, that none can interest themselves in my fate, without being exposed to share it—Adam Brock—yourself—all!

Mud. Oh, dear, yes: they pay no respect to persons. Though I am a burgomaster—I mean, though I was a burgomaster, they'd have laid hands upon me, if I hadn't shown 'em my heels.

Van. Ha! the hunt is up, then, and death awaits us! [*Catching hold of Muddlewerk's arm.*] Well, we'll meet it firmly.

Mud. [*Alarmed.*] Don't say so!—If we surrender at discretion, we may only be caged up, like Bajazet.

Van. No,—no—our doom is death!—The king listens only to the charge, and will not hear of the defence.

Mud. Charge!—Oh, he's a very devil at a charge; but he approves of the defence, too: he told all his officers it was a noble defence.

Van. A noble defence!—and yet he is unmoved by it!—The ruin of an ancient house does not affect him.

Mud. House!—Lord bless you! he doesn't care a pinch of snuff for the ruin of the best house in the city!

Van. Inflexible Charles!—Yet, were I the only victim, his thirst for blood should be instantly satisfied!—But my child!—my friends!—would my sacrifice save them?

Mud. [*Aside.*] What a patriotic publican!—He'd sacrifice himself to save his countrymen, like Marcus Curtius!

Van. But, no: the wretched Vanberg must drag them with him to the scaffold!

[*Flings himself on the couch, in flat, L. c.*]

Mud. [*Aside, and starting.*] Vanberg!—Oh, my stars! here's a discovery!—Triptolemus Muddlewerk, your fortune's made!—Not a minute's to be lost—somebody else may discover him, and get the reward.—I'll denounce him, as Cicero did Catiline! [*Going off, L., he sees Adam Brock.*] Old Brock, by all that's frightful!

[*He slips behind the curtain, c.*]

Enter ADAM BROCK, L., with a pick-axe over his shoulder.

Brock. Phew! digging trenches and repairing breaches is no child's play, I can tell 'em.—Bang goes a shell on this side of you—u, r, r, r, r, comes a cannon-ball on the other; and the king calls this his music.—Pleasant music to dance in a ditch to, certainly!—Ecod! they sing rather too sharp for me!—So, friend Firrman, how fares it now?

Van. [*Starting up.*] Brock, the die is cast: the king is informed of every thing, but will listen to no arguments—is deaf to all entreaty.—Even now, the bloodhounds are on the track.

Brock. Eh! how?—Impossible.—How came you by these tidings?

Van. Muddlewerk, the burgomaster of Circow, who, touched by my misfortunes—

Brock. Muddlewerk!—He's been here?

Van. Was here when you entered—you must have passed him.

Brock. Passed him!—I'd have passed him out of the highest window in the building!—I've promised him that jump a long while.

Mud. [*Behind the curtain.*] Oh, dear!

Van. Not passed him!—Then he must be here still.

Mud. [*Peeping out, aside.*] Oh, lord!

Brock. Ah! let me find him, that's all!—He's the informer! Whatever comes of this mischief, he's behind the curtain, depend upon it.

Mud. [*Peeping out, aside.*] Behind the curtain!

Brock. [*To Vanberg.*] Fasten that door, and search the room—he may have slipped into this closet.

[*Exit Brock, D. F.—Vanberg goes to fasten R. D.—Muddlewerk slips from behind the curtain, and exits quickly, L.*]

Re-enter ADAM BROCK, R. D. F.

Brock. Not there. [*Searching the recess.*] Not there, either.—Why, where the devil—[*Looking at Vanberg compassionately.*] My good friend, the cut in your head hasn't—Eh?—Are you quite certain you saw him here at all?

Van. Do I see you here?—I am not mad, though my wrongs and sufferings are enough to make me; but it is over.

Brock. No, no, I tell you.—Though the business has been hurried, there is hope still.—Charles XII. is my debtor: he promised me a boon, and he never yet broke his word.

Van. That word is already passed for my destruction. He will keep it to the law's most bloody letter.—You know him not: I have saved his life, yet he will not spare mine!

Brock. Saved his life!—[*Aside.*] Oh, dear! his head's going, poor fellow, certainly!

Van. (R.) [*Producing a pistol.*] See here!—Should justice plead in vain, here is an argument!

Brock. (L.) A pistol! mercy on us!—you wouldn't, sure—[*Aside.*] Oh, he's mad—stark staring mad!—He'll kill the king, or do himself a mischief.—[*Aloud.*] My dear friend, be calm: give me that, I insist.—If anybody heard you—

Van. Oh, you mistake me: this is the token of my services.—Charles XII. had been a corpse now, or, what would have been in his eyes a greater calamity—prisoner to the Danes, but for the proscribed wretch whose blood he thirsts to spill.—You look amazed.

Brock. I dare say I do.

Van. I speak the truth: I saved his life in the battle of Stresow—the sabre that made this gash was levelled at his head—the ball that wounded him passed through this arm!—Foot by foot, I disputed the advance of his enemies; and, with his own hand, he flung me this pistol in token of the deed.

Brock. You!—was it you?—It's the talk of the whole town; and you never told me this before!

Van. Brock, I am no criminal who craves for pardon: I am an injured Swede, who demands justice at the hands of his sovereign, and who, but for the sake of those that had nobly and fondly linked their lot to his, would long ere now have faced and wrestled with the danger.—I know the character of Charles XII.: if he be not convinced of my innocence, no private feeling will stay the sword of the executioner.—Let him but spare my friends!—I ask it not—he owes me nothing.—I rushed into battle to seek an honourable death—it was denied me, and the same Providence made me his preserver.—Perish the claim upon his gratitude!—No! I repeat, of the King of Sweden I demand justice!—I sue for mercy but to the King of kings!

Brock. You will not, then, declare yourself his preserver?

Van. I will not ask my life as the reward.

Brock. Then I will, and run all chances. Give me the pistol.

Van. Take it, and save my child, yourself, and Eudiga—leave me to my fate!

TRIPTOLEMUS MUDDLEWERK and *Soldiers enter, L., unperceived by Brock and Vanberg.*

Brock. That would be very like old Adam Brock!—No, no, no, my good friend—I'm no such sneak, I promise you. With this pistol in my pocket—[*Puts it in his coat-pocket,*—so—I'll just walk up to his majesty the first time I can get near him, and tell him in two words that you're an innocent man; and, if he won't listen to reason, why, then, out I'll pull it, and—

Mud. Oh, the villains!—Seize the bloody-minded traitors—the horrid conspirators!

[*The Soldiers seize them—Muddlewerk pulls the pistol out of Brock's pocket.*

Brock. As I suspected. [*To those who hold him.*] I beg your pardon one moment: I don't want to escape—I give you my honour.—Just let me pitch that gentleman quietly out of the next floor window, and I'll be down to you again in a twinkling.

Mud. Don't you do any such thing—let him go at your peril!—It might be the death of me. Away with the traitors!—You're all witnesses.—Shoot the king!—Oh, you sanguinary monster!—why, you must have been suckled by a wolf, like Romulus and Remus! Away with 'em!

Van. My daughter! my friends!

[*They hurry out Brock and Vanberg, R., Muddlewerk following.*

SCENE IV.—*A Chamber—an open door to an inner room in the flat, L.—a window in the flat, R.—a table, chairs, pens, ink, &c.*

GUSTAVUS DE MERVELT and ULRICA discovered, seated c.

Gus. This is, indeed, an unexpected pleasure; heaven grant I purchase it not at the price of your safety!—Where have you found shelter in this distracted city?

Ulr. The daughter of our good friend, Adam Brock, has obtained it for the present in an old dilapidated building, that once formed part of the mansion of the Countess Horn, her godmother.

Gus. (R.) This kind girl has been of signal service to you.

Ulr. (L.) We never can repay her devotion: she is now with Colonel Reichel, who, for her sake, has promised to exert his influence with the king.

Gus. Reichel can do much; but the king is unfortunately so prejudiced against your father, that it will require strong proofs to convince him of his innocence.

Ulr. You shall judge of the strength of our hopes. My father stands accused of a traitorous correspondence with the Livonian Patkul: that victim of a faithless prince was, as you know, contracted to a Saxon lady of rank and beauty; but the sun that was to have lighted them to the altar, saw the wretched bridegroom broken on the wheel. In his prison was found an unfinished letter addressed to my father, who was a near kinsman of his intended bride, and whom he had known and esteemed when on his unfortunate embassy to Stockholm. A simple allusion to that connexion, which, deprived of the context, was just capable of misconstruction, was tortured into treason by an ancient enemy of our family, then, unhappily for us, high in the councils of the state; and, through his influence, my father was condemned, almost unheard, to perpetual banishment.

Gus. You mean, Count Stern: know you that he is dead?

Ulr. I do; and that, amongst his papers, a letter, in the well-known handwriting of Patkul, undoubtedly the revision of the rough unfinished draught, and, by its completion, clearly showing the true sense of the equivocal passage, has been found by his heir-at-law, this very Colonel Reichel, intercepted, no doubt, by Stern, for his own private purposes.

Gus. Surely, a memorial to this effect, placed before the king, at a proper time, and by so great a favourite as Reichel—

Ulr. That memorial I have spent the day in drawing up, and it is by this time in the colonel's hands. But my father, though unjustly sentenced, has forfeited his life by re-crossing the frontier, and our fear is, that he should be discovered and arrested before we can learn the decision of the king.

Gus. That, indeed, might be fatal; and therefore, dear Ulrica, let us immediately part, lest the king should return

and surprise us; but I will provide you with a trusty escort home.

Enter CHARLES XII. and Second Officer, R.

Chas. That, sir, shall be my care. But Ma'amzelle De Vanberg is not yet going home. She will please to attend my orders in the hall of audience.

[Ulrica moves towards the door in the flat, then returns, and throps herself at the king's feet.]

Ulr. Pardon, pardon, for my father!

Chas. Rise, madam, rise—this is not time or place. *[Sharply.]* Rise, I say! *[Ulrica rises, and is near fainting—Charles catches her by the arm.]* Go, go, young lady—fear nothing. Charles the Twelfth is no tyrant; and, if he be not so gallant as some of his officers, he has, perhaps, no less respect for a virtuous, lovely, and afflicted woman. *[Leads her to the door, places her hand in that of the Officer, pulls off his hat, and bows—she courtesies, and exit with Officer, L.]* Gustavus De Mervelt, you have deceived me: you pledged your honour, as a Swedish soldier, that you had no knowledge of that young lady.

Gus. At that moment, sire, I was ignorant of the person to whom you alluded.

Chas. You knew her, afterwards, to be the daughter of a contumacious exile, the order for whose apprehension you were yourself the bearer of.

Gus. Major Vanberg, sire, is innocent.

Chas. Silence, sir! Major Vanberg requires not your powerful patronage. Place yourself at that table, and write as I shall dictate: it is the last time I shall command you to perform that duty.

Gus. *[Aside.]* Then my disgrace is sealed! Some good genius direct my pen, for I shall not know what I write.

[Seats himself at the table—cannonade heard without, L.]

Enter SECOND OFFICER, hastily, R.

Chas. Well, sir, what is the news with you?

Second Offi. The enemy have unmasked a battery against this quarter of the town, sire, and, we fear, have got the range of your majesty's apartment.

Chas. Well, sir?

Second Offi. General Duckert, sire, presents his duty

to your majesty, and advises a removal into the other wing of the building.

Chas. If any of my household are afraid to stay in this, they are at liberty to leave it. I, sir, am busy in this room, and do not choose to be interrupted. [*Waves his hand—Officer bows and exit, L.*] Yes—my sister, the princess Ulrica, of Hessen Cassel, must be informed of my determination. Begin thus [*To Gustavus*]: "*My dear Ulrica—*" [*Cannon heard without, R.*]

Gus. Ulrica.—[*Aside.*] My dear Ulrica, thou art lost to me for ever.

Chas. [*Dictating.*] "*Were I to follow my own inclination, I would not leave Stralsund while one stone remained upon another.*" [*Cannon.*]

Gus. [*Writing—aside.*] "*Leave Stralsund*"—nor I, while my love was in it.

Chas. "*But I yield to the interests of Sweden, and shall sail to-night for Carlscoon.*"

Gus. [*Writing—aside.*] "*Interests of Sweden, and*"—distraction! I shall go mad immediately.

[*Cannon very loud—a shell falls through the door-way, in the flat, L., and bursts—Gustavus starts into the corner, R.*]

Chas. [*Standing unmoved at the table, L. c.*] What is the reason you do not write, sir?

Gus. The—the shell, your majesty.

Chas. Well, sir, and what has the shell to do with the letter I am dictating? Go on. What was your last word?

Gus. Last word? "*Immediately,*" sire.

Chas. Immediately! when did I bid you write that? Let me see that paper. [*Takes it, and reads.*] "*My dear Ulrica, thou art lost to me for ever*"—

Gus. [*Aside.*] What have I done?

Chas. [*Continuing.*] "*Were I to follow my own inclination, I would not leave Stralsund while my love was in it; but I yield to the interests of Sweden, and shall go mad immediately.*" And pray, sir, when did I dictate to you this eloquent composition?

Gus. [*Falling at his feet.*] Oh, my king and master! pardon my distraction. Hear me, while at your feet I sue for pity and forgiveness! Ulrica Vanberg is my affianced bride! Disgraced by your majesty, and deprived of her,

life will be a burden ! Give me death, sire, or restore me to your favour—to my love.

Chas. Monsieur De Mervelt, you have added to your former offences, by presuming to contract a marriage without informing yourself of our pleasure. Begone, sir : I shall write myself—for I see how little I am to expect from your services. As to Ma'amzelle De Vanberg, we have nobler views for her. Leave the room, sir ; and, in half an hour from this time, attend me in the hall of audience.

[*Sits at the table and writes.*

Gus. [*Aside.*] Fortune, thou hast done thy worst !

[*Exit, L.*

Chas. [*Finishing his letter.*] Oh, love ! thou makest sad havoc with men's wits—fortune keep mine from thy clutches ! By the great Gustavus, I never was frightened but once in my life, and that was, when I ran away from the Countess of Konigsmark.

[*Exit, L.*

SCENE V.—*The Hall of Audience—large folding-doors in the centre, closed.*

Enter ULRICA and EUDIGA, L.

Ulr. (L. c.) Dear Eudiga ! you have given me a new existence ! the king read the memorial, and appeared convinced by it ? conducted you hither himself so kindly ?

Eud. (c.) Yes, and asked many questions about you and Gustavus. Oh, I am sure he will make us all happy—people say he's so rude to the ladies, I'm sure he was anything but rude to me.

Ulr. He was not too civil, I hope, for Colonel Reichel's sake ?

Eud. No, no ; but he chattered in his odd way as we went along, and meant to make himself very agreeable, no doubt. He told me how long he had worn his boots, what was the difference between a bastion and a ravelin, and particularly advised me never to dodge a shot, as it is ten to one, if you move, but it hits you.

Ulr. I would give the world for your spirits.

Eud. Oh, good spirits run in the family : I'm as fond of fun as my father.

Ulr. What will both our fathers think of our stay ? I cannot help trembling when I think of the first meeting between mine and his majesty

Enter CHARLES XII. suddenly, c., unperceived by Ulrica and Eudiga—he stops on seeing them.

Eud. Nonsense, my dear! I tell you, his majesty is convinced of his innocence, and I know as well what he'll do—at least, I know what he ought to do.

Chas. [*Aside.*] Indeed!

Ulr. Ay, Eudiga, but those are two different things.

Eud. Not with Charles XII., in such a case as this.

Chas. [*Aside.*] Come, that is a compliment a king may well be proud of.

Eud. Now, listen—you shall stand there for your father, and I'll be the king.

Chas. [*Laughing aside.*] Ha! ha! ha!

Ulr. (c.) Mad girl!

Eud. (r.) Oh, if I had but his hat and boots, I would act him to the life. [*Imitating Charles's voice and manner.*] Ahem! General Vanberg!

Chas. [*Aside.*] So, so!

Ulr. General Vanberg?

Eud. Of course, he would have been a general by this, had he been permitted to serve his king and country, and it is mere justice to make him one—don't put me out—General Vanberg, I am happy to see one of the bravest officers of Charles the Eleventh at the side of his son—they tell me, sir, I must quit Stralsund—and, as it seems rather more dangerous to go than to stay, I think I shall do so.

Chas. [*Aside.*] The girl has hit upon my temper, sure enough.

Eud. You will accompany me to Carlsroon, where I shall require your services.

Ulr. But the senate of Stockholm, sire, has sequestered my property, and—

Eud. The senate of Stockholm shall restore it. Am I not king of Sweden?

Chas. [*Aside.*] Bravo!

Eud. By the great Gustavus! let them dare to dispute my orders, and I will do as I before threatened them in Turkey—send them one of my boots, and make them take their orders from that.

Chas. [*Aside.*] My life on't, but the gipsy will fancy

herself king in earnest, presently—head my grenadiers, and drive the Prussians into the sea. It's time for me to look to my crown and kingdom.—Ahem!

Ulr. Hush! he's here. [*They both run into the corner, R.*]

Eud. [*Aside.*] Oh, lud! if he heard me!

Chas. Ladies, your fathers are arrested; but you have nothing to fear for their safety. Within, there!

Enter OFFICER, L.

Chas. Produce your prisoners!

MAJOR VANBERG and ADAM BROCK are brought in, guarded, followed by TRIPTOLEMUS MUDDLEWERK and two Soldiers, L.

Chas. What charges are brought against these gentlemen?

Mud. (L.) [*Aside.*] Now for my oration.—[*Aloud.*] May it please your most victorious majesty, who, like Alexander the Great—

Chas. Heyday! what, my learned representative, the sagacious Mr. Burgomaster Muddlewerk?

Mud. Ah, sire, if your majesty would only be generously pleased, in consideration of the services I have this night rendered your majesty, to permit your majesty's most devoted servant to continue the faithful representative of your majesty!

Chas. (c.) Nay, Mr. Muddlewerk, I fear you make too good a use of your legs to be a faithful representative of Charles XII.; but let us hear the services of which you speak.

Mud. (L. c.) In the first place, sire, I have the honour to denounce to your majesty that most notorious and contumacious traitor, Charles Vanberg, formerly major of horse in the service of Sweden, and to claim the reward offered by your most munificent majesty for his apprehension.

Chas. You are mistaken, sir—this is no traitor; but you are still entitled to the reward for the pleasure you have procured me. Advance—[*Looking at Eudiga, and then at Vanberg.*] “General Vanberg!”

All. General!

Chas. “Of course, he would have been a general by this time, had he been permitted to serve his king and

country—and it is mere justice to make him one.” Is it not so, madam ? [To Eudiga.]

Eud. [Aside.] Oh, lud ! then he heard me—boots and all !

Van. May I believe this happiness ?

[Kneels and kisses the king's hand.]

Brock. [To Muddlewerk.] Now, you blundering booby, what a ridiculous figure you cut.

Mud. How very odd ! But your majesty is not aware that, like Brutus—

Chas. Silence, sir ! General Vanberg,—[Raising him,] “I am happy to see one of the bravest officers of Charles XI. at the side of his son !”—[To Eudiga.] You find I am an apt scholar, madam, though I have not the reputation of being so. “I am about to leave Stralsund”—not exactly for the reason that some have imagined—though I will confess the danger is rather a temptation ; “you will accompany me to Carlsroon, where I shall require your services.”

Van. I will follow you, sire, throughout the world. Ulrica, my child !

Chas. Go to your father, madam—I see you long to be in his arms. [She runs to him.] Have I done as I ought, madam ? [To Eudiga.]

Eud. Oh, sire ! But yonder is my father.

Chas. My friend Brock ! If I forget him, I shall hear of it in good round terms ! What makes the king of Sweden's generous creditor a prisoner ?

Brock. Ask your precious representative there ; for hang me if I know or care, now I see my friend restored to honour and happiness.

Chas. [To Muddlewerk.] Now, sir ?

Mud. A plot ! a most horrid and diabolical plot to murder your majesty ! This gallant officer can witness to the truth of what I state : that sanguinary old ruffian vowed in my presence to walk up to your majesty with this pistol in his pocket, and if you didn't hear what he called reason, to—

Chas. [Snatching it.] That pistol !

Mud. Take care, your majesty, how you handle it, it's loaded with slugs to the muzzle.

Chas. The last hand that fired this pistol was mine. [To Brock.] Are you, then, my preserver ?

Mud. He! heaven bless your majesty, not he! I am your preserver.

Brock. (L.) Pho! you were born to pickle pigs and not preserve princes: there stands the man, sire, who saved your life in the battle of Stresow, but who determined to owe his restoration to your justice, and not to your gratitude.

Mud. How very extraordinary!

Chas. General Vanberg, how much are we still your debtor?—Say, sir: you have a young lady by your side who has interested us much; if you will place her hand at our disposal, we may partly evince our esteem for you, by uniting her to a young nobleman whose future fortunes shall be our peculiar care. [*To Ulrica.*] You shrink, madam—fear nothing; if you do not approve of our friend when you see him, we do not command your acceptance of him. Let the Count De Mervelt enter.

Enter GUSTAVUS DE MERVELT, L., who kneels and kisses the king's hand.

Ulr. Gustavus a count!

Chas. [*To Gustavus.*] I told you it would be the last time I should employ you as my secretary: my chamberlain was killed in the battle of Stresow—you will still be near my person. [*To Ulrica.*] Must the Count de Mervelt despair, madam?

[*The doors in the flat are opened, and discover the sea and shipping.*

Enter COLONEL REICHEL, L.

Col. R. (L.) Every thing is prepared for your majesty's departure.

Chas. 'Tis well—Reichel, you and your good lady will accompany us; but, before I leave Stralsund, I have still a promise to perform.—Adam Brock, there is my hand: whatever be the boon you ask, you shall have it.

Brock. Bless your majesty! The boon I meant to ask was the life of my old friend—I don't want anything in the whole world, bless your majesty!

Chas. You may surely form some wish?

Brock. 'Gad! I am so happy, I can't think of anything.

Chas. Ask nothing for your son! he distinguished him-

self in the late battle—I signed his captain's commission this morning.

Brock. My boy, Fred, a captain! Eudy, your brother's a captain!

Chas. Come, my good friend, my time is short—your boon?

Brock. Your majesty takes my breath away—Oh! I have it: there's that poor goose, Muddlewerk—he's my antipathy, to be sure, but, at such a time as this, I'm almost ashamed to ask it, too—but, if your majesty—

Chas. Oh, Mr. Muddlewerk is entitled to his reward; and, as to his situation, I have never dispossessed him of it.

Mud. And am I still a burgomaster?—Heaven bless your majesty, and you, too, Mr. Brock; and, if I am a goose, remember a goose once saved the Capitol.

Chas. Still, Mr. Brock, we have granted no request of yours; we would not willingly leave any one here dissatisfied—speak!

Brock. Well, then, oddslife! your majesty! just ask, as you know how to do it, if every body here is satisfied: a good word from you—

Chas. Nay, then, my friend, I see I must remain your debtor, for there your influence is greater than mine; confer a new obligation on your king, and entreat their indulgence for him.

Brock. Ladies and gentlemen, may we say—long live Charles XII.? *[A flourish as the curtain falls.]*

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF
THE CURTAIN.

OFFICERS.

CHARLES XII.

GUSTAVUS DE MERVET.

ULRICA.

VANBERG

R.]

OFFICERS.

ADAM BROCK.

TWO SOLDIERS.

COLONEL REICHEL.

EUDIGA.

TRIPTOLEMUS MUDDLEWERK.

[L.]

THE END.



MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

No. XLV.

THE BRIDAL.

A Tragedy

IN FIVE ACTS.

ADAPTED FOR REPRESENTATION (WITH THREE ORIGINAL SCENES,
WRITTEN BY

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES, ESQ.)

FROM THE

MAID'S TRAGEDY . . .

BY

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

As performed by Mr. Macready.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS,
RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.

NEW YORK:

BERFORD & CO., No. 2 ASTOR HOUSE.

1847.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

CHICAGO, ILL. 60607
1980

CHICAGO, ILL. 60607

CHICAGO, ILL. 60607

CHICAGO, ILL. 60607

CHICAGO, ILL. 60607

CHICAGO, ILL. 60607

CHICAGO, ILL. 60607

CHICAGO, ILL. 60607

CHICAGO, ILL. 60607

CHICAGO, ILL. 60607

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

WE have little to add to Mr. Macready's comprehensive and interesting preface to this noble tragedy, which was produced in London in its present form, with a success that has attended few plays, since the appearance of the Hunchback. Its introduction upon the American stage was also due to Mr. Macready, who, in the part of *Melantius*, gave us enlarged ideas of the resources of his art, and the high reach of his original powers. It has been justly said, that, "in extreme romantic beauty, in a manly simplicity, in the indications of fearful suffering, and high-wrought passion, and in all the minutest features of reality, from the beginning to the close—his performance of this character was a master-piece. It breathed into every line of the tragedy a living and lasting moral."

Great dramatic foresight and ingenuity have been shown by Messrs. Macready and Knowles in the reconstruction of this play. Although the passages they have supplied dwindle in comparison with those of Beaumont and Fletcher, and although all the nobler effects of the tragedy in the representation are due to the latter, yet to the modern emendators belongs the credit of rendering the piece acceptable to a modern audience, by their judicious retrenchments and alterations. Without these it probably would never again have been revived for the gratification of the lovers of the drama, notwithstanding its many intensely tragic and finely wrought scenes. The play, as it is now presented, deserves to rank high, both as an acting piece and as a work of art, and will always be read with interest by the closest student.

MR. MACREADY'S PREFACE.

IN the catalogue of Beaumont and Fletcher's works, the *Maid's Tragedy* has always ranked, if not first, among the very first; for many years it retained its popularity on the Stage, being "frequently acted, and with the greatest applause."

In the preface to the edition of their plays, 1711, it is mentioned, that after the Restoration, Hart and Mohun were the *Amintor* and *Melantius*, and Mrs. Marshal the *Evadne*, and their efforts in those parts are spoken of as "deservedly famous." Betterton succeeded Mohun as the representative of *Melantius*, and for the rest of his life it was esteemed one of his most finished performances. For some years, the play was withdrawn from the stage, in obedience to an interdict laid on its representation by Charles II., whose licentious habits must have made the application of that part of the moral particularly distasteful, which points to the "unlooked for, sudden deaths" of "lustful kings" as a heavenly visitation. Waller strove to set the favourite play upon the stage again, by the substitution of a more courtly termination; and tapered down the grand and massive proportions of this noble work into a sickly and fantastic form; the several parts so finely discriminated, and yet so harmoniously blended, in the nervous verse of Beaumont and Fletcher, losing tone, form, and all distinctive qualities, in Waller's feeble rhyme. It is more than probable, that Waller's alteration was never brought on the stage; that it was not permitted to retain possession of it, is proved by the testimony of Southerne, who, in the latter part of Charles the Second's reign, had seen the play acted as it was originally written. With Betterton, whose death was accelerated by his exertions in the part of *Melantius*, the last in which he ever appeared, the *Maid's Tragedy* seems to have died, as an acting drama; yet surely none of the plays that have occupied its place (after those of Shakspeare), can hold comparison with it for variety and truth of character, for simplicity and power of language, for poetry and passion!

The adaptation, now submitted to the public, was prepared six years ago. But long before, the great scenes of the original tragedy had fastened on my attention, and provoked a strong desire to test their excellence by the sympathies of an audience. It was to the fine taste of my friend, Mr. Shiel, that I was indebted for the first suggestion of the practicability of its adaptation, and with his enthusiasm for the beautiful and true in poetry, he undertook its arrangement. How he would have accomplished the task, had he persevered in it, may be conjectured from his masterly treatment of "*The Fatal Dowry*," where his scenes, placed in juxtaposition with those of Massinger, successfully compete with them in eloquence and passion. But avocations of a more important nature interfered with his design, and in the course of a few weeks, he intimated to me his inability to give up the time necessary for its completion.

At a subsequent period, I endeavoured to stimulate the energies of another friend in the cause, that had begun to interest me deeply; and pressed the subject on Mr. Sheridan Knowles, as one worthy of his powers, and congenial to his taste and spirit. He embraced the proposal with his habitual ardour, but in a few weeks abandoned it, under the persuasion that the beauties and deformities of the work were inseparable,—that the grossness which defiled it was an integral part of it, and could not be removed without injury to the effect of what remained.

My expectations were thus again disappointed, but my judgment was not convinced. To me, the mistake of our great poets seemed not in the outline, but in the filling up of the story; the offensive situations and language being neither essential to the delineation of character, nor conducive even to an effect of contrast.—They are, in fact, disfigurements of a splendid picture. In the *Martyrdom of the Two Saints* by Nicholas Poussin in the Vatican, the subject is so revolting, that the skill of the artist's pencil aggravates its loathsomeness, in proportion as it heightens its reality. No artifice of genius in its treatment could make the moral dignity of the sacrifice prominent. The taste is too much shocked by the physical presentation, to seek for anything beyond. The selection of the subject is the one insuperable fault.

Something to this effect has been latterly asserted of the *Maid's Tragedy*; but how erroneously! There is not a gross or licentious expression *necessary* to the deeply tragic situations, with which it abounds. Its simple story of slighted love and devoted friendship, of criminal passion and its awful penance, is blurred and blotted by the wanton and capricious indelicacies of language, and strainings at effect, that are scattered over it. These superficial blemishes removed, a picture of human nature in its grandest bearings, and its saddest liabilities, stands before us; in the back-ground of which, justice, like a portentous shadow, or like its own embodied idea in the *Eumenides* of *Æschylus*, appears to mete out with even hand, to every offender, his full and fearful amount of retribution.

With these impressions, and a strong sense of the grand and terrible moral of the fable, I was led to a frequent reconsideration of its development, and, on my engagement by the gentleman renting Drury-Lane Theatre in September, 1831, a method of altering the catastrophe was suggested to me by an incident in one of Lord Byron's poems. No time was lost in re-modelling the plot, though at the expense of much that is beautiful in the touching character of *Aspatia*. Before the first scene was finished, my miscalculation of the degree of labour requisite became apparent, and in order to ensure the completion of the work in an accordant style, and within the period prescribed, an arrangement was entered into with Mr. Sheridan Knowles, who, approving the plan, engaged to furnish the three new scenes* required in the

Public opinion has pronounced them worthy of their place. The genius of our first living dramatic poet is acknowledged to be kindred with the mighty spirits that have passed away, but whose "precious projected alteration.

* The second scene of the first act, the second scene of the fourth, the second of the fifth, to *Eriadne's* confession of *Aspatia's* innocence, and the speech of the King, that closes the first scene of the third act, are from the pen of Mr. Sheridan Knowles.

remains," as Shirley rapturously declares, can "never perish but by a miracle."

The play, under its new form and title, was presented to Drury-Lane Theatre in October, 1831, accepted, and the conditions of its performance agreed on. It was read, according to custom, in the green-room, and delivered into the copyist's hands. The delay of its production led to an inquiry into the cause, and, after some hesitation, a message was brought to me by the then acting-manager, which instantly determined me to withdraw the MS., and relinquish the agreement. During the season of 1833-4, it lay among the MSS. of Drury-Lane Theatre, for the faint chance of some occasion arising favourable to its production, and at the end of that season, it was sent back to me. It was brought on the stage during my engagement at the Dublin Theatre in the autumn of 1834, with a success that strengthened my confidence; and on my return to Drury-Lane Theatre in 1835, an agreement was interchanged between myself and the person then in the direction of that theatre, specifying the time and conditions of its performance. That agreement was not fulfilled.

I have touched as lightly as I could on these circumstances, in order to correct some erroneous public statements on the subject, that have appeared from time to time.

For its eventual production at the Haymarket Theatre, I am indebted to the decision and enterprise of Mr. Webster.

The welcome with which this attempt to replace on the scene the poetry of Beaumont and Fletcher, has been greeted in the theatre and by the press, is most grateful to me, not merely as justifying the faith I have held, but as affording a promise of success in the appropriation of our stage to its legitimate and nobler purposes.

W. C. MACREADY.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>Haymarket, 1837.</i>	<i>Park, 1843.</i>
<i>Arcanes, King of Rhodes</i>	Mr. Haines.	Mr. Ryder.
<i>Melantius</i>	" Macready.	" Macready.
<i>Aminor</i>	" Elton.	" Wheatley.
<i>Lysippus, Brother to the King</i>	" Saville.	" Crocker.
<i>Diphilus, Brother of Melan. & Evadne</i> ..	" J. Webster.	" Lovell.
<i>Cleon</i>	" Worrell.	" Brydges.
<i>Calianax, Kinsman to Aspatia</i>	" Selby.	" Johnson.
<i>Archas, Keeper of the Prison</i>	" Gough.	" Toomer.
<i>Strato</i>	" Harris.	" Vache.
<i>Diagoras</i>	" Hart.	" Freeland.
<i>Assassin</i>	" Andrews.	" King.
<i>Dion</i>	" Bishop.	" Gallot.
<i>Evadne, Wife to Aminor</i>	Miss Huddart.	Miss Cushman.
<i>Aspatia, formerly betrothed to Aminor</i> ..	" Taylor.	Mrs. Hunt.
<i>Antiphila, Lady Attendant of Aspatia</i> ..	" E. Phillips.	Miss M'Bride.
<i>Cleanthe</i>	" Wrighten.	Mrs. Lovell.
<i>Olympias</i>	" Gallot.	Miss Kinlock.
<i>Dula</i>	" Humby.	Mrs. Knight.

COSTUMES.

- ARCANES.**—Yellow satin shirt, richly ornamented with various coloured stones. Crimson satin cloak; white silk stocking-pantaloon, black velvet sandal-shoes, gold band round the head.
- MELANTIUS.**—Blue shirt, thickly covered with silver studs, with crimson sleeves, and cap and cloak to match, flesh leggings, and russet sandal-shoes.
- AMINTOR.**—White kerseymere shirt, slashed with blue satin, and trimmed with silver, cap and feathers, white silk stocking-pantaloon and white sandal-shoes.
- LYSIPPUS.**—Purple embroidered shirt, the sleeves slashed with yellow satin, white silk stocking-pantaloon, and white sandal-shoes.
- DIPHILUS.**—Blue velvet shirt spotted with gold stars, cloak and cap to match. Blue silk stocking-pantaloon, and sandal-shoes.
- CLEON.**—Light green embroidered shirt and cloak, white silk stocking pantaloon, and white sandal-shoes.
- CALIANAX.**—Scarlet embroidered shirt, scarlet stocking-pantaloon, cap to match, and black velvet sandal-shoes.
- ARCHAS.**—Brown shirt, trimmed with black, brown leggings, and black sandal-shoes.
- STRATO.**—Puce merino shirt, and black velvet cloak, trimmed with gold, white silk stocking-pantaloon, and white sandal-shoes.
- DIAGORAS.**
- ASSASSIN.**—Crimson shirt, steel breastplate and helmet, flesh leggings, and russet sandal-shoes.
- DION.**—*Ibid.*
- EVADNE.**—*First dress:* White satin, richly trimmed with silver fringe, wreath of white and silver flowers.—*Second dress:* White muslin and lace veil.
- ASPATIA.**—*First dress:* White muslin.—*Second dress:* Orange merino shirt, with large white merino sleeves, trimmed with blue; white silk stocking-pantaloon, and sandal-shoes.
- ANTIPHILA.**—White muslin, edged with rose-coloured muslin.
- CLEANTHE.**—White muslin.
- OLYMPIAS.**—White muslin, edged with black and rose-coloured muslin.
- DULA.**—Yellow silk, trimmed with black.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*;
S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L., *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*;
L. C., *Left of Centre*.

THE BRIDAL.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Aspatia's House.—A large Window, c., opening on a balcony overlooking the City—a door, R. 3d E., half open—an empty chair, c., on which is a lute.*

ANTIPHILA *discovered, employed on a large piece of embroidery, L. Above her, on L., a Lady painting. On R., a Table, at which are seated DULA, OLYMPIAS, and another Lady, at work upon a Tambour-frame, with a vase of flowers on a stand before them. Above them, on R., two Ladies with needlework. Distant shouts—laughter and music.*

Dula. Good faith, I'm weary of this task! To sit
Thus moping, while the whole city rings with mirth,
And, save ourselves, each maiden twines within
Her hair the flowers we must be fain to toil at!

[*Music and laughter.*]

Nothing but music and merry voices, since
The sun rose. Antiphila, must we sit here tiil night?

Ant. If it be our lady's will, I have no wish
To cross it: e'en in her happier days,
I never would; now, in her sorrows, I'd
Rather die than do it.

Dula. Oh, so would I,
And all of us;—and I'd sit patient, nor
Think of a masque or show. [*Music and laughter.*] Hark!

How it sets
One's spirits bounding! I declare, Antiphila,
I cannot hold my needle; my fingers are
Quite weary.

Oly. But thy feet would move as nimbly
In the happy dance, as the wild pulses of
Thy heart itself!

Dula. May we not send to ask
The sudden cause of these new revels?

Ant. What
Is it to us?

Dula. To us?—I'd give the world
To know! [*Shouts, laughter, and music.*] Again!—Oh, let
us take a look

At least, Antiphila, on the gay scene!

Ant. Dula, for shame! sit still.

Dula. Well, if I may not,
Even by look or word humour my curious
Appetite, I may at least make harmony
At home with the gay minstrels that I hear
Abroad; and I will do so. Now, Olympias—

Ant. Ah, happy girl! would that thou couldst instil
Some of thy mirth into Aspatia!

Dula. She is in love; hang me, if I were so,
But I could run my country. Where's the lute?—
Tell me, Antiphila, if e'er you heard
A merrier strain than this? [*Aspatia sings without, R. 3d E.*]

SONG.

"Lay a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew;
Maidens, willow branches bear,
Say, I died true;
My love was false, but I was firm
From my hour of birth;
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth!"

[*Dula puts the lute down on table, R., and returns mourn-
fully to her seat.*]

Oly. It is our lady:—

Ant. Yes; sweet lady!—see,
See, if she has not spoiled all Dula's mirth!

[*Shouts, laughter, and music.*]

Enter CALIANAX, R.

Cal. Know ye what makes this uproar thro' the city?

Ant. We have not heard, my lord.

Cal. My fears guess at it !
They said Aspatia was here.

Ant. Not long
Ago she left us ; as I think,
To hide the tears that swelled into her eyes,
When thoughtless Dula, in her idle vein,
Talked of the young Amintor.

Cal. Curses on him !
The traitor ! Does she still feed her sad humour ?

Ant. Yes ; she is heart-stricken :
Her watery eyes are ever bent to earth.
She carries with her an infectious grief,
That strikes all her beholders. She will sing
The mournfull'st things that ever ear hath heard,
And sigh and sing again ; and when the rest
Of our young ladies, in their happy moods,
Tell mirthful tales in course, she will bring forth
A story of the silent death of some
Forsaken virgin, in such phrase, and with
So sad a look, that ere she end, alas !
She'll send them weeping one by one away.
See, where she sits, as she were turned to marble !

Cal. My poor cousin ! a feller blow, than that
Which struck thy heart, was never dealt by man !
The breath of kings should be like that of gods,
Healing, and not destroying ; but its foul taint
Has withered all thy hopes. [*Music and shouting.*] This
merriment

And music, jar like discord on my vexed
Spirit. Antiphila, try thy best skill
To soothe thy mistress' sadness, while I learn
The strange event that stirs this revelry.
I will return forthwith.

[*Exit, L.*

Ant. 'Tis all in vain ;
Words have lost power upon a grief like hers.
She comes.—

Enter ASPATIA, R. 3d E. Her dress neglected, and her hair
loose upon her shoulders. She sinks into chair, C.

Dear lady—dear Aspatia ! Speak
To her, Dula.

Dula. Madam, 'tis holiday

To-day, for all the city ; be it so
To your sad thoughts, and make it so to us
By one sweet smile.

Asp. It were a timeless smile should prove my cheek ;
It were a fitter hour for me to laugh,
When, at the altar, the religious priest
Were pacifying the offended heavens
With sacrifice, than now.—This should have been
My bridal day, and all your hands employed
In giving me a spotless offering
To young Amintor's bed !

Ant. Leave this talk, madam.

Asp. Would I could, then should I leave the cause.
Did you ne'er love, my girls ? tell me, Olympias.

Oly. Never.

Asp. Nor you, Antiphila ?

Ant. Nor I.

Asp. Then, my good girls, be more than women wise ;
At least, be more than I was ; and be sure
You credit anything the light gives light to,
Before a man. Rather believe the sea
Weeps for the ruined merchant, when he roars ;
Rather, the wind courts but the pregnant sails,
When the strong cordage cracks ; rather, the sun
Comes but to kiss the fruit in wealthy autumn,
When all falls blasted. • [Rises and walks about.
Perhaps he believed me worthless !
But, till he did so, in these ears of mine,
These credulous ears, he poured the sweetest word
That art or love could frame. No more—no more !
Show me the piece of needlework you wrought.

Ant. Of Ariadne, madam ?

Asp. Yes, that piece.

Ant. 'Tis here.

[Showing embroidery, l.

Asp. This is Theseus ? he's a coz'ning face.

Is it not he ?

Ant. Yes, madam,

Asp. 'Tis well done.

But where is Ariadne ?

Ant. There, madam.

Asp. Oh, you have missed it there, Antiphila ;
These colours are not dull and pale enough

To show a soul so full of misery,
As this sad lady's was. Do it by me;
Do it again—by me, the lost Aspatia.
Suppose I stand upon the sea-beach now;
Mine arms thus, and mine hair blown with the wind,
Wild as that desert, and let all about me
Tell that I am forsaken. Do my face
(If thou had'st ever feeling of a sorrow,)
Thus, thus, Antiphila. Strive to make me look
Like sorrow's monument; and the trees about me,
Let them be dry and leafless; let the rocks
Groan with continual surges; and, behind me,
Make all a desolation! Look, Antiphila;
A miserable life of this poor picture!

Ant. Dear madam!

Asp. I have done. [Sinks into chair, c.]

Sings. "Tell him, should he chance to chide,
That it was for him I died."

Ant. Alas! poor lady!

Enter CALIANAX, L.

Cal. [*Crosses, R.*] It is a tyrant's will—
A traitor's deed: coward, no less than traitor!
Why stay ye here? Why join ye not the throng
Of fools and knaves, that, with most courtly mirth,
Shout, laugh, and frisk, as a king wills they should?

Ant. It is our lady's pleasure, we are here.

Cal. Go, get you in—my passion speaks before
My better thoughts; go, good Antiphila,

[Crossing to Antiphila.]

And ply your tasks within. [*Exeunt ladies, R. 3d E.*] Aspatia, listen.

I have that to speak calls for your best attention

Asp. My kind cousin, what would you say to me?

Cal. Dry up your tears. Aspatia! oh, my tongue
Can scarce give utterance to the news, I come
To speak.

Asp. I know it all.

Cal. Who was the officious
Fool that blabbed it to thee?

Asp. A fool, indeed,

A fond, believing fool—my heart, Calianax :
That practised faith so long, it has learnt at last
Even to trust its fears. Amintor weds
To-day !

Cal. Would it could be denied, or hid
From thee !

By the king's own command (his heralds
Trumpet it in every street), Amintor
Weds Evadne.

But to the world, even at the altar, 'fore
Himself and his affianced minions,
Thy wrongs and innocence shall be proclaimed,
Though I pull down my death upon my head.

Asp. And add another to my many griefs ?
I have enough without thy help, dear cousin.

Cal. Too much, poor girl ; my very heart weeps with
thee.

Asp. Then I will weep no more ; or, if I do,
You shall not see me, cousin. I have a thought,
That kindles here like hope, to steel me 'gainst
This weakness. Will you attend me ?

Cal. Whither ?

Asp. To the court.

Cal. The court ! what have you found it,
But a place privileged to do men wrong ?
What would you there ?—Where is your pride ?—your
shame ?

Asp. I ne'er knew shame, save of ill thoughts ; nor
pride,
If proud I ever was, but of such shame.
I'd see the King.

Cal. Aspatia ! that tyrant ?

Asp. There's doubt and fear in thy fixed gaze, my friend ;
I am not mad ;—come with me to the King,
All that in life I'd keep, even the wish
To live, alas ! I lost with my Amintor ;
In my death

I would not my fair name were cast away !
Come to the King ; [*Crosses, L.*] my misery so sets me
Above all fear, that even him I most
Should fear, and shudder at, I now can coldly
Look on ; come, Calianax, your presence

Must support me ;—I have no ear for counsel.

Come, dear cousin !

[*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the King's Palace.*

Enter KING and STRATO, L.

King. These things are done ?

Stra. They are.

King. Run't o'er again :

What circumstance of state have we omitted,
Which, in our love to young Amintor, ought
To grace his wedding-day ?

Stra. The preparations
Are full, my lord, and high, as were yourself
About to lead a bride.

King. I'd have them so.
It was proclaimed a holiday ?

[*Crosses, L.*]

Stra. It was,
And will be held as such. The citizens
Keep closed shops ; and one and all prepare
To make their houses gay. Already some
Hang out their cloths, of bright and varied dyes ;
Some their festoons of flowers, their banners some.
The streets are thronged with happy looks, boys, girls,
And men, and women, by your grace set free,
And ready for rejoicing.

King. Have they prepared, ere moves the cavalcade,
An ample shower of roses, to disperse
Among the waiting crowd ?

Stra. They have, my liege.

King. And coin to scatter, as we pace along ?

Stra. They have.

King. 'Tis well. My harness have they stuck
With white rosettes, as I directed ?

Stra. Yes.

King. 'Tis well ; 'tis very well. And to my coach
Have they prepared to yoke my finest steeds ?
I would be chief
In doing honour to the nuptial day,
That weds Amintor.

Stra. Turn where your highness may,
You shall not see that faulty thing, wherein

Your pleasure's not reflected.

King. Bravely done!

Go, and inspect my body guard : [*Strato crosses behind to R.*] I'll have

About me naught

That does not look and speak a lusty joy

To give Amintor greeting.

[*Exit Strato, R.*]

Yes, Amintor,

Thy joy is mine—if that be joy to thee.

For that I blasted thy Aspatia's name,

And feigned a thriving suit, whose suit did fail,

My love held cheap for thine.—Yet not my love—

That was, and is, another's. Rather, 'twas

Hate for the manly graces, which betwixt

Me and my pleasures stand ; and give thee sway,

Where chief I'd boast to reign.

Enter DION, R.

Dion. The fair Aspatia

Entreats an audience of your highness.

King. Who ?

Dion. The fair Aspatia.

King. Straight admit her.

[*Exit Dion, R.*]

How ?

Aspatia crave an audience !—She that from

My court withdrew herself—repulsed my visits—

My costly presents spurned !—What brings her ? “ Wo-

man,

“ On slights, finds nature in her, which before

“ She never dreamed she owned—perceives attraction

“ In arms she shunned, shut out from those she sought.”—

My heart, more quickly that performs its function

At mention of her visit, says she's welcome !—

'Tis not her beauty—'tis the chariness

With which she hoards it, that I'd master.—She,

Second in place to many in my court,

In person, too, surpassed by more than one,

In pride of chastity takes lead of all.—

Gods ! but she's humbled, when she stoops to crave

An audience of me !—me !—'gainst whom her door

An hundred times she shut !—To pay me visit !—

Fresh from her toilet, doubtless ;—nor before

She turned her back—and went—and turned again
For warrant of her mirror.—Now, to see .
The wonders of her wardrobe, beauty's arsenal,
Wherefrom it arms itself for conquest !

Enter ASPATIA and CALIANAX, R.

How !

Is it Aspatia that I look upon ?

Asp. If thou canst read a sorrow in mine eye,
Complexion, form—deep, melancholy, clear,
Wherein do lie a maiden's drownéd hopes,
Pride, peace, rank, fortune, youth—say life itself,
It is.—If not, why, then it is a stone,
And not Aspatia that thou look'st upon.

King. How she persuades my vision ! Sweetly doth
Affliction dress her !—Sweetly !—It doth well
To take the gaudy rose away, and leave
Naught but the lily !—She becomes it !—Well,
To quench her sparkling eyes, which now like dew
In cups of flowers of amaranthine dye,
Shine weepingly.—Who's that ?—Calianax !
What dost thou here, Calianax ?

Cal. Attend
Upon my kinswoman.

King. Attendants wait
Without ! Hence !—Leave us !

Cal. By her wish I stay.

King. 'Tis mine, thou go !—Art thou assistant to
Our conference ?—Art thou her tongue ?—her eye ?
Her thought ? her wish, she cannot do without ?
Well ?

Cal. I'm her kinsman, sir.

King. And I'm her king,
And thine, though thou wert fifty kinsmen to her.
Dost thou withdraw ? [*Crosses to him.*]—Dost hear me ?—

In a word,
She speaks with me alone, or not at all.

Asp. Leave us, Calianax.

King. He does not well
To know our will, and dally in the doing on't !—
Thou heard'st !—Thou art dismissed.—Thy kinswoman
Gives thee thy leave.—Thou dost intrude on her,
If not upon thy King.

Cal. My liege, I heard
My kinswoman.

[*Exit, R.*]

King. Hadst thou a boon to ask,
And he, of whom thou'dst ask it, sought excuse
To meet thee with denial, lady, he
Had found it in thy friend.

Asp. A boon, my lord,
I come to ask. Oh, King, [*kneeling,*] be just to me;
Or, if not just, be merciful to me.
Thy breath hath killed my virgin name;—thy breath
Can give it life again;—Oh, bid it live.—
Ought it to die?—The body does not die,
While lives the heart.—Thou know'st the heart of that
Is quick and healthful sound.—What thou averr'dst
To young Amintor, that inflicteth death,
Where death ought not to be, unsay—deny,
As said in jest to wake his jealousy,
Or try how deeply love had taken root
In a young virgin's heart: else, while the priest
The proud Evadne makes Amintor's wife,
Command the sexton dig a grave for me.

King. No more of this.

What kin art thou to death?—Death hath not blood!—
His veins are empty—thine are full.—His flesh
Is cold—and thine is warm.—His heart is still—
Thine beats.—He's loathsome, and life shrinks from him—
Thou'rt sightly, sweet, and life doth cling to thee.—
What is Amintor?—Body, face, and limbs,
Senses, thoughts, feelings, are not his alone,
But properties as well of other men.
Believ'st thou, hearts of flesh can wish but once?

Asp. [*Starting up.*] So please your highness, this is not
my suit.

King. 'Tis mine—and more will serve thee than thine
own.

Asp. My liege,

Pray you, vouchsafe an answer to my suit.

King. Thou should'st be mistress to a king, Aspatia!

Asp. I'd rather be a suitor that did thrive.

King. Thou should'st be mistress to a king, I say.

Asp. Not a king's wife, that lacked a kingly heart;
Nor wife of him, that owned one, save he were
The monarch of my soul.

[*Crosses, R.*]

King. Hear me, Aspatia !

What's gold, that will not bring the worth of gold ?
What is a gem, which you do know is one,
And yet the lapidary's skill condemns,
That none will take it at a jewel's price ?—
As good a bead of glass !—I see thou'lt list
To reason. Hear me, sweet Aspatia !
Rightly thou saidst, my breath, that killed thy fame,
Can make it live again ; and it shall do it.
Look, as thou promp'st, I'll act.—I'll say—in jest—
To move Amintor's jealousy—prove thee—
Or compass any other end, within
The range of likelihood—I owned thee kind,
When to that maid-forbidden mansion, thou
Unwittingly wert lured.—Note further—this
Is fair Evadne's wedding-day—a word
Shall change it into thine. An hour gone by,
Amintor leads her to the altar—there
Aspatia takes her place.—Thou mark'st ?—Thy name
No sooner cleared, and bright, as e'er it was,
Than for a brighter one exchanged—the wife
Of young Amintor ! Now, Aspatia,
Husbands, that hedge you in, do screen you too.
Aspatia, women can I name you, who
As wives are charitable, yet, when maids,
Were noted for a sordid penury.
Dear maid, thy silence and thy downcast looks
Are words and glances, that talk transport to me !
It lacks an hour : now, give me only earnest
That such a wife, as I have named, Amintor
Will find in thee, and be Amintor's bride.
Thou hear'st me ? Well ! thou understand'st me ?
Nay, if my tongue imperfect speaks the wish,
Let my knee tell it thee, Aspatia.

[*Kneels.*

Asp. Thou slave !

King. What say'st thou ?

Asp. Art thou not a slave !

An abject, pitiful, and loathsome slave !
That to thy grov'ling passions stoop'st to kneel !
Nay, keep thy posture still, thou vicious man,
That would'st a pander make of honour's hand.
Thou ruthless man ! that, when I came in woe

To sue to thee, as I'd ask Heaven for help,
(Oh! most unlike to Heaven!) to get my prayer,
Would'st have me damn my soul! Nay, rise not yet.
Bring to its knee the sin that bent thy knee,
And then stand up a king! [*King rises.*] Heaven is my
witness,
That I, thy subject, and the slandered maid,
Slandered by thee, to thee, my king, in vain
Applied to do me right; so thou repaid'st
The grace of heaven's anointing! Fare thee well!

[*Exit, R.*]

King. Perverse and shallow maid!

Enter STRATO, R.

Stra. Good news, my liege.
Melantius' gallant fleet is hove in sight!
Moreover, by a vessel of swift sail,
Despatched before him, and just now arrived,
We learn he brings you victory. Much joy
To your highness!

King. Thank you.

[*Exit Strato, R.*]

Better that defeat

Had held him where he was!—He is a man
To read a troubled look; and, right or wrong,
Find out the cause on't. He is reckless honest:
A man, who to respect, must have a reason;
Who measures all by honour—full of action—
Of courage, too, that heeds not what it faces!
A nature which I loathe. He loves his sister—
Amintor, too!—Why comes he at this time?
I thought to better purpose 'twas, I held
His promised succours back! But let him come,
Monarchs are many-handed men! We'll find
A way to deal with him, should he prove froward!

[*Exit, R.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A magnificent Hall in Amintor's Palace. At the back, a large arch, behind which, a rich drapery conceals the preparations for the masque—two Thrones with canopies, one R. S. E., the other L. S. E.*

STRATO, L., CLEON, R., and four Attendants, busied in arranging the Apartment. Shouts of laughter heard without.

Stra. (L.) All seem so mad with riot, 'twould appear,
The very craftsmen had a kindred share
In young Amintor's joy. [*Shouts of laughter.*] The world
is crazed!

See to the minstrels and the masquers! [*Two Attendants*
exeunt, L.] For all faults

The King will rail at us!

[*Without, L.*] Room for the Prince!

Enter LYSIPPUS and two Lords, R.

Lys. Where is the Lord Melantius? Not yet
Ashore?

Stra. No, my good lord:—

Lys. Despatch more messengers.

Let torches blaze along the beach, to light

Him here; his great service would make poor

Our fullest welcome.— [*Exeunt two Attendants, L.*]

Stra. Bring you no tidings from
The temple, Prince?—'Tis now the only question.

Lys. I left Amintor and Evadne there

Before the altar;—as the sacred priest

Held their joined hands in his,—

Blushing, with eyes down-cast, the lovers stood,

Like the bright vision of an angel's dream,

Called by some god to life. Oh! may the knot,

That they this night have tied, last till the hand

Of age undo it. [*Shouts without, L.*]

Cle. The King!—Make ready, there!

Stra. No:—look, my lord, who 'tis that is returned!

[*Shouts without, L.*]

Enter MELANTIUS and two Lords, L.

Lys. Noble Melantius ! the land, by me,
Welcomes thy virtues home.—But the time gives thee
A welcome above mine, or all the world's.

Mel. My lord, my thanks :—but these scratched limbs
of mine

Have spoke my truth and love unto my friends,
More than my tongue e'er could.—My mind's the same
It ever was to you : where I find worth,
I love the keeper, till he let it go,
And then I follow it.

Enter DIPHILUS, L.

Dip. Hail, worthiest brother !
He that rejoices not at your return
In safety, is mine enemy forever.

Mel. I thank thee, Diphilus ! But thou art faulty :
I sent for thee to exercise thine arms
With me at Patria : thou cam'st not, Diphilus :
'Twas ill.

Dip. My noble brother, my excuse
Is my king's straight command ; which you, my lord,
Can witness with me—

Lys. 'Tis true, Melantius.
He might not come, till the solemnity
Of this great match was past.

Mel. [*Aside.*] And for these gauds,
The succours to relieve my fainting soldiers
Were kept at home !

Lys. We have a masque to-night ;
And you must tread a soldier's measure.

Mel. These soft and silken wars are not for me.
But is Amintor wed ?

Dip. This very night.
They come now from the Temple.—I hear their music !

Mel. All joys upon him ! for he is my friend.
Wonder not, that I call a man so young my friend.
His worth is great ; valiant he is, and temperate,
And one that never thinks his life his own,
If his friend need it.—When he was a boy,
And I returned from battle, he'd gaze on me,

And view me round, to find in what one limb
The virtue lay, to do those things he heard.—
Then would he wish to see my sword, and feel
The quickness of its edge, and in his hand
Weigh it :—he oft would make me smile at this.
His youth did promise much, and his ripe years
Will see it all performed.—Blessings be on him,
And his fair bride, Aspatia !

Lys. You're mistaken ;
For she is not married.

Mel. You said Amintor was.

Dip. 'Tis true, but—

Mel. Pardon me, I did receive
Letters at Patria from my Amintor,
That he should marry her.

Lys. And so it stood
In all opinion long : but your arrival
Made me imagine you had heard the change.

Mel. Whom hath he taken, then ?

Lys. A lady, sir,
That bears the light above her,—fair Evadne,
Your virtuous sister.

Mel. Peace of heart betwixt them !
But this is strange !

Lys. The King, my brother, did it ;
Partly, for that foul rumours touched the fame
Of sad Aspatia, but his chief purpose was
To honour you ; and these solemnities
Are at his charge.

Mel. 'Tis royal, like himself. But I am grieved
To think that aught unfortunate should bear
On beautiful Aspatia.

[*Crossing, R.—Distant music heard, L.*

Dip. Hark ! they're coming
From the temple.—See—their torches flash a day
About them !

[*Melantius, Lysippus, and Diphilus retire to R. corner.*

[*Without, L.*] Room, there, make room !

Minstrels, Virgins, and Nobles enter in procession, preceding AMINTOR, EVADNE, and the KING ; they fill up the back of the Stage.

CHORUS of Youths and Virgins.

Fairest goddess, queen of loves,
Soft and gentle as thy doves,
Beauteous mother of delights,
Happy days, and happier nights,
Ever young and golden tressed,
Be this fair forever blessed!

Lys. My lord, the bridegroom!

Mel. I might run fiercely, not more hastily,
Upon my foe.—I love thee well, Amintor :—
I joy to look upon those eyes of thine :
Thou art my friend—but my disordered speech
Cuts off my love.

Ami. Thou art Melantius :
All love is spoke in that. Melantius
Returns in safety! Victory sits on thy sword,
As she was wont. May she build there and dwell,
And may thy armour be, as it hath been,
Only thy valour and thy innocence!

Mel. I'm but poor in words—

King. [*Crossing to him.*] Melantius, here are friends im-
patient
To claim right in thee.

Mel. My sovereign!

[*Kneels.*

King. [*Raising and embracing him.*] Thou'rt welcome ;
and my love is with thee still.

Mel. [*Crossing to Evadne.*] Sister, I joy to see you and
your choice :

You looked with my eyes when you took that man ;
Be happy in him!

Eva. Oh, my dearest brother!
Your presence is more joyful, than this day
Can be unto me.

Enter STRATO, c.

Stra. (R.) Sir, the masquers wait
Your bidding.

King. Amintor, you are monarch
Of the night—dispense your own commands.

Ami. Let them attend.

[*The King goes to Throne, L., and sits. Strato, having
given directions, comes to the side of the King, with
Lysippus and Diphilus.*

We shall but trouble you
With our solemnities.

[*Leading Evadne to Throne, placing her nearest the Audience.*

Mel. Not so, Amintor:

But if you laugh at my rude carriage
In peace, I'll do as much for you in war,
When you come thither. One word with you. [*Amintor advances, R.*] I fear

Thou art grown fickle, and that Aspatia
Mourns, forsaken of thee—on what terms, I know not.

Ami. 'Tis true, she had my promise and my love;
Heaven knows my grief to lose her; but the King,
On secret motives touching her fair fame,
Forbade our union, and made me make
This worthy change, thy sister, accompanied
With graces far above her.

Mel. Be prosperous.

[*The Minstrels, Virgins, and Nobles retire on each side. The Curtains are withdrawn, and discover, variously grouped, the Heathen Deities, Flora and Vertumnus, L., Thetis and Triton, c., Ceres and Pan, R., Apollo and Diana above c., with their symbols.*

Dance of Attendant Nymphs to the following CHORUS.

All dear Nature's children sweet,
Lay at the bride and bridegroom's feet,
To grace this happy night;
Richest gems the waters yield,
Fairest flowers of the field.
Every treasure,
Every pleasure,
Crown your days with fresh delight!
If there be a joy yet new
In marriage, let it fall on you!

[*After laying at the feet of Evadne and Amintor emblematic gifts, they retire within the arch, and are closed in by the drapery as they form themselves into a group.*

King. [*Rising.*] A thanks to every one.—Good night,
Amintor,

And fair Evadne:—we'll ease you of more
Tedious ceremony.—Attend the bride
With all due honours, ladies. [*Coming down, L. c.*

Eva. Happiness

Be with my sovereign lord! [*Exeunt Evadne and Ladies.*]

King. Melantius,

We must not part: our banquet would be poor,
And the full goblet, though to love upraised,
Want its diviner spirit, without thee
To do our revels honour.—Once more, welcome!
Joy and good night, Amintor!

Mel. [*To Amintor.*] Could I love thee
More, thou'st given me cause to do so—
But I cannot:—my blessing rest with thee!

King. Thy hand, Melantius.—Come.—

[*Exeunt King and Melantius, l.*]

Ami. Much happiness unto you all—my friends, good
night! [*Exeunt all but Amintor, l.*]

Would I could ease this fulness of the heart,
That almost aches with its excess of bliss!
Teach me, ye gods! to thank you as I ought,
For all this store of blessings, never yet
In one man's lot poured with such boundless goodness!
I am too happy—

ASPATIA enters through the drapery, c.

Asp. At last he is alone—

My—my lord
Amintor—

[*Comes down, R.*]

Ami. Heavens! Aspatia—Madam—Aspatia—I!
What would you?—speak your will, madam:—prithee,
Keep in thy tears.

Asp. They flow despite of me;
I thought that I had wept them quite away,
For since we parted, it has been my only
Solace, to weep and think of you.

Ami. How cam'st
Thou hither?—I would not have men see thee—

Asp. Oh! let them gaze—for human agony's
A favourite spectacle; and 'tis no sight
Of common suffering, they'd come to look on here.
Long hours I've watched in patient torture for thee!

Ami. Thou dost awake feelings that trouble me,
And say, "I loved thee once." I dare not stay.

Asp. A moment yet, my lord:—'tis the last time

You ever may behold me.—If you were
False to me—

Ami. Aspatia!—false?—

Asp. Nay, I accuse

You not;—but if you *were*, forgive it, Heaven!
And may its pardon reach even his perjured soul,
Who causelessly has laid griefs on me, that
Will never let me rest!—My errand at
This hour is—to look once again upon you;
And to give to your own hands this paper—
'Tis a prayer you will not deny, if I dare trust
A hope, that once deceived me.—

Ami. Wrong me not;—

If it be aught that may content thee, and
In honour may be given, receive my promise;—
And begone:—Aspatia, leave me, for
Beholding thee, I am, I know not what.

Asp. I'll trouble you no more!

[*Crosses, L.*

Go, and be happy in your lady's love!
May discontent ne'er grow 'twixt her and you,
May all the wrongs that you have done to me,
Be utterly forgotten in my death!
Still I am prouder, prouder far
To have been once your love, though now refused,
Than to have had another true to me.
So with my prayers I leave you, and must try
Some yet unpractised way to grieve and die. [*Exit, L.*

Ami. Her sorrow strikes my heart:—Methinks I feel
Her grief shoot suddenly through all my veins.
I fear she has suffered wrong!—But why perplex
Myself?—The King was her accuser, and,
With vouch of her inconstancy, forced me
To break my troth! What says her suit?

[*Reads.*] "*My tongue shall pray for your happiness,
though my eyes refuse to witness it: I carry my sorrows far
from you, and in my farewells, commend to your care a brother,
whom too much love for you has bereft of a sister's protection.—Be to him what you would have been, had you never
doubted my truth, and when you find it spotless, requite him
with the kindness owed to me, The lost*

ASPATIA."

Unhappy girl!—He shall be ever near me,
The inmate of my home and of my heart.

My soul sinks down within me ; the light spirit,
 Erewhile that lifted me from earth, is turned
 To dullest lead :—No, no ;—the messenger of love
 Appears to chase the shadows, that o'ercloud
 My joy.

Enter CLEANTHE, R.

Thou need'st not speak thy errand ;
 I know thou com'st, Cleanthe, to accuse
 Me as a heedless spendthrift of rich time—

Cle. My duty, sir—

Ami. Oh ! what a tone and look for Hymen's herald !
 A lip without a smile on such a night,
 Is a bad omen. I'll not listen to thee. [*Going.*

Cle. My Lord

Amintor, stay ; your bride, Evadne,
 Waits you in the library.

Ami. What dost say ?

Cle. She wishes there to see you :—The noblest
 Ladies, selected by the King to do
 Her grace, she has dismissed, and, unattended, sits
 In pensive mood, waiting your presence there.

Ami. What coy device is this ?—Evadne ?—Ha !
 Does sickness weigh upon her ?—Is she ill ?

Cle. My lord—

Ami. My lord ?—My life hangs on a word.
 Thou see'st me suffer, yet prolong'st my pain,
 To flatter me with forms ; away, I cannot
 Stop to question thee—Evadne ! my Evadne !—

[*Exeunt, R.*

SCENE II.—*The Library of Amintor.—A Door, R. U. E.,
 half open.*

EVADNE discovered, seated at a table, with a light on it,
 L. M. S.

Eva. Was't not a step ? [*Rising.*]—No :—there has been
 scarcely
 Time to give my message ; [*Brings down chair.*] but the
 fretful wish
 Still lengthens out the time it would o'erleap.—
 I hear his rapid foot upon the stair !—
 'Tis he ! [*Sits, L.*

Enter AMINTOR, R. U. E.

Ami. Evadne! let me look upon thee!—
Thank Heaven, my fears were false; health's roseate blush
Still decks thy lovely cheek, and those bright eyes
Can blot all sad remembrance far away.—
But, dear Evadne, spare thy tender body:
The vapours of the night may reach thee here.
And did thy thoughtful fondness send to chide me?

Eva. No.

Ami. My best love: why art thou up so long?

Eva. I am not well.

Ami. Repose will banish sickness.

Eva. My lord, I cannot sleep:—nay, were my couch
The single spot on earth, where I could hope
For rest, I would not seek it there.

Ami. And why,
Dear love.

Eva. Why?—I have sworn I will not.—

Ami. Sworn, Evadne?

Eva. Yes, sworn, Amintor: and will swear again,
If you will wish to hear me.

Ami. I'd bear no
Oaths, but those of love from thee.

Eva. Of love from me?

Ami. How prettily that frown becomes thee?

Eva. Do you like it so?

Ami. Thou canst not dress thy face in such a look,
But I must like it.

Eva. What look likes you best?

Ami. Why do you ask?

Eva. That I may show you one less pleasing to you.

Ami. How's that?

Eva. That I may show you one less pleasing to you.

Ami. I prithee, put thy jests in milder looks;
It shows as thou wert angry.

Eva. So, perhaps,
I am indeed.

Ami. Why, who has done thee wrong?
Name me the man, and by thyself I swear,
Thy yet unconquered self, I will revenge thee!

Eva. [*Standing up.*] Now I shall try thy truth.—If thou
dost love me,

Thou weigh'st not anything compared with me;—
Life, honour, joys eternal, all delights
This world can yield, or hopeful people feign,—
Or in the life to come, are light as air
To a true lover, when his lady frowns,
And bids him "*do this.*"—Wilt thou kill this man?
Swear, Amintor!

Ami. I will not swear, sweet love,
Till I do know the cause.

Eva. I would, thou would'st!
Why, it is *thou* that wrong'st me:—I hate thee:
Thou shouldst have killed thyself. [Crosses, R.]

Ami. If I should know that, I should quickly kill
The man you hated.

Eva. Know it, then, and do't.

Ami. [Looking at her.] Oh, no:—what look soe'er thou
shalt put on,
To try my faith, I shall not think thee false:
I cannot find one blemish in thy face,
Where falsehood should abide.—This cannot be
Thy natural temper!

Eva. Put off amazement, and with patience mark
What I shall utter: 'tis not for this night
Alone, I've sworn to our divorce—it is
For ever!

Ami. Great Heaven! I dream!

Eva. You hear right!
I sooner will find out the beds of snakes,
And with my youthful blood warm their cold flesh,
Letting them curl themselves about my limbs,
Than break the oath I've sworn.—This is not feigned,
Nor sounds it like the coyness of a bride. [Crosses, L.]

Ami. Evadne!
What horrid fears rise sick'ning at my heart?
Art thou?—

She can but jest:—Oh! pardon me, my love!—
Yet satisfy my fear;
It is a pain beyond the hand of death
To be in doubt: confirm it with an oath,
If this be true.

Eva. Do you invent the form:—
Let there be in it all the binding words,

Demons and sorcerers can put together,
And I will take it.—I have sworn before,
And here, by all things holy, do again,
More than in name never to be thy wife!
Is your doubt over now?

[Sits.]

Ami. The only doubt that e'er could shake my soul,
Now makes my heart beat with a coward's motion:
What means this trembling o'er me?—There's a cause
For this, my honour shrinks to ask for, but
I'll know:—tell me—tell me—
Or by those hairs—which, if thou had'st a soul
Like to thy locks, were threads for kings to wear
About their arms—

Eva. Indeed!

Ami. I'll drag thee to the earth, and make thy tongue
Undo this wicked oath, or on thy flesh
I'll print a thousand wounds to let out life!

Eva. I fear thee not.—Do what thou dar'st, Amintor!
Every ill-sounding word, or threatening look,
Thou show'st to me, will be revenged at full.

Ami. Woman!—Evadne?—Am I then so vile,
So poor of heart, thou dar'st to fling a threat
Into my face?—Where are your champions?—where!
Set them before me.—Death! I stand and prate,
Holding a coward parley with such insult,
As taints the life of honour, sheds the blight
Of infamy upon my unstained name!
Give me to know the man would wrong me thus,
And though his body were a poisonous plant,
That it was death to touch, I have a soul
Will throw me on him.

Eva. I've too much care of thine and my own fame,
To drag a fate upon thee, would kill both.

Ami. Thou canst not be—the thought is madness to me!
I am afraid, some sudden start will pull
A murder on me!
Ye powers above! if you did ever mean
Man should be used thus, you have thought a way
How he may bear himself and save his honour:—
Instruct me in it; for to my torn heart
There seems no mean, no moderate course to run:
I must live scorned, or be a murderer.

Eva. This rage can do no good.

Ami. Evadne, hear me :

Thou hast ta'en an oath, which in itself is sin—
That I'll forgive—freely forgive thee all,
That can forgiven be :—say but, thou art not—

Eva. Why shouldst thou pursue
A question, that, resolved, makes only sure,
What known thoud'st wish to doubt ?—Why dost thou
gaze

Upon me, as thy starting eyes would pierce
My soul's dark depths ?—Is it not enough
To know, I love thee not ?—The fate, that yokes me
With thy humbler spirit, can lay no thrall upon
My sovereign will ; my heart defies all bondage.
I love with my ambition, not my eyes.—
Be schooled, Amintor :—When pain's all the fruit
The tree of knowledge bears, who but the fool
Would reach his hand to pluck !—I've told thee all
Imports thee know,—and warn thee seek no further.

[*Exit, l.*]

Ami. Have I my reason ?—'Twas Evadne spoke !
Melantius' sister—my wife—new wedded—
Gracious gods ! what am I ?—What dread mystery,
What secret of disgrace, and death, and horror,
Lies underneath her words !—Oh, man ! vain man !
That trusts out all his reputation
To rest upon the weak and yielding hand
Of feeble woman !—It is Heaven's justice !
The faithless sin, I made,—weak, credulous fool !—
The fair Aspatia now is well revenged :
It follows me.—But I will know the worst,
E'en though to know it goad me into murder,
And my own death should follow !—'Tis my fame,
And honour, both enforce me to it ; I
Have never disobeyed them.—She shall speak. [*Exit, l.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in Amintor's Palace, with door, R. in F.
A Chair on each side.*

Enter MELANTIUS and DIPHILUS, L.

Mel. It sounds incredibly!

Dip. You would have trusted
Me once!

Mel. And will still, where I may with justice
To the world :—but to believe such actions
In my King, were treason to him. Heard you not
Dion say, that even now Lord Strato bears
To Amintor and our dear Evadne,
His royal master's greetings ?—A love like his,
So prodigal of goodness, can no alliance hold
With lust and cruelty :—No more—thou'lt anger me.

[*Crosses, L.*

Dip. Not for the truth, Melantius ; and men's lives
And ladies' blighted names can vouch the history,
Thou'rt loath to hear.

Mel. I must not hear it.

Licentiousness, oppression, murder !—'tis
A monster that thou paint'st !

Enter STRATO, R. D. F.

The name of king,
Though it bore thunder, should not stay my fury,
Were this true, from throwing on him the stain
And fate of tyranny !

Stra. [*Coming down, c.*] You speak loud,
If you talk secrets, sir.—

Mel. My speech requires
Your comment and attention, lord, as little
As it fears your kind report. Listeners are
Ever babblers.

Stra. Boldness becomes you, but 'twere well
To treasure it 'gainst a time of need :—[*Crosses, L.*] ano-
ther
Visitor is on his way ;—farewell !

[*Exit, L.*

Dip. Shall I
Not silence him ! [Touching his sword.]

Mel. Be patient, boy ; he has
No power to wound my honesty.—See who approach !

Enter CLEON, DIAGORAS, Lords, &c., L.

Cle. Is not the bridegroom here ?—Good day, Melantius !

Our love would pay the customary greetings
To Amintor and your sister.

Mel. Our errand was the same ;
I'll seek them for you. [Exit, L.]

Cle. Are we too early ?

Dip. No : Lord Strato, whom you met, had borne
E'en now salutations and congratulations
From the king, precursors of his presence here
Unto Amintor.

Enter AMINTOR, R. D. F.

Cle. From the King !—he rains
His royal favours on him : 'tis his love,
That weighs Amintor's virtues.

Diag. See, the bridegroom !

All. Joy to Amintor !

Ami. Who's there ?—my brother !

Dip. Yes ;

Come with the worn-out wish, that every day
Be blither than the last.

Ami. Amen ! amen ! [Crosses, L.]

Cle. It makes men happier to think you happy,
And, most of all, your friends, who tell you so.

Ami. You are all welcome :—come—shall we be merry ?

Dip. You do not look as you were so disposed :
You are ill, Amintor—your eyes are heavy.

Ami. 'Tis true !

Enter MELANTIUS, R.

Mel. [Crosses to *Ami.*] Good day, Amintor : for to me,
the name
Of brother is too distant : we are friends,
And that is nearer.

Ami. Dear Melantius,
Let me behold thee.—Is it possible ?

Mel. What sudden gaze is this ?

Ami. 'Tis wondrous strange !

Mel. Why does thine eye desire so strict a view
Of that, it knows so well ?—There's nothing here,
That is not thine.

Ami. I wonder much, Melantius,
To see these noble looks, that make me think
How virtuous thou art ! And, on the sudden,
'Tis strange to me, thou shouldst have worth and ho-
nour ;

And not be base, and false, and treacherous—

Mel. Stay, stay, my friend :

I fear this sound will not become our loves.

Ami. Oh, mistake me not :

I know thee to be full of all those deeds,
That we frail men call good.—Yet, by the course
Of nature, thou shouldst be as quickly changed
As are the winds—Oh, how near am I
To utter my sick thoughts !

Mel. But why, my friend, should I be so by nature ?

Ami. I've wed thy sister, who hath virtuous thoughts
Enough for one whole family ; and it is strange,
That you should feel no want.

Mel. Believe me, this compliment's too cunning for me !

Evadne. [*Without*, R. U. E.] Where is my lord ?

Ami. Evadne !—Come, my love ;

Enter EVADNE, R. D. F.

Your brothers do attend to wish you joy.

[*Evadne between Diphilus and Melantius.*

Mel. Good-morrow, sister ! He that understands
Whom you have wed, need not to wish you joy ;
You have enough :—take heed, you be not proud. .

Dip. Sister !—have you no ear for my good-morrow ?
It shall be merrier, and full as true,
As our grave brother's.

Eva. Dear Diphilus, love's smiles
Are ever earnest of its truth, speaking
More pleasantly than sober words, that oft
Beguile us. Your mirth shall have its audience,
With thanks in recompense.

Cle. Lady, if wishes

Could prolong your happiness, it would outlive
All time.

Eva. Your goodness tasks our gratitude
To pay thanks worthy of it.

[*Amintor has gone in melancholy abstraction round the
Stage, and sunk into a chair, L. Melantius follows
him.*]

Mel. Amintor!

Ami. Ha!

Mel. Thou'rt sad.

Ami. Who, I?—I thank you for that.—Shall Diphilus,
thou,

And I, sing?

Mel. How?

Ami. Prithee, let's.

Mel. Nay, that's too much the other way.

Ami. I am so lightened with my happiness!

Gentlemen!

Would you had all such wives, and all the world,

That I might be no wonder! You're all sad.—

What, do you envy me? I walk, methinks,

On water, and ne'er sink, I am so light.

Mel. 'Tis well you are so.

Ami. Well? How can I be other, when she looks thus?
Is there no music there? Let's dance.

Mel. Why, this is strange, Amintor!

Ami. I do not know myself.—

[*Crosses, L.*]

Eva. [*Aside to him.*] Amintor, hark!

You do it scurvily;—'twill be perceived.

[*Goes up, attended by all the lords.*]

Cle. My lord, the King is here.

Enter KING, LYSIPPUS, and STRATO.

Ami. Where!

[*Crosses, R., and throws himself into a chair.*]

Dia. And his brother.

King. Good morrow, all!

Amintor, joy on joy fall thick upon you!

[*Amintor starts up and supports himself by the chair.*]

Madame, I salute you; you're now another's,

And therein twice the object of our care.

Ha! Melantius!

Whispers have reached us, casting doubts, Melantius,
Upon a trusted subject's faith :—you can conceive
My meaning easily ; for men, that are in fault,
Can subtly apprehend, when others aim
At what they do amiss. But I forgive
Freely before this man.

Mel. I cannot tell

What 'tis you mean :—but I am apt enough
Rudely to thrust into an ignorant fault :—
But let me know it : happily, 'tis naught
But misconstruction ; and where I am clear,
I will not take forgiveness from high Heaven,
Much less from you !

King. Nay, if you stand so stiff,
I shall call back my mercy.

Mel. I want smoothness
To thank a man for pardoning of a crime
I never knew.

King. Not to instruct your knowledge, but to show you
My ears are every where : you called me tyrant,
And even menaced me.

Mel. Pardon me, sir :—
My bluntness will be pardoned :—You preserve
A race of idle people here about you—
Facers and talkers—to defame the worth
Of those, that do things worthy ;—[*Strato comes down, R.*
And if I thought you gave a faith to them,
The plainness of my nature would speak more.

Stra. Why did'st thou not before me say thus much ?

Mel. Oh, then it comes from him ?

Stra. Who should it come from ?

Mel. I talk not to him :—

Should the vile tales of such an abject thing,
A cringing, gabbling eaves-dropper, make a breach
Between your majesty and me ? 'Twas wrong
To hearken to him ; but to credit him,
At least as much as I have power to bear.
I have bestowed

My careless blood with you, and should be loth
To think an action, that would make me lose
That, and my thanks, too. When I was a boy,
I thrust myself into my country's cause,

And did a deed that plucked five years from time,
And styled me man, then. My heart
And limbs are still the same; my will as great
To do you service. Let me not be paid
With such unkind distrust.

King. Let me take thee
To my arms, Melantius, and believe
Thou art, as thou deserv'st to be, my friend
Still, and forever.—Amintor, [*Crosses to him,*] cheer thee!
Thou art still a bridegroom, and we must use thee so.
You will trust me, will you not, to choose
A wife for you again?

Ami. No, never, sir!

King. Why—like you this so ill?

Ami. So well I like her;—

And if the powers

That rule us, please to call her first away,
(Without pride spoke,) this world holds not a wife
Worthy to take her room.

For this I bow my knee in thanks to you,
And lift my hands in prayer, in grateful prayer,
To Heaven—

From the deep workings of an o'er-fraught heart,
Imploring strict remembrance in its justice
Of all your bounty given me, and, at its chosen
Time, that 'twill repay the debt I owe you,
Which my life, though stretched through countless ages,
Cannot clear.

King. I do not like this:—

All forbear the room but you, Amintor.

[*Exeunt, Strato, L., the other Lords, R. D. P.*]

I have some speech with you,
Which may concern your after living well.

Ami. [*Aside.*] He will not tell me, that he has disgraced
me!

If he do, something heavenly stay my heart,
For I shall be apt to thrust this hand of mine
To acts unlawful.

King. Amintor—something lurks
Beneath your words.—Do you suspect me?

Ami. Sir?—

Suspect you?

King. You would suffer me to talk
With fair Evadne, nor have a jealous pang?

Ami. [After a pause.] I will not lose a word
On that vile woman. But to you, my King,—
The anguish of my soul thrusts out this truth,—
You are a tyrant!

King. How, sir?

Ami. You, that can know to wrong, should know ha-
men

Must right themselves: What punishment is due
From me to him, that shall abuse my bed?
Is it not death?

King. Draw not thy sword; thou know'st, I cannot f
A subject's hand.

Ami. As you are mere man,
I dare as easily kill you for this deed,
As you dare think to do it. But there is
Divinity about you, that strikes dead
My rising passions.—Good, my lord the King,
Be silent on it.

King. Thou may'st live, Amintor,
Free as thy King, if thou but turn thine eyes
Away—

Ami. A pander?—Hold, my breast!—A bitter curse
Seize me, if I forget not all respects
That are religious, on another word
Sounded like that; and through a sea of sins
Will wade to my revenge, though I should call
Pains here, and after life, upon my soul!
Tempt me no more—my senses will not hold—
Monster!—Barbarian! I will not listen to thee! [Exit, R.]

King. His frantic passion satisfies my heart
Of fair Evadne's truth;—while that is mine,
Let this weak boy rage on! Suspects Melantius
Aught?—methinks it is a mask, and not his face,
He shows me. Gods! knew he—sure Amintor
Hath stronger sense of shame, if not of manhood,
Than to be herald of his own disgrace!
If they should plot together!—I'll remove them!
Take danger by the root, and up with it,
Before it comes to bear! Its noxiousness
Lies in its baleful fruit. Up with it!—Deep!

Go deep ! Leave not a fibre !—They shall die !
Amintor and Melantius both shall die !

[*Exit, R.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Amintor's Palace.*

AMINTOR *discovered, seated at a table, R.*—ASPATIA, *disguised as a boy, standing near L.*

Asp. Is there no service that my love can learn,
To do you profit ? At first, I may be awkward,
But if you deign to teach me, my strong wish
To please will make all labours easy.

Ami. Gentle youth,
Leave me ; for, beholding thee, in voice and look
So like thy much-wrongéd sister, my sins,
In their most hideous form stand up before me—
But 'tis my fate to bear, and bow beneath
A thousand griefs !

Asp. Are there not some that I
Could suffer for you ?—send me not from you, sir,
For a fault of feature only : I'll stay by you,
If but to weep in silence, when you mourn ;
Or I would lull your sorrows with my lute,
And sing to you betimes, or stories tell,
To win you to a brief forgetfulness
Of all that now disturbs you.

Ami. I could believe, it was Aspatia spoke !—
Would'st do so much, my boy ?

Asp. I would do anything to show
My love :—wander with you in poverty,
And danger,—bear cold and hunger, venture
Life itself, and smiling lay it down
To lengthen yours, or make your sufferings
E'en by one sigh the less.

Ami. I am not worth
Such loyalty, kind youth ; though I must love
Thee for it ; and for Aspatia's sake will ever
Cherish thee.

[*Rising—aside.*] Why should I be thus wretched ?
For aught I know, all husbands are like me ;
And every one I talk with of his wife,
Is but a vain dissembler of his woes,
As I am.—Would I knew it ! for the rareness

Afflicts me now.—But let me bear my griefs,
Hid from the world, that no man's eyes perceive
My inward misery.—Oh! [*Throwing himself into chair, R.*

Enter MELANTIUS, L.

Mel. I'll know the cause of all Amintor's griefs,
Or friendship shall be idle. His distracted carriage
Takes deeply on me; I will find the cause.
I fear his conscience cries, he wronged Aspatia.

Ami. Who's there?—my friend!

Mel. Amintor, we have not
Enjoyed our friendship o' late, for we were wont
To change our souls in talk.

Ami. Melantius, I
Can tell thee a good jest of Strato and
A lady, the other day.

Mel. How was't?

Ami. Why, such
An odd one.

Mel. [*Crosses, R.*] Leave us, good youth. [*Exit Asp. R.*
I have longed
To speak with you, not of an idle jest
That's forced, but of matter you are bound to utter
To me.

Ami. What's that, my friend?

Mel. I have observed your words
Fall from your tongue wildly, and all your carriage,
Like one that strove to show his merry mood,
When he were ill disposed.—You were not wont
To put such scorn into your speech; or wear
Upon your face ridiculous jollity.
Some sadness sits here, which your cunning would
Cover over with smiles, and 'twill not be.
What is it?—

Ami. A sadness here!—what cause
Can fate provide for me, to make me sad?
Am I not loved through all this isle? The King
Rains greatness on me; have I not received
A beauteous lady as my bride, whose heart's
A prison for all virtue? Are not you
(Which is above all joys) my constant friend?—
What sadness can I have?

Mel. You may, Amintor,
Shape causes to cozen the whole world withal,
And yourself too ; but 'tis not like a friend,
To hide your soul from me.—'Tis not your nature
To be thus idle.—I have seen you stand,
As you were blasted, 'midst of all your mirth :
Call thrice aloud, and then start, feigning joy
So coldly !—World, what do I here ?—A friend
Is nothing.—Heavens ! I would have told that man
My secret sins !
Come with a compliment !—I would have fought—
Or told my friend "he lied," ere soothed him so !—
Out of my bosom !

[Crosses, L.]

Ami. But there is nothing—

Mel. Worse and worse !—farewell !—
From this time have acquaintance, [Going, L.,] but no
friend !

Ami. Melantius, stay :—you shall know what it is.

Mel. See, how you played with friendship ! Be advised,

How you give cause unto yourself to say,
You've lost a friend.

Ami. Forgive what I have done ;
For I am so o'ergone with injuries
Unheard of, that I lose consideration
Of what I ought to do.—Oh, oh !—

Mel. Do not weep ;
What is it ?—May I once but know the man
Hath turned my friend thus !

Ami. I had spoke at first,
But that—

Mel. But what ?

Ami. I held it most unfit
For you to know.—Faith, do not know it yet.

Mel. Thou seest my love, that will keep company
With thee in tears ; hide nothing, then, from me :
For when I know the cause of thy distemper,
With mine old armour I'll adorn myself,
My resolution, and cut through thy foes
Unto thy quiet ; 'till I place thy heart
As peaceable as spotless innocence.
What is it ?

Ami. Why, 'tis this—let my tears make way awhile.

Mel. Punish me strangely, Heaven, if he escape
Of life or fame, that brought this youth to this!

Ami. Your sister—

Mel. Well said.

Ami. You will wish't unknown,
When you have heard it.

Mel. No.

Ami. Is much to blame,—
And to the King hath given her honour up!

Mel. How is this?—

Thou art run mad with injury, indeed:
Thou couldst not utter this else!—speak again,
For I forgive it freely:—tell thy griefs.—

Ami. She's wanton—(I am loth to say the word,
Though it be true,)
And I the chosen cover of her shame!

Mel. Speak yet again, before mine anger grows
Up, beyond throwing down: what are thy griefs?

Ami. By all our friendship, these.

Mel. What, am I tame?
After mine actions, shall the name of friend
Blot all our family! and stick the brand
Of wanton on my sister, unrevenged?—
My shaking flesh, be thou a witness for me,
With what unwillingness I go to scourge
This railer, whom my folly hath called friend!
I will not take thee basely: thy sword
Hangs near thy hand; draw it, that I may whip
Thy rashness to repentance.—Draw thy sword!

Ami. Never, never on thee.

Mel. Ye gods! he's base
And fearful!—Thou hast a guilty cause.

Ami. Thou pleasest me:—much more like this—

Mel. Take, then, more
To raise thine anger: 'tis mere cowardice
Makes thee not draw;—but I will leave thee dead,
Make thy vile memory loathed, and fix a scandal
Upon thy name forever.

Ami. No choice is left my honour.
I knew before,
'Twould grate you

To urge a weighty secret from your friend,
 And then rage at it.—I shall be at ease,
 If I be killed; and if you fall by me,
 I shall not long outlive you. [Advancing on him.]

Mel. Stay awhile.—

The name of friend is more than family,
 Or all the world besides: I was a fool!—
 Would I had died, ere known
 This sad dishonour! Pardon me, my friend!
 If thou wilt strike, here is a faithful heart,
 Pierce it; for I will never heave my hand
 To thine:—Behold the power thou hast in me!
 I do believe my sister is a wanton!

A leprous one!—put up thy sword, young man!

Ami. How should I bear it, then, she being so!
 I fear, my friend, that you will lose me shortly;
 And I shall do a foul act on myself,
 Through these disgraces!

Mel. Better, half the land
 Were buried quick together! No, Amintor!
 Thou shalt have ease.—Oh, this adult'rous king,
 To wrong me so!

Ami. What is it, then, to me,
 If it be wrong to you?

Mel. Why, not so much:
 The credit of our house is thrown away;—
 But from his iron den I'll waken Death,
 And hurl him on this king!—My honesty
 Shall steel my sword: and on its horrid point
 I'll wear my cause, that shall amaze the eyes
 Of this proud man, and be too glittering
 For him to look on. [Crosses, R.]

Ami. I have quite undone my fame.

Mel. Dry up thy watery eyes;
 And cast a manly look upon my face;
 For nothing is so wild as I, thy friend,
 Till I have freed thee. Still this swelling breast!
 I go thus from thee, and will never cease
 My vengeance, till I find thy heart in peace.

Ami. Stay, stay,—

Mel. I will to death pursue him with revenge.

Ami. Out with thy sword, then, and hand in hand with
 me,

Rush to the chamber of this hated king,
And sink him, with the weight of all his sins,
To hell forever.

Mel. 'Twere a rash attempt,
Not to be done with safety. Let our reason
Plot our revenge, and not your passion.
You'll overthrow my whole design with madness.

Ami. I am mad indeed,
And know not what I do.—Yet have a care
Of me in what thou dost.

Mel. Why, thinks my friend
I will forget his honour? or to save
The brav'ry of our house, will lose his fame?
I'll do what worth shall bid me, and no more.

Ami. 'Faith, I'm sick;—and desperately, I hope.
Yet leaning thus, I feel a kind of ease.

Mel. Come, take again your mirth about you.

Ami. I shall never do it.

Mel. I warrant you.

Ami. Thy love—oh, wretched!—Ay, thy love, Melan-
tius!

Why, I have nothing else.

Mel. Be merry, then—

Look up—we'll walk together.

Put thine arm here: all shall be well again.

[*Accompanies Amintor off, L., and immediately returns.*]

This worthy young man may do violence
Upon himself;—but I have cherished him
To my best power, and sent him smiling from me
To counterfeit again. Sword, hold thine edge;
My heart will never fail me. I will wash the stain,
That rests upon our house, off with his blood.

Enter DIPHILUS, L.

Diphilus!—thou comest as sent!

Dip. Yonder has been such laughing!

Mel. Betwixt whom?

Dip. Why, our sister and the King: I thought their
spleens

Would break; they laughed us all out of the room.

Mel. They must weep, Diphilus.

Dip. Must they?

Mel. They must.—

Thou art my brother ;—and if I did believe
Thou hadst a base thought, I would rip it out,
Lie where it durst.

Dip. You should not ; I would first
Mangle myself, and find it.

Mel. That was spoke
According to our strain.—Come, join thy hands
To mine,

And swear a firmness to what project I
Shall lay before thee.

Dip. You do wrong us both ;
People hereafter shall not say, there passed
A bond, more than our loves, to tie our lives
And deaths together.

Mel. It is as nobly said, as I could wish.
Anon I'll tell you wonders ; we are wronged !

Dip. But I will tell you now, we'll right ourselves !

Mel. If thou be'st what thou say'st, we will, my brother !

*This is the night, spite of astronomers,
To do the deed in, that shall either bring
Our banished honours home, or create new ones
In our deaths. Time flies ; prepare the armour
In my house ; and whate'er friends you can draw to us,
Not knowing of the cause, make ready, too :
Then to the port, and bid my trustiest soldiers,
In secrecy and silence, be prepared
This night to combat for Melantius' honour,
Perhaps his safety.—Be swift, yet cautious—
A word may be our ruin.—Haste, my brother.
To-night we strike the blow, and day is fast
Declining : midnight is the hour—remember !
Haste, Diphilus, the time requires it ; haste !*

[Exit Diphilus, L.]

He must die, and his own sin shall strike him !
My aim can't miss. All that this world calls happy,
Shameless tyrant, thou'st pilfered from me ; but
I will redeem

The honour thou hast stolen, or escape
In death the shame on't !—By my revenge, I will !

[Exit, R.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Amintor's Palace.*

EVADNE *on sofa, R., and six ladies standing round her, discovered.*

Eva. Now, ladies, who has brought a merry tale
To wake our laughter?

Cle. I should be, madam,
The merriest here, but I have ne'er a story,
Worth telling at this time.

Enter MELANTIUS, L.

Mel. Save you!

Eva. Save you, sweet brother!

Mel. In my blunt eye,
Methinks you look, Evadne—

Eva. Come, you would make me blush.

Mel. I would, Evadne:—I shall displease my ends else.
I would not have your women hear me
Break into commendation of you;—'Tis not seemly.

Eva. Go, wait me in the gallery. [*Exeunt ladies, c.*]
Now speak.

Mel. I'll lock the door first.

Eva. Why?

Mel. I will not have your gilded things, that dance
In visitation with their Milan skins,
Choke up my business.

Eva. [*Rising.*] You are strangely disposed, sir!

Mel. Good madam, not to make you merry.

Eva. No; if you praise me, it will make me sad.

Mel. Such a sad commendation I have for you.

Eva. Brother, the court has made you witty,
And learn to riddle!

Mel. I praise the court for't:
Has it learnt you nothing?

Eva. Me?

Mel. Ay, Evadne.

Eva. Gentle brother!

Mel. 'Tis yet in thy repentance, foolish woman
To make me gentle.—

Eva. How is this?

Mel. 'Tis base:

And I could blush, at these years, through all
My honoured scars, to come to such a parley.

Eva. This is saucy!

Look you intrude no more! There lies your way.

Mel. Thou art my way, and I will tread upon thee
'Till I find truth out.

Eva. What truth is that you look for?

Mel. Thy long-lost honour.—'Would the gods had set
me

Rather to grapple with the plague, or stand
One of their loudest bolts!—Come, tell me quickly.

Eva. I understand you not. [Crosses to L.

Mel. Do not play with mine anger; do not, wretch!
I come to know that desperate fool, that drew thee
From thy fair life. Be wise, and lay him open.

Eva. Unhand me, and learn manners! Such another
Forgetfulness forfeits your life.

Mel. Quench me this mighty humour—and then tell
me—

Whose wanton are you? for you are one, I know it.
Let all mine honours perish, but I'll find him,
Tho' he lie locked up in thy blood! Be sudden!

Eva. Begone!—You are my brother, that's your safety.

Mel. I'll be a wolf first!—'Tis, to be thy brother,
An infamy below the sin of coward.

Force my swollen heart no further.—I would save thee.

Thou hast no hope to 'scape!—He that dares most,

And damns away his soul to do thee service,

Will sooner fetch meat from a hungry lion,

Than come to rescue thee;—thou'st death about thee!

Who has undone thy honour—poisoned thy virtue,

And, of a lovely rose, left thee a canker?

Eva. Let me consider.

[Crosses to R.

Mel. Do—whose child thou wert—

Whose honour thou hast murdered—whose grave open-
ed—

And so pulled on high Heaven, that in its justice

It must restore him flesh again, and life,

And raise his dry bones to revenge this scandal!

Eva. It had better, in my mind, let them lie still.

Mel. Do you raise mirth out of my easiness?—
Forsake me, then, all weaknesses of nature,
That make men women!—Speak, you wanton! speak!
Speak truth! [*Drawing his dagger.*]
Or, by the dear soul of thy sleeping father,
This steel shall be thy lover!—[*Seizes her.*] Tell, or I'll
kill thee!

Eva. Help! help!—oh! help!

Mel. By thy foul self, no human help shall help thee,
If thou criest!—When I have killed thee—(as I have
Vowed to do, if thou confess not,) naked,
As thou hast left thine honour, will I leave thee;
That on thy branded flesh the world may read
Thy black shame, and my justice. Wilt thou bend yet?
[*In the struggle Melantius gets to L., she on her knees.*]

Eva. Yes—yes.

Mel. [*Raises her.*] Up, and begin your story.

Eva. Oh, I am miserable!

Mel. 'Tis true, thou art!—Speak truth still.

Eva. I have offended:

Noble sir, forgive me.

[*Kneels.*]

Mel. With what secure slave?

Eva. What shall I do?

Mel. Be true, and make your fault less.

Eva. I dare not tell.

Mel. Do not fall back again:—but speak.

Eva. Will you forgive me, then?

Mel. Stay—I must ask

Mine honour first.—I've too much foolish nature
In me:—Speak.

Eva. Is there none else here?

Mel. None, but a fearful conscience; that's too many.
Who is't?

Eva. Oh, hear me gently. It was—the king.

Mel. No more.—My worthy father's, and my services,
Are liberally rewarded. King, I thank thee!
For all my dangers, all my wounds, thou hast paid me
In my own metal:—these are soldier's thanks. [*Crosses, L.*]
How long have you lived thus, Evadne? [*Raises her.*]

Eva. Too long.

Mel. Can you be sorry for your fault?

Eva. Oh! my brother.

Mel. Evadne—thou wilt to thy sin again.

Eva. First to my grave!

Mel. Would Heaven, thou hadst been so blest!
Dost thou not hate this king now? Prithee hate him.
Couldst thou not curse him? I command thee, curse
him—

Curse, till the heavens hear, and deliver him
To thy just wishes!

Dost thou not feel within thee a brave anger,
That breaks out nobly, and directs thine arm
To kill this base king?

Eva. All the saints forbid it!

Mel. No: all the saints require it; for heaven is
Dishonoured in him.

Eva. It is too fearful!

Mel. You're valiant in your vice, and bold enough
To be a wanton, and have your name of mistress
Discourse for grooms and pages—thus far you
Know no fear.

Eva. Good sir!

Mel. Be wise, and do it. Canst thou live, and know
What noble minds shall make thee? see thyself
Found out with every finger—made the shame
Of all successions—and in this great ruin
Thy brother and thy noble husband broken?—
Thou shalt not live thus!—Kneel, and swear to help me,
When I shall call thee to it; or by all
Holy in heaven and earth, thou shalt not live
To breathe a full hour longer:—not a thought!
Come—'tis a righteous oath. [*She kneels.*] Give me thy
hands,
And, both to Heaven held up thus, swear by that wealth
This lustful thief stole from thee, when I say it,
To let his foul soul out.

Eva. Here I swear it:
And all you spirits of abuséd women
Help me in this performance!

Mel. Enough. [*Crosses to L.*] This must be known to
none
But you and me, Evadne:—not to your lord,
Though he be wise and noble, and a man
Dares step as far into a worthy action

As the most daring :—ask not why— [*Knock at door, c.*
Who's there ?

Eva. I know not.

Strato. [*Without, c., knocking.*] Gentle lady—Lady
Evadne,

I am from the king.

Mel. [*Unlocks door.*] Come in, then.—Now,
Speak your errand.

Enter STRATO, c.

Stra. [*Confused,*] The Lord Melantius !

Mel. Yes :

Her brother, sir. Well !—You are from the king :
What is his gracious pleasure ?

Stra. Sir—I—

Mel. Why

Do you pause ?

We wait the king's behest.

Stra. 'Tis for

The lady's ear alone.

Mel. I am her brother,

Sir ; the love that binds us, owns no secret

'Twixt us. No trifling : the king has sent you :

Your errand's to my sister :—well ; she's there,—

Waiting your master's will :—speak it, and quickly,

Stra. Her lord, Amintor, now is with the king,

On matters of some moment, which require

The lady Evadne's presence : 'tis his highness'

Will, she attend him at the palace.

Mel. Sir, it is

An honour

She'll study to deserve ;—obedience is

Our duty.

[*Exit Strato, c.*

Yes, obedience to the voice

Of all-commanding justice !

Eva. Oh, my brother,

Let me not go—

Mel. 'Tis not my purpose : thou

Must stay awhile ; the villain lied : Amintor

Is not there. The hour may come, when brothers,

Husband, friend, will be but names, echoing

Thy frantic shrieks.—There's death abroad !

Evadne, in that hour think upon me :—
 Think on thy wrongs committed, and endured :
 Remember—thou hast sworn—and let this token,
 The sacred legacy of murdered honour,
 Absolve thee of thy oath to Heaven and me !

[Giving a dagger.]

Farewell.

[Exit Melantius, c.]

Eva. Would I could say so to my black disgraces !
 Oh, where have I been all this time ? how friended ?
 That I should lose myself thus desperately,
 And none in pity show me, how I wandered ?
 Now whither must I go ? my husband shuns me !
 My honest brothers must no more endure me.
 No friend will know me—chaste women blush to see me,
 And pointing as I pass, say—"There, there, behold her,
 Look on her, little children ; that is she,
 That handsome lady ; mark !" —Oh, my sad fortune !
 Is this the end I've lived for ? There is not
 In the compass of the light a more unhappy
 Creature !
 Oh, my lord !

Enter AMINTOR, c.

Ami. (R.) How now ?

Eli. (L.) My much-abused lord !

[Kneels.]

Ami. This cannot be.

[He turns from her.]

Eva. I do not kneel to live ; I dare not hope it.
 The wrongs I did are greater—Ah ! look upon me,
 Though I appear with all my faults.

Ami. Stand up.

This is a new way to beget more sorrow :
 Heaven knows I have too much—prithee do not mock me.

Eva. My whole life is so leprous, it infects
 All my repentance.—I do not fall here
 To shadow, by dissembling, with my tears,
 Or to make less, my lord, what my vile will
 Hath done.—No, I do not.—I do appear
 The same, the same Evadne, drest in the shames
 I lived in, and am soul-sick till I have got
 Your pardon.

Ami. Rise, Evadne : if this be
 Serious, I do forgive thee.

Rise, Evadne.

[*Raises her.*

I should have killed thee, but this sweet repentance
Locks up my vengeance. It was fate decreed
Our parting. [*Crosses to L.*] Go, Evadne, and take care
My honour falls no further.

Eva. All the dear joys here, and above hereafter,
Crown thy fair soul.—Thus I take leave, my lord,
And never shall you see the foul Evadne,
Till she has tried all honoured means, that may
Set her in rest, and wash her stains away.

[*Exeunt severally, Amintor L., Evadne R.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the King's Palace, door L.,
door C. Table with writing materials, R. U. E., a chair.*

Enter the KING.

King. What are our wishes, if, contenting them,
We mar our own content? What are our pleasures,
If they engender cares? Better they ne'er
Were born, than to such progeny give birth!
[*Sits down.*] My heart is heavy—sad. Where is Evadne?
She'd cheer it—and it would be sad again!
[*Rises.*] Gods, but this darkness of my soul is thick.
Why comes Evadne not, to bring me light?
To warm and cheer me? Hark!—It must be she;
Come on, my sun! Rise on me! Leave me not
Longer to brood on this oppressive night.
Which looks as though 'twould never pass away!
'Tis she!—Come in! Why do you knock!—Come in!
[*A knocking at door, L.*

Enter MELANTIUS, L.

Mel. (L.) I'm come!

King. (R.) Melantius!

Mel. If Melantius knows his name!

Who knoweth not things as familiar quite,
So time has metamorphosed them.

King. [Aside.] This calm
Is anything but true!—a quiet sea
Beneath a lowering sky—not to be trusted!
There's storm above, though not a wave below,
As yet—as yet! I'm glad my guards are near;
'Twas seasonable foresight.—Well, Melantius!

Mel. Well?

King. What's your pleasure?

Mel. What is yours?—I think
You said, when I came in, that I was late—
That you had wanted me.

King. It was not you,
Melantius, whom I wanted.

Mel. No! whom then?

King. I said, it was not you.

Mel. I say, whom, then?

King. Is it your business?

Mel. Nay, that's known to you,
Who know the business.—Is't my business?

King. No!

Mel. Why, then, suppose it not.

King. What brings you here?

Mel. Business of yours and mine.

King. 'Tis not a time.

Mel. It is a pressing suit.

King. 'Tis not a time!

Mel. What if it be a wretch,
Whom, save a god, none but a king can help!

King. 'Tis not a time!

Mel. It is a time, Sir King!
When mercy's to be shown, or justice done,
To every man, and, most of all, a king,
It always is a time!—That is, at least,
It should be so.

King. You have been revelling!—Wine,
Melantius, drowns your proper self in you,
And makes you seem another man.

Mel. Not so.

In wine I am two Melantiuses. I'm twice
As generous, honest, brave. Say, when I'm sober
I'd not take fifty ducats, did you ask me
To do a base deed, then I would not do it
For a hundred! Not myself, when I'm in wine!
In wine, men ever are themselves! There's not
That vice, how cunningly soe'er wrapped up,
But you will find the goblet will uncloak it.
How show you in your cups?

King. By your account,

I must seem twice a king.

Mel. Or twice a fiend.

King. How!

Mel. What's amiss? Why start you and change color?

I did not say, that you were not a king.

Though men there are as bold.—Just now I sat

In company with one,—which brought me here.

King. Why, what fell out?

Mel. He laid to your account,

Most mighty king, unking-like practices.

King. Who was he?

Mel. Acts so much o'the vein of hell,

That twenty demons could not worse complot!

King. Who was he?

Mel. Such excess of vile offence,

The vilest grade of human trespass yet

Looks down upon it!—As you were my king—

As I had served you from my prime of youth,—

My choicest years on your account laid out,—

As for you I had borne captivity,

And shed my blood,—as here a proof or two

Without a tongue can vouch,—as I had borne

Your banner long, before your enemies,—

Most times in triumph, without honour never—

As I had served you much from sense of duty,

Belief of merit more, but most of all—

From love—when such aspersion on your name

Fell like a blight upon a goodly tree,

All blossom—I did feel a wish—

King. What was't?

Mel. To smite!

King. Whom?

Mel. Thee, that gav'st a subject cause—

A man thou'rt born above—whose knee, arm, blood

Thou hast a right to claim—who gav'st to such,

Right to disparage thee!

King. Right!

Mel. Right—thou vile

And self-debauchéd king!

Whom look'dst thou for

When I came in? whom look'dst thou for, I say?

King. How dar'st thou ask?

Mel. Have I no right to know?
Thou damnéd pestilence, that tak'st not one,
But twenty at a swoop!

King. Audacious man!
Where's thy allegiance?

Mel. Where's Evadne's honour?
My sister! Where's her honour, which I left
One chrystal, without cloud, flaw, speck? Yea, more,
A diamond for its weight, and starry fire,
The richest of the brood! I thought it safe.
I left it so: and, pleased, at my return,
Beheld her give it, as I thought, to young
Amintor's keeping. But she cheated him;
Gave him the empty casket, and confessed
A thief had got the gem—dishonouring him,
Beyond all parallel; disgracing me,
New in my hard-won laurels; by the name
Of her proud father writing such a word
As blasts his son, to look upon that name;
Imputing nature to her mother's womb,
Which, ere it should have owned, that saint had blessed
Heaven for the curse of barrenness; and blotting
The bright escutcheons of as clear a race
As ere your kingdom boasted, that no herald
Howe'er so cunning in his shining art,
Can make them what they were. This—this, Sir King,
This hath my sister done! Palmed off herself
As a rich bride, fit for my friend to wed,
When all she had was stolen. This she confessed!
And, when I did demand of her the thief,
That I might glut a brother's vengeance on him,
She said, that thou wast he!—Felons must die!
It is the law. [*Drawing his sword, and rushing on him.*]

King. Wouldst kill me?

Mel. Ay! thou monster.

King. Traitor, hold!

Mel. [*After a pause.*] Lo! king; the man whom thou
hast

Fouly wronged!

There dost thou kneel, at sight of whom, my blood,
Polluted in its richest channels by thee,
Doth run a stream of fire—there dost thou kneel!

The space between my weapon and thy heart
Is traversed in a moment—less—and yet
I cannot take your life, but as a soldier.
Where is thy weapon?—Is it in the room?

King. It is.

Mel. Then get it—haste.

King. [*Going to the door, c.*] What, ho! there; treason!

Mel. [*Rushing after him.*] Nay, then—

Enter STRATO and GUARDS, c.—they seize Melantius, and bear him back, l.

King. My guards—seize him! How stand we now?
To whom belongs it now to sue? Kneel thou.

Mel. (l.) Not though the block were there. Lo! there's
the sword

I ne'er shall wear again; that ne'er knew spot,
Till in a tyrant's heart I tried, but failed
To sheathe it.

King. (c.) You do hear—to prison with him!

Mel. And to the rack with thee! the bed, where groans,
And not repose await thee. I defy thee!

[*Melantius dragged off, guarded, l. s. e.*

King. [*To Strato.*] Stay you, and wait a moment.

[*Goes up to table, r., and writes.*

• *Stra.* (r.) Thou hast run
Thy course, Melantius—in the king's eye I read
The warrant of thy death.

King. Here, sir. [*Gives a paper.*] Despatch:
Straight to the prison, and deliver this
With your own hand—'tis for the governor,
Whom see, despite all let—despatch, I say!

[*Exit Strato, l.*

My mind's at ease—Melantius dies to-night. [*Exit, r.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Antechamber, with an opening, L. F., leading to the King's Bedchamber. An open window, R. F. A door R., and a lamp burning.*

Enter EVADNE, pale, and with a fixed look, and STRATO, R.

Eva. Did you not say—my thoughts were wandering as
We passed along—you saw him chained?

Stra. I did,

Lady: mine was the office to guard him to
His dungeon.

Eva. Did Diphilus, my brother,
Bear him company?

Stra. He is not to be found

Throughout the city: fresh missives were on foot
To seek him out, when, on a gentler embassy
Despatched, I came to lead you hither.

Eva. Has the King retired to rest?

Stra. Madam, an hour

Ago.

Eva. What is the time?

Stra. Near midnight,

Madam.

Eva. Give me the key, sir, and let no one
Be near;—'tis the King's will.

Stra. [*Giving the key.*] Your will
Is ever his: to know is to obey it.
I will dismiss the officers who wait.
Madam, good night.

Eva. I thank you, sir;—good night!

[*Exit Strato, R.—She locks the door after him.*]

The night grows horrible; and all around me
Like my black purpose.—Hush!—I feel a stark
Affrighted motion in my blood!—I am
Prepared, and resolute, to meet the fears
That death can bring; and yet, *would it were done!*
I could almost believe my guilty soul
Breathed out a gloom around me, and diffused
A sickening vapour through the wholesome air,

Dimming the blessed lights above me.—Oh !
The conscience of a lost virgin ! whither wilt thou pull
me ?

To what things, dismal as the depths of hell,
Wilt thou provoke me ?—Let no woman dare,
From this hour, be disloyal !—'Tis so many sins,
An age cannot repent 'em ; and so great,
The heavens want mercy for ; yet I must through 'em ;
I have begun a slaughter on my honour,
And I must end it—*there !* [*Listens at the opening, L. in F.*]

He sleeps !—good Heavens !

Why give you peace to this intemperate breast,
That hath so long transgressed you ?
I cannot hear him breathe !—He sleeps, as if
He meant to wake no more :—would it were so !
But then my punishment might seem too light
For my o'erweighing sin. The powers above
Make us a great example of their justice
To all ensuing eyes.—Hark !—did he wake ?
No—no !—The grave is not more still.—I must
Be sudden :—The oath is yet unanswered
On my soul ; and while I pause, in fearful'st peril
Stands Melantius' life. [*Seizes the lamp.*] A moment lost
May be too late !—Now—now !

[*Exit through the opening, L. in F.*]

SCENE II.—*A Prison.—A door, c., and a lamp burning,
suspended from the ceiling.*

MELANTIUS *in chains, pacing the prison.*

Mel. Meet death as you would meet an enemy,
Bravely, with gallant cheer.—Once your account
With gentle heaven's made up, to crouch beneath
Calamity, is to play slave to fortune, whose control
The noble still contemn. Then, what's a spasm,
A shoot of pain, a minute's lack of breath,
To die in a good cause ? But the shame ! That men
Should say, he perished on a scaffold ! What
Imports it, where a man may die, whose life
Has been above disgrace ! My heavy fate !
For hard it is, in prime of life and fame,
At once to be cut off.—Come when it may,

Or how it may, I'll meet with lightsome heart,
As it beseems a man !

Enter ARCHAS, the Jailor, c., and four more, who remain near the door, R.

Jail. You're lonesome, sir,
And here are two or three I've brought to you
To keep you company. *[Retiring.]*

Mel. (L.) Who are they, Jailor ? *[Brings him back.]*
Why don't you answer me ? What is't o'clock ?

Jail. (c.) Past twelve.

Mel. What timely visitors are these
You bring me, at dead of night, when men
Should go to sleep !

Jail. Sir,—

Mel. I'm a soldier, friend.

Jail. I know you are.

Mel. Why shrink you, then, to say
What company is this, you seem with dread
To leave with me ?

Jail. With dread ?

Mel. You wonder, sir,
At what you know. You're urgent to be gone.—
You breathe not freely, yet your lungs are sound ;
You're healthy, and your cheek's of sickly hue ;
And when you looked upon me now, it was
As one that says, "God help him," in his heart.—
What are these men ? Whence comes it, they are here ?
Was't by your own advice you brought them, or
Direction of another ? Must I needs
Be solaced with their goodly company ?

Jail. They are here by order, sir.

Mel. If that be so,
Then know I, why they're here. Good friend, a word.
You'll stay with me ? I would have some one by,
Some human eye to look on what is done.
'Tis drear to die alone a death like this. *[Archas turning.]*
What ! hast not strength to see, what thou should'st find
I have the strength to bear ? Then hie thee hence.
Yet one request. I pray a cup of wine ;
And then, good night. You go to bring it me ?

Jail. I do. *[Exit, c.—Melantius coolly walks up to the men, R., and surveys them.]*

Mel. You have seen service ?

1st Assas. Yes.

Mel. I know it.

A soldier finds a soldier out. A bold
And stirring fellow were you ; but you loved
Your trade for its worst part. You'd be at home,
At sacking of a town. A dog you were,
Prized for his savageness ; one, it were well
None but an enemy came near.

Re-enter ARCHAS, c.

[*To Archas.*] Well done ;

You've kept your word.

Jail. (c.) I would I could do more ;

You are a gallant man, sir.

[*Presenting a cup.*

Mel. (L.) Is it good ?

Jail. The King, sir, has not better.

Mel. Damn—no, no !

He is your master. You have shown me grace ;

I'll not give wound to you. Give me the cup.

You've filled it. Thank you.—Friends, good night to you !

This is my parting cup, for love of you ;

I grieve to say we drink no more together.

Good night to the world ! Look, Jailor, mark the cup ;

Come closer to it. Does it tremble ?

Jail. No.

Mel. Art sure it does not ?

Jail. Sure.

Mel. Look at the liquor, Jailor ; it is frail,

And quivers at a breath ;—or I mistake,

'Tis solid motionless. Look in my face ;

Could'st guess from it, it is not to a feast

I'm bidden ?

Jail. No.

Mel. Remember this, good friend.

And now, good night.

Loth am I, loth to let thee go—but go. [*Exit Jailor, c.*

Come, I shall sell my life. He's welcomest,

That offers boldest for it. Come, thou dog,

I fancy thee. Oh, had I but a sword !

Sol. Upon him, all at once, and down with him.

[*They draw their swords.*

All, all at once, I say. Now—

Evadne. [*Shrieking without.*] Open quick, I say!

Mel. My sister's voice!

Enter EVADNE, with JAILOR, c.

Eva. (R.) Melantius;

It is not too late.

Remove these men, and straight take off his chains.

Jail. (c.) Madam!

Eva. You see! [*Showing a ring.*] your duty's to obey,
And not to question.

Mel. Is it the tyrant's signet? [*Crosses to Evadne.*
Bloodhounds, your work.

Eva. Melantius, be a man,
And play not the rash boy. Is it not done?

Jail. Here, madam, is the order for his death.

[*Showing warrant.*

Eva. Here's the command that makes it nothing, sir.
Unbind him on the instant.

Mel. No.

Eva. Melantius!

Do it, sir.

Mel. Evadne, how is this?

Eva. I say,

Good brother, peace. Let them unshackle thee,
Then question. [*They unchain him.*] Leave us. Take these
men with thee. [*Exit Jailor and the rest, c.*

Mel. Evadne, how is this, I ask again?

How happens it, I see thee mistress here?

How cam'st thou by the signet of the king?

Talk not, Evadne, of thy brother's life,

And liberty:—How is it with his honour?

Is that safe? Tell me. Paidst thou for that ring

More than the worth of liberty and life?

Hast thou relapsed? Look at me. Thou canst meet

Mine eye, and prisoner art to vice no more.

That it should ever have enthralled thee! Oh!

Evadne, one so matchless rich as thou wast,

Should ne'er have grown so poor! Ay, hang thy head,

Thy dowry's gone. Thy jewels, ducats, lands,

Ten thousand brothers, with thy brother's love,

Could not replace for thee—but, seeing lost,

Would wish thee, too, away.

Eva. Thou'dst see me dead!

Hath a swerved sister, then, no use for life?

And would'st thou wish to see me dead, Melantius,

Because, oh, selfish man, thou lov'st thyself

More than thou lovest me? It is thy pride,

Thy jealous honour, not thy love for me,

That wished thy sister dead. Melantius, why

Would'st thou refuse thy breast to me, when now

I threw myself upon it, and

Would'st lock thy arms, and drive me shamed away,

As thou mine own door had'st shut upon me?

Mel. Sister, this house a tenant hath, to whom
Thou hast done a wrong so shameful, 'twere a shame
If it did open to thee—

Eva. Brother, no!

If tears are peacemakers with Heaven itself.

But earth, in virtue low as Heaven is high,

In pride of virtue toppeth lofty Heaven.

Melantius, thou didst ask me now, if more

I paid to save thy life, and set thee free,

Than life and freedom's worth—I did pay more.

Mel. What!

Eva. Ay, change colour. Clench thy hands. Breathe
hard,

Let thine eyes start, as from their seats they'd leap.

Set thy lip quivering, as with curses fraught,

More than thy tongue can speak. I *did* pay more.

Mel. Wanton!

Eva. A harder word, I prithee.

Mel. Wretch!

Eva. A harder still, my brother.

Mel. Murderess!

Eva. Ay, that's the word.

Mel. It fits thee, does it not?

Thy father's, mother's, brother's name, that slewest

When thou didst stab thine own. [Crosses, n.

Eva. What should I do,

But lull the tyrant? How else set thee free?

Mel. Monster of shame—outshaming shame itself!

Eva. What seek'st thou for?

Mel. To make a merit of

Thy act of wantonness!

Eva. What seek'st thou for ?

Mel. Pernicious wretch !

Eva. What seek'st thou for, I say ?

Mel. For what I know I have not ; yet, so want,
I can't believe but it is here.

Eva. Thy dagger ?

Mel. Yes.

Eva. Thou would'st kill me ? Here is one, my brother.

Mel. Give it me—'Tis bloody.

Eva. Is it ?

Mel. Reeking yet ;

As from a deed new done. Whose gore is it ?

The tyrant's ? Speak, Evadne.—Hast thou turned
From a lost angel into the wasting spirit
Of retribution ? *Is it the tyrant's blood !—*

Why, sister, dost not speak ? and what dost mean

By that unearthly look, as though a corse

Stood there, and glared upon me ?—Powers of grace,

Thou changest more and more ? The little light

Thine orbs had left, seems gone.—Thy lineaments

Grow sharp !—Their hue, that ashy was before,

Looks ashy now to that !—Thy frame contracts,

Like something that was vanishing—substance now,

Now air !—My heart is cowed before thee ! where

'Twas all a conflagration, nothing lives

But freezing horror now ! Speak, speak, Evadne,

What art thou ? Life or death ? What art thou ? Speak ?

Eva. A murderess !

Mel. Embrace me.—Smile, my sister.

Eva. Lo, an oblation to thy injured honour !

Mel. It is accepted. Smile, Evadne, smile.

Eva. Nor seemed it yet enough. I saw thee by me,
And when I struck, looked in thy fiery eye,

To see if thou wast pleased :—'Twas scowling still,

And seemed to say to me,—“Thou work'st by halves,

Evadne ! To no purpose dost thou slay

Thy paramour, if thou remain'st behind.

Follow the tyrant ! Follow him !”

Mel. 'Twas a fiend,

And not thy brother, so commanded !

Eva. Nay, 'twas thyself ! thyself, Melantius, as

Thou look'dst that hour upon me, when thy poniard,

By thy fierce honour on thy sister drawn,
Flashed in her face, like light'ning sent from heaven
To strike and melt her sin-encrusted soul!

"Follow the tyrant," thou didst seem to say;
Nor did I think thee wrong to wish me dead—
A loathsome worm upon the healthful leaf
Of thy fair honour feeding!—I resolved
To do thy bidding, my Melantius!

Mel. No, not for a thousand worlds!

Eva. Thou'dst have me live?

Mel. Ay, my poor sister!—kiss me!

[*She sinks into his arms.—Distant shouts.*]

Enter AMINTOR and ASPATIA wounded, R.

Ami. My Melantius! [Coming down, L.]

Hast thou not heard the shout of liberty?
The city is in arms, thy brother leads the throng!—
The tyrant's dead—slain by some unknown hand,
Righteously slain! Lysippus is proclaimed,
And, with a general amnesty, begins
A more auspicious reign!

Eva. Is't not Amintor,
My much-wronged husband, speaks?

Mel. It is, Evadne.

Eva. Bid him draw near—Amintor, where's thy page?

Ami. The boy is here. [Pointing to Aspatia, L.] A drop
or two of blood

The poorer for his master's sake: my shield,
Against my will: he bravely took a blow
Intended for my life.

Eva. No boy is he!—The vain disguise ne'er blinded
me—

That pang!—

Amintor, know Aspatia in thy page,
And take her clearance from her enemy.
She never swerved: the tyrant slandered her,
To gain his ends with thee.
His dying groans proclaimed her innocence,
And his own guilty practice. I ne'er wronged her.

Ami. Aspatia!

Have I another fault like this to answer?

Eva. Give her thy hand,

When I've released it, which anon I'll do.

Mel. What mean'st thou, love?

Eva. Melantius, turn thy head,
For I am faint—that I may look on thee.
Turn it full round. I would see all thy face.
My own Melantius! thou'rt my brother still!
Bend thy head towards me. Let me kiss thy cheek,
Now this, and now thy forehead: dear Melantius,
And didst thou say indeed, thou'dst have me live?

Mel. I did, my sister.

Eva. And wouldst thou love me then?

Mel. My dear, dear sister!

Eva. I'd fain deserve thy love. I would not live
A blemish in a noble brother's eye,
So swallowed poison. Brother, I am dying!

Mel. Come, let me bear thee to some place of help.

Eva. There is no place for me so fit to die
As here. [Shouts, and a flourish without.]

Enter DIPHILUS, LYSIPPUS, CLEON, DION, &c., c.

Dip. (R.) Melantius, thou art free. We are revenged.
The King himself comes to unloose thy bonds—
Evadne!—

Mel. 'Tis too late. I have no thought
For aught on earth but her.

Mel. Lean on me, love; come, my Evadne—

Eva. I must rest here;
My strength begins to disobey my will:
I would fain live now, if I could, Melantius;
Wouldst thou have loved me then?

Mel. Alas!
All that I am's not worth one thought of thee.

Eva. Give me thy hand:—my hands stretch up and
down,

And cannot find thee.—Have I thy hand, Melantius?

Mel. Thou greatest blessing of the world, thou hast.—

Eva. I do believe thee better than my sense.

Oh, I must go.—Farewell! [Dies.]

Mel. She swoons!—help, here!—for Heaven's sake,
help!

Evadne! speak.—I'll chafe her temples—nothing stirs.
Some hidden power tell her Melantius calls,

And let her answer me! Evadne! speak!

Oh, she's gone!—

Since out of justice, we must challenge nothing,

I'll call it mercy, if you'll pity me,

Ye heavenly powers! and lend, for some few years,

The blessed soul to this fair seat again!

No comfort comes,—the heavens deny me, too.

Evadne!—my Evadne!

Oh, my heart!

Wilt thou not burst at need—'tis this must

Free thee!

[*Offers to kill himself.*]

Ami. My Melantius!

Dip. Hold, brother!

[*Disarming him.*]

Mel. His spirit is but poor, that can be kept

From death for want of weapons. My murdered sister,

He, who caused thy death, will ne'er outlive thee.

My sister! my dear sister! [*Throws himself on the body.*]

Ami. My poor friend! Remove the body from him.

Dear Aspatia,

I will not leave thy truth unrecompensed,

If a whole life of grateful love can quit it.

Prince, may this to thee be an example

To rule with temper. For on lustful kings,

Unlooked-for, sudden deaths, from Heaven are sent;

But woe to him that is their instrument!

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF
THE CURTAIN.

LORDS.

LORDS.

CLEON.

DION.

JAILOR.

MELANTIUS.

LYSIPPUS.

DIPHILUS.

EVADNE.

AMINTOR.

ASPATIA

R.]

[L.



MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

No. XLVI.

THE
FOLLIES OF A NIGHT.

A Vaudeville Comedy

IN TWO ACTS.

BY J. R. PLANCHE.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS,
RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC

• NEW YORK:

BERFORD & CO., No. 2 ASTOR HOUSE.

1847.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

1155 N. 4TH ST. NEW YORK

ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

This ingenious version of a lively French vaudeville comedy, was first produced the fifth of October, 1842, at Drury Lane. It is from the pen of Planché, and has all that exquisite neatness of construction, which distinguishes his many successful pieces for the stage. The materials of the plot are slight, but they are so nicely adjusted, and the incidents, though by no means novel, are so happily combined, that the comedy is a succession of amusing surprises and clever hits.

The scene is in France, in the youth of Orleans when Duke de Chartres : and the "Follies of a Night" are those of the *Duchess*, who takes advantage of her husband's absence with the army to venture to a masquerade ball, and those of the *Duke*, who avails himself of his supposed absence to return secretly to Paris for a little amusement of his own. Between the manœuvres of the two, *Pierre Palliot*, who has come to the metropolis in search of fortune and his uncle *Druggendraft*, the ducal physician, is bandied about till he finds all that he sought, and even more, in the person of a suitable bride.

The comedy was thoroughly successful in the representation. Charles Mathews, as the adventurer, threw a tinge of rusticity into his gallantry and address, and was a most mercurial young spark ; and Madame Vestris played the coquette with her wonted elegance and ease. Mr. Hudson as the *Duke*, appeared to better advantage than he had ever done, his vivacity not being too boisterous ; and he sang a song of rakish sentiment with piquancy and effect. Compton, as *Dr. Druggendraft*, was droll without buffoonery. There was a quiet avoidance of grimace and exaggeration in his manner, and he won hearty applause without either. The effect of the little songs, unIntroduced by

symphony, as if they were but vocal terminations to the dialogue, was very pleasant. "Every one of the performers," says the Examiner, "acted well, and sang well, and the running accompaniment of laughter from the audience never failed. The most morose must have yielded to the infection; and we were not surprised next day to see grave critics resenting the weakness of giving was to a piece that, with nothing wonderful in the way of character, and no astonishing harvest of wit, had made so many people happy for half an evening. It is a charming addition to Mr. Planché's many accomplishments of that kind."

This comedy was one of the favourite afterpieces of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, during their recent theatrical tour through the United States. It is also frequently performed at Mitchell's Olympic Theatre with that spirit and good taste, which the management habitually displays in its production of vaudevilles of this class. We would like it better if the songs were all preserved in the representation; but it is not often that we have a comic hero and heroine, who can please by their singing as well as by their acting.

Those who have read or seen a three act Comedy called "*Charlot*," by Messrs. Lockroy, Anicet Bourgeois, and Vanderburch, will know how far I have deviated from the plot of the original. Those who have not, will be satisfied with my acknowledgment of obligation to a French *Cadre*—such an avowal being more necessary for my credit than for their amusement. I shall only add, that none of the Vaudevilles in this comedy are to be found in the French piece, and that those sung by Madame Vestris and Mr. Hudson are published (with the music adapted to them by Mr. T. Cooke,) by Mr. Chappell, 50 New Bond Street.

J. R. P.

October 20th, 1842.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>Drury Lane, 1842.</i>	<i>Park, 1845.</i>	<i>Olympic, 1846.</i>
<i>Duke De Chartres*</i>	Mr. Hudson.	Mr. C. Kean.	Mr. Fenno, Chanfrau
<i>Count de Brissac ...</i>	" Roberts.	" S. Pearson.	" Clark.
<i>Dr. Druggendraft..</i>	" Compton.	" Bass.	" Nickinson.
<i>Pierre Palliot.....</i>	" Chas. Mathews.	" Fisher.	" Walcot.
<i>Officer</i>	" Yarnold.	" Buloid.	" Levere.
<i>Servant.....</i>	" Carle.	" Heath.	" Bleecker.
<i>Duchess de Chartres</i>	Madame Vestris.	Mrs. C. Kean.	Miss Clarke.
<i>Mademoiselle Duval.</i>	Miss Turpin.	" Abbott.	Miss Roberts.

* Grand Nephew of Louis the 14th, and afterwards the celebrated Regent Duke of Orleans. During the life-time of his father, he was called the Duke de Chartres. His Duchess was Francoise Marie de Bourbon, natural daughter of Louis 14th. They were married, Feb. 18th, 1692.

COSTUMES.

PHILIP, DUKE DE CHARTRES.—Purple velvet coat embroidered in gold, wide cuffs, white satin breeches, three-cornered hat, full powdered wig.

COUNT DE BRISSAC.—Light blue coat, with gold trimmings, blue breeches, three-cornered hat, powdered wig.

DR. DRUGGENDRAFT.—Square cut coat of black velvet, black velvet breeches, black silk stockings, three-cornered hat, curled and powdered wig.

PIERRE PALLIOT.—Stone-coloured coat, trimmed with black velvet, full trunks of the same.

OFFICER.—Military suit, high jack boots.

SERVANT.—Livery of white merino, faced with red.

DUCHESS.—Rich brocade dress, open in front, and looped up with flowers, white satin underskirt, with two deep lace flounces, powdered hair, ornamented with feathers and flowers.

MA'LE DUVAL.—Orange coloured silk dress, open in front, plain white silk underskirt, powdered hair.

MASQUERADERS.—Different coloured dominoes.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L., *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*; L. C., *Left of Centre*.

N.B. Passages marked with Inverted Commas, are usually omitted in the representation.

THE FOLLIES OF A NIGHT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Foyer, or Saloon of the Opera House, in the Palais Royal at Paris, A. D. 1693.—In the c., a Pedestal, upon which is a Clock—immediately under it, a Seat. A Balustrade at the back, divides the Foyer from a Lobby, supposed to lead into the body of the Theatre. Arches at each side form entrances into the Foyer. As the Curtain rises, Music heard as from the Ball. Masquers are seen passing to and fro, and lounging over the Balustrade.*

CHORUS.—(*"Danse des Folies, Gustave."*)

Merrily! merrily! merrily! merrily!
Hasten to the Masquerade,
Merrily! merrily! merrily! merrily!
Be the call of mirth obeyed.
Come where Beauty
Claims your duty—
Love, in whispers soft conveyed,
Makes the tender
Heart surrender
Quickly, at the Masquerade.
Merrily! merrily! merrily! &c.

[*Masquers gradually disperse.*]

Enter PIERRE PALLIOT, R. U. E.

Pie. [*Advancing and looking around.*] Wonders will never cease! I am here, actually here—and twelve months ago who would have deemed it probable, nay, possible? But it's quite true, unless I am in a dream. Here do I stand, Pierre Palliot, aged twenty-two, native of Beauvais, son of Michael Palliot, blacksmith and farrier, here do I positively stand in the Saloon of the Opera House, in the Palais Royal at Paris, with an assignation in my hand

from a lovely woman of quality; for I have no doubt whatever that these lines have been written by some lady of high rank and exceeding beauty, who has been struck with my personal appearance, and has discovered where I live. Look at the paper—soft as satin—smell it—like a garden of roses—and then the style—so mysterious and commanding—“*Be at the Masquerade to-night, at twelve precisely, in the Saloon, and immediately under the clock.*” The thing speaks for itself. How fortunate that I had money enough to buy a ticket. Another week, and my purse would have been empty! There’s the clock; it only wants five minutes to the time!

AIR.—PIERRE.—(“*Mon rocher de St. Malo.*”)

My first grand step in life ’twill be,
Of girls I’ve wooed a score;
But to a dame of quality,
I never spoke before!
As the hour draws near,
I scarce can draw my breath;
My first step in life, I fear,
Will really be—my death.

At Beauvais, they used to say,
I had such a winning way,
And I own I found the fair
Very tender-hearted there;
But in such things, Paris may
Differ widely from Beauvais!
As the hour draws near,
I scarce can draw my breath, &c

Enter DR. DRUGGENDRAFT, R. U. E.

Dr. D. [Reading a note.] “*Be at the Masquerade to-night, at twelve precisely, in the Saloon, and immediately under the clock.*” Who could have sent me this note? I burn with impatience to behold the writer! Some lady of the Court, fascinated by my manners, and dazzled by my reputation. [Reads the address.] “*To Dr. Druggendraft, Physician in ordinary to their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess de Chartres.*” Let me see! let me see! My old countrywoman, the Countess of Klatterhausen, who came from Bavaria with the Duchess of Orleans! Venus forbid! Ma’llé Duval, the new and lovely lady in waiting on the Duchess de Chartres; if it should!—but no—I can scarcely venture to hope so—and yet, a poor dependant on the

Duchess's bounty, she may have been flattered by the attentions of a man of my talent and influence.

Pie. [Aside, looking at his note.] I am sure it will turn out to be from the lady who let her handkerchief fall from her coach, the day before yesterday.

Doc. [Aside.] It must be from Ma'lle Duval.

Pie. [Aside.] It's just twelve. She'll be here in an instant, whoever she is! There's a seat under the clock—I'll take possession of it.

Dr. D. [Aside.] There's a seat under the clock—I'll secure it. *[As he turns towards it, Pierre seats himself.]* Confound it! there's a fellow just popped himself into it. *[To Pierre.]* I beg your pardon, sir; but would you allow me to sit there?

Pie. With the greatest pleasure, sir, after me.

Dr. D. Excuse me, sir, but I mean *now*.

Pie. Excuse me, sir, I cannot move at present.

Dr. D. But, sir, I am sure, when I tell you that I have a particular reason—

Pie. And, sir, when I tell you that I have particular reason—

Dr. D. But, my dear sir, I assure you that I have an appointment of the utmost confidence.

Pie. But, my dear sir, so have I.

Dr. D. What! under this clock, sir?

Pie. Immediately under this clock, sir—at twelve precisely.

Dr. D. [Aside.] The devil! "At twelve precisely"—"Immediately under the clock." The very words in my note! Can it be a woman in male attire? *[Aloud.]* Will you allow me to inquire—did you expect to see me here?

Pie. Hav'n't the slightest notion who you are, sir.

Dr. D. Sir, you have quoted words which are contained in this note, and I must therefore insist—

Pie. In *that* note—they are in *this* note!

[Comes forward, L.]

Both. [Reading their notes at the same time.] "Be at the Masquerade to-night, at twelve precisely, in the Saloon, and immediately under the clock."

Dr. D. Ha!

Pie. Eh?

Dr. D. Word for word!

Pie. Letter for letter!

Dr. D. Sir! there must be some mistake. You will perceive, this letter is plainly addressed to me.

Pie. And this to me. [They exchange notes.]

Dr. D. [Reading.] "*Monsieur Pierre Palliot, No. 7, Rue de L'Echelle.*"

Pie. "*To Dr. Druggendraft, Physician in ordinary to their Royal Highnesses the*"—Good gracious! You *Dr. Druggendraft*! Why, then, you're my uncle! Oh, my dear uncle!

[Going to embrace him.]

Dr. D. Gently, gently, if you please. Do you mean to say—

Pie. I mean to say that I am *Pierre Palliot*, son of *Michel Palliot*, blacksmith and farrier, of *Beauvais*, who married your sister, who is my mother, and from whom I have a letter, which I have never been able to give you, because you were never at home, though I've called ten times, at least.

Dr. D. [Aside.] Deuce take him! How provoking! [Aloud.] Well, well, young man, admit that you are the person you represent yourself, that does not clear up the mystery of these notes—this ridiculous rencontre.

Pie. Yes, yes, I think it will—I have a clue to it now. It's *Coquillard*.

Dr. D. *Coquillard*! Who's *Coquillard*?

Pie. *Jean Coquillard*, a schoolfellow of mine, the only creature I know in *Paris*; I met him yesterday, as I was coming back from one of my fruitless calls on you, and told him that I despaired altogether of finding you. Upon which he laughed, and said, that in less than two days he would bring us face to face! And he has done so! Ha! ha! ha! The cunning rogue! Ha! ha! ha!

Dr. D. [Aside.] The impertinent rascal! Master *Palliot*, I consider that your friend has taken a most unwarrantable liberty with my name, and I request you will tell him so. I wish you good evening.

[Going.]

Pie. Why, you're not going off so, without my mother's letter—I've got it in my pocket—I've always carried it about with me, in case I should meet you by accident. There it is. [Producing letter, and giving it to *Dr. D.*] Read it: you'll find I am recommended especially to your protection.

Dr. D. [*Putting the letter unread into his pocket.*] Master Palliot, I tell you what I will do for you. If you will return to Beauvais to-morrow morning, and promise that I shall never hear of you any more, I will pay your travelling expenses, and feel obliged to you into the bargain.

Pie. Go back to Beauvais! Now that I have found an uncle in Paris, who can make my fortune for me!—for my mother assures me you can do it with a word—

Dr. D. Your mother flatters me, and deceives you. Go back to Beauvais, my good lad. You may make a very respectable blacksmith, but you have neither education nor person to warrant a hope of your success here.

Pie. Neither education nor person! I'm a capital fencer, and can play the flute and the violin; and as to person, though I have not yet perhaps acquired so distinguished an air as your Paris gallants, I beg to inform you that I have already been noticed by a lady of rank and fortune.

Dr. D. [*Contemptuously.*] You! In what way, pr'y-thee!

Pie. She dropped her handkerchief out of her carriage window—a carriage with four horses, uncle! I picked it up, and ran after the carriage to give it her back again; but she never stopped to take it!

Dr. D. Because she never missed it, of course—Do you know who the lady was?

Pie. No, I didn't see her face; but the handkerchief is embroidered, and has a coronet on it, and a cypher; here it is—perhaps you can tell me. [*Producing a handkerchief.*

Dr. D. A coronet and cypher—[*Taking handkerchief and examining it.—Aside.*] Mercy preserve me!—What do I see!

Pie. Well?

Dr. D. [*Aside.*] 'Tis her's, no doubt!

Pie. Do you recognize?

Dr. D. No. [*Aside.*] And to think of this young coxcomb presuming to suppose that—no matter—to prevent any scandalous misinterpretations—

[*Puts handkerchief into his pocket.*

Pie. Hey-day!—I say, what are you going to do with it!

Dr. D. Keep it—'Tis the best service I can render you ; good evening.

Pie. But, uncle—

Dr. D. If you determine to return to Beauvais, remember, I will pay your expenses.

Pie. But I won't do any such thing—I will stay at Paris ; I want to be a doctor—like you.

Dr. D. A doctor !—a horse doctor, perhaps, at Beauvais—a doctor like me, indeed—it will be some time, I fancy, before anybody sees a doctor like me !—go home, young man—be advised ; or at all events, let me never hear any more of you.

Pie. What ! do you really mean to treat the only son of your only sister in this way ? Very well—very well, *Dr. Druggendraft*, I shall stay in Paris notwithstanding. We shall see—we shall see ! [*Walks about angrily.*

Enter a SERVANT, R. U. E., who recognizes the Doctor, and gives him a note.

Ser. (R.) [*Aside to the Doctor.*] From her Royal Highness—

Dr. D. From her Royal Highness ! Quick, let me peruse. [*Reads note to himself.*

Pie. Because I've been brought up in the country—because I've not such fine clothes—oh—we shall see—we shall see.

Dr. D. [*Aside.*] Impossible !—Not to be thought of !—She must be out of her senses to imagine—

Ser. [*Aside to the Doctor.*] Her Royal Highness is waiting.

Dr. D. I come on the instant. Oh, I must prevent her—I cannot suffer—It would be downright madness.

[*Going.*

Pie. *Dr. Druggendraft*—do you persist ?

[*Intercepting him.*

Dr. D. Oh, by the bye. [*To Servant.*] Look well at that young man. If ever he should present himself at the door of my apartments in the Palace—remember, I am not at home.

Ser. I shall take care, sir.

Dr. D. Good bye, young man—if you would make a noise in the world, stick to your father's sledge hammer.

[*Exit, followed by Servant, R. U. E.*

Pie. There's an uncle for you ; the children in the wood hadn't one so barbarous. It's enough to make one forswear uncles. If I were King of France, I'd abolish uncles.—Go back to Beauvais—be a blacksmith—a horse doctor ! I'll let him know. I'll go to Coquillard the first thing in the morning ; he said yesterday, that a young fellow was never thought anything of in Paris, till he had a mistress or a duel. I'll have both directly, I will, and I'll see if I can't make a noise in the world without a sledge hammer. [*Going out furiously, runs against the Duke de Chartres.*] Stand out of my way, do ! [*Exit, L. U. E.*]

Duke. [*Hastily picking up his mask, which Pierre had knocked off.*] Confound the fellow ! Is he mad, or drunk ? Luckily, no one was near to see me unmasked. What a set of ruffians there is at these public masquerades ; I wonder any women trust themselves in such a crowd, and yet there are hundreds here, and some elegant looking creatures, too. What the deuce has become of Brissac ? I thought I saw him go this way.

[*Exit up the Stage, L., looking about.*]

Enter DR. DRUGGENDRAFT, with the DUCHESS on one arm, and MA'LE DUVAL on the other, R. U. E. The Duchess is in a Pink Domino, and Ma'le Duval in a Blue one.

Dr. D. From that gallery, madam, you may behold without danger—but pray keep on your mask—

Duch. I cannot—it smothers me—I must breathe a little—there is no one here at this moment to see us.

Dr. D. If it should get to the Duke's ears—what will become of me ?

Duch. The Duke is at Compeigne with the army.

Dr. D. But if his majesty should learn—

Duch. You can plead my commands.

Dr. D. It will be of no avail—your Royal Highness must pardon my saying, I ought not to have obeyed them. Only consider, madam, the Duchess de Chartres, the daughter of his Majesty Louis the 14th., at a public Masquerade, during the absence of her royal husband, without his sanction or knowledge, what motives may not be attributed—

Duch. My motives, sir, cannot be doubted. I have

known all my life how Princes pass their time at Court. I wished to see how people amused themselves in Paris, and as I am not likely to learn that by remaining in this saloon, I beg, as we are here, that we may descend at once into the ball-room.

Dr. D. But, madam, your Royal Highness has no idea of the liberty, the license that reigns in a Masquerade of this description. You will expose yourself to see and hear many things—

Duch. Which I never saw or heard before. That is precisely my object in coming, as I have already told you, so a truce to your sermons. If I faint, there is Ma'lle Duval to catch me, and you to bring me to again. We are still actually under the roof of the Palais Royal—in two minutes, I can retreat through this gallery to my own apartments; and if even cut off from that, I have the key of the private entrance from the street. In short, I am bent on the frolic, and will not be disappointed. Besides—

AIR.—DUCHESS.—“*Le Boquet de Bal.*”

After all that you can say,
Where's the wondrous harm, I pray?
If in proverbs truth there be,
My husband is to blame, not me!
He is absent—I am here—
Surely, then, the case is clear,
'Tis confessed, the wide world o'er,
“*Les absens ont toujours tort.*”

Many here disguised parade,
Whose lives are all a masquerade;
Many drop the vizard fair
Which in the world they daily wear.
Come, let's join the motley throng,
Meaning none—we *do* no wrong;
Pleasure calls—and from her corps,
“*Les absens ont toujours tort.*”

Ma'lle D. Your spirits run away with you, madam.

Duch. Fear nothing. I can keep my seat—

Dr. D. Your mask! your mask, madam—here's company coming.

Enter DUKE, L. U. E.

Duke. I can see nothing of Brissac. Who have we here? I certainly should know that shuffling-shambling

gait! I'd venture a wager, it's my old German physician, Doctor Druggendraft. Oh, it is, there can be no doubt; and with a girl on each arm, too. The old monopolist! [*The Doctor keeps turning round with the ladies as the Duke tries to examine them.*] How he twists about, like a trussed fowl on the spit. He is evidently afraid of losing either his liver or his gizzard! That pink domino under his right wing has a mighty pretty air about her. If I could only find my aid-de-camp, we'd relieve him of both his charges in ten minutes. Ah, there's Brissac. [*Exit, R.*

Dr. D. Phew! Thank goodness, he's gone at last. I began to tremble.

Duch. To own the truth, so did I.

Ma'lle D. I was so frightened I could scarcely breathe.

Duch. I really think that man knew one of us, or had some suspicion.

Dr. D. Don't say so, madam, or I shall sink.

Ma'lle D. Oh, mercy! Here he comes again with another.

Dr. D. I feel something terrible will happen.

Re-enter DUKE, with BRISSAC, R.

Duke. [*To Brissac.*] Yes! they are still here.

Ma'lle D. I beseech you, madam, let us retire.

Duch. No, no, let us lose them in the crowd—'tis the best plan.

Dr. D. This way, then, quick, quick.

[*Exeunt Doctor, Duchess, and Ma'lle Duval, L. U. E.*

Duke. Hippocrates has taken the alarm! Follow him, Brissac. He doesn't know you, and when you get into the thick of the crowd, make a dash, and separate him from the pink domino. I'll watch you from hence. Run, run, or you'll lose them!

[*As Brissac runs out, Pierre enters, R. U. E., and runs against him.—Pierre's hat is knocked out of his hand.*

Pie. Stand out of my way, do. Stop! Pick up that hat, sir, as you knocked it out of my hand. Do you hear? Come back, sir! He won't hear, and he don't come back. So much the better! I'm insulted! The very thing I wanted. He shall give me satisfaction. If I can find him again— [*As he is going toward his hat to pick it up, the*

Duke, who is watching Brissac, kicks it out of his way.
Hollo, sir! Do you know what you are doing?

Duke. Go to the devil! [*Aside.*] There they are! I see them!

Pie. Go to the devil! Sir, I must insist—

Duke. What's the matter with you?

Pie. Sir, do you know you kicked my hat?

Duke. Sir, if you pester me, I shall kick you!

Pie. Kick me! Sir, you shall fight me! You have insulted me, and I demand satisfaction! [*Aside.*] I've got this fellow, and I'll stick to him.

Duke. [*Aside.*] How shall I get rid of this fool?

Pie. There's my address, sir. No. 7, Rue de L'Echelle.

Duke. Very well—you shall hear from me. [*Aside.*] He shall have a month in the Bastile!

Pie. I shall expect it, sir. You will favour me with your name and address, sir.

Duke. [*Looking out, and aside.*] Bravo, Brissac. He's got the pink domino away. She breaks from him, though, and there she runs—

Pie. And to-morrow morning, sir, I shall teach you a lesson.

Duke. [*Aside.*] She's mine! she's mine!

[*Runs out, L. U. E.*]

Pie. [*Not perceiving his exit.*] You will find that I am not a man to be insulted with impunity. Your name, if you please, sir. [*Turning.*] Gone! Without giving his name! Well—it doesn't signify—he's got mine, and if he isn't a rank coward, I shall hear from him in the morning. Yes, yes, I think I am sure of my duel! And now for a mistress. If a pretty woman would but throw herself in my way—

Enter the DUCHESS, hastily, L. U. E.

Duch. Save me! save me!

[*Is fainting—Pierre catches her.*]

Pie. Here's one at a wish—Madam, with the greatest pleasure—I—eh—why, she has fainted. Poor soul, she really *has* fainted. Here's an adventure—somebody's pursuing her—she begged me to save her; I *will* save her! I'll be her guardian angel, and waft her—Gad's life! it's as much as I can, though! [*Exit, carrying Duchess, R.*]

SCENE II.—*The Street.—Night.*

Enter the DUKE, running—he stops short, and looks on all sides.

Duke. No trace of her, by all that's provoking! Brissac swore she made for the street. Confound that fool of a Scaramouch who knocked my hat over my eyes; in that instant I lost sight of her!

Enter BRISSAC, hastily.

Brissac! you must have made a mistake—she is not this way—let us return, and—

Bri. Not if you would remain unknown, sir. The police are after us—I have had a sharp run for it.

Duke. The police—what for?

Bri. Nay, I know not. The girl in blue made some complaint to the Commissary.

Duke. Fiddle faddle—complaint—that we didn't run after her, I suppose?

Bri. Nô; the offence, I think, seemed to be our pursuit of the pink one. The old Doctor was half crazy.

Duke. Ha! ha! He little guessed who were his tormentors. But as to the lady, she should not have taken flight if she didn't wish us to follow her.

AIR.—DUKE.—(*Old French Air, adapted by Mr. T. Cooke.*)

With women, as with other game, the pleasure's in the chase,
Once caught, the interest ceases—yet to blame us, they've the face!
If they would not be hunted, why so chary of their charms?
Can't they fling themselves at once into the nearest lover's arms?
'Tis wicked, it's immoral, to run after them, they say,
When tis very clear we couldn't if they didn't run away.

[*Exeunt, R.*

SCENE III.—*Pierre's Lodging in the Rue de L'Echelle.—*

A poorly furnished Apartment—a Window at the back, through which the Moon is streaming in—on R., the door of his Bedchamber—on L., facing it, the door opening on Staircase—the door of a Cupboard or Closet, L. U. E.—A Table and two Chairs.

Enter PIERRE, L., carrying the DUCHESS, who is still insensible.

Pie. [*Placing her in a chair, c.*] Phew!—I've managed

it!—I didn't mind the level ground; but six pair of stairs breathed me! I began to think I should never get up the last flight. Here we are, however, and the lady still insensible! Mercy upon us—if she should be dead!—I may be hanged for murder! I've a great mind to carry her down again into the street! [*The Duchess moves and utters a sigh.*] Ah! she's not dead, at all events! I'll get a light and a glass of water! [*Runs into Bedchamber, R.*]

Duch. [*Reviving.*] All dark!—where am I?—what has happened?—Ma'lle Duval—Doctor—am I dreaming?—what place is this?—ah, I remember! an uproar, a confusion—I was pursued by some one—Gracious powers, whither have they transported me? Help! help!

Pierre. [*Within.*] Coming! coming, madam, directly!

Duch. A stranger's voice! Where shall I fly?

Feeling about the room.

Re-enter PIERRE, with a lighted candle, and a glass of water, R.

Pie. Here—here's a glass of water, madam. I'm sorry I've nothing better to offer you, but—[*She turns, he starts.*] Oh! what a beautiful creature!

Duch. [*Aside.*] This is not the man who pursued me! [*Aloud.*] Where am I, sir—speak, I implore you?

Pie. In the Rue de L'Echelle, madam—No. 7—on the sixth story—a long way up; but now you're here, do take a sip of water, you'll find it refresh you; and pray sit down, you're quite safe here, I assure you—and after so long a faint—[*Aside.*] What eyes she has got!

Duch. Who are you, sir—and how came I hither?

Pie. My name is Pierre Palliot, madam, of Beauvais, and I had the pleasure of carrying you here from the Opera House—I can't exactly say at your request—but you begged me to save you from somebody or something, and I did it as well as I could, at so short a notice.

Duch. I do recollect appealing to some one.

Pie. I was that favoured individual, madam. Too happy to afford any assistance to a lady of your rank and beauty—

Duch. Rank!—do you know me?

Pie. I have not that honour, madam; but I am convinced, from your appearance, that you are a person of

distinction. It needs not the splendour of that ornament [*Pointing to a Locket, surrounded by brilliants, which hangs from the Duchess' neck,*] to assure me that its wearer is one of the most exalted of her sex. [*Aside.*] They all like to be thought so—and in her present position, up six pair of stairs, why—

Duch. [*Aside.*] He is not an accomplice; and seems obliging and respectful. [*Aloud.*] You said you were of Beauvais, I think.

Pie. Yes, madam.

Duch. And perhaps, then, a stranger in Paris?

Pie. I know but two persons in it: Jean Coquillard; an old schoolfellow, and my uncle, Dr. Druggendraft.

Duch. Dr. Druggendraft your uncle?

Pie. Do you know him, madam?

Duch. I—no—I have heard of him. [*Aside.*] How singular.

Pie. The less you know of him the better, I can tell you—he's a good-for-nothing old fellow. Would you believe it, madam, I am the only son of his sister, and he has forbidden me his doors, because my father is not so well off in the world as he is! Oh, let me only make my fortune, as I know I shall do one of these days—

Duch. [*Aside.*] His simplicity assures me that I have nothing to fear. [*Aloud.*] My gratitude is due to you for the service you have already rendered me; may I request you to add to the obligation by—

Pie. [*Interrupting her.*] Oh, madam, you have but to speak, and—

Duch. By calling me a coach.

Pie. (L.) A coach! [*Aside.*] Oh, hang it! she wants to go.

Duch. Do, pray get me a coach directly.

Pie. I question if at this hour I should find one.

Duch. Oh, yes, yes! I am told all night long in some places.

Pie. [*Aside.*] What shall I do? if I get her a coach, she'll go away, and I may never see her again—I ought to make a passionate declaration to her—What a fool!—I'll summon up courage, and say something very ardent! [*Aloud.*] Madam!

[*Advancing hastily.*

Duch. Sir!

Pie. I—I'll see if I can get you a coach. [*Crosses, L.*

Duch. Let me entreat you to make haste—every moment is of consequence to me.

Pie. I am going this instant—you won't mind being left alone in this apartment?

Duch. Oh, no, no—

Pie. It's clean and airy. That window opens on the street—there's a very pretty prospect from it in the day time, I can assure you.

Duch. I have no doubt—

Pie. You can see the roofs of all the houses on the other side of the way.

Duch. That must be highly interesting—but just at present—

Pie. Ah! just at present, the view *inside* is most interesting to me! [*Aside.*] I've done it—I've said something!

Duch. [*Aside.*] Will he never go!

Pie. And she's evidently affected by it. Bravo! I'm as bold as a lion now. I'll make a dash at once. [*Aloud.*] Yes, madam, at this moment, I say the view *within* is most interesting; for, oh, madam!—

[*Falls on one knee, L. of her.*

Duch. [*Turning quickly and running to him.*] Have you hurt yourself?

Pie. Eh? Not at all.

Duch. Thank goodness! [*Helping him up.*] I was afraid you had. I wish you to make haste, certainly, but not to endanger ~~your~~ limbs or your neck.

Pie. You're very kind.—I'm much obliged to you—I—I'll go for the coach directly. [*Exit, L.*

Duch. Poor fellow! I think he limps a little—'twas an awkward fall. Mercy on me; I, alone, at this hour, with a young man, in his apartments! Oh, into what a situation has my foolish frolic plunged me.—What a place to live in. [*Looking around.*] And yet, no doubt, he is as happy here, as he would be in the finest furnished apartments in the Palace of Versailles. And why not? After all, with youth, health, and a clear conscience, one ought to be happy anywhere.

AIR.—DUCHESS.

Did we mortals know how little on earth,
Was really for happiness needed;

What cares would fade—what love and mirth
 Would plume every moment's wing;
 For content is the only true spring,
 From which happiness ever proceeded—
 And the source which we seek far and wide.
 The poorest may find by his own fireside.

Now we dream 'tis *this*—now we fancy 'tis *there*,
 No light on our dull sense breaking;
 As an absent man hunts everywhere
 For the hat which is under his arm.
 For content is the only true charm,
 Of this world a bright paradise making--
 And the bliss which we seek far and wide,
 Awaits us, unseen, by our own fireside.

Ah!—Somebody ascends the stairs—They pause at the door. If it should be—

Pierre. [Without.] Open the door, if you please.

Duch. No!—It is his voice—It is Monsieur Palliot!

[Opens the door, &c.]

Enter PIERRE, with a basket in one hand, some bread in the other, and a bottle of wine under each arm.

Pie. I beg your pardon—but my hands, you see, are full, and I could not turn the key.

Duch. Is the coach at the door?

Pie. Ah, the coach! I'm sorry to say, there wasn't one to be found.

Duch. How distressing! You surely cannot have tried—you have been gone so short a time!

Pie. Oh, I ran, and looked in every direction, and hailed two or three that were hired. It's beginning to rain, and they're all gone in a moment.—[Aside.] I flatter myself I told that lie famously. Oh, it's a capital idea I've got now, if I can but follow it up.

Duch. [Aside.] There is but one way left. [Aloud.] Sir, you have shown so much readiness to oblige me, that I am emboldened to ask you another favour.

Pie. A favour!—of me!—Oh, speak!—I—

[Endeavours to express his feelings by action, but is embarrassed by the provisions he is laden with.]

Duch. May I request you, as no coach is to be obtained, to see me safely home?

Pie. See you home! With the greatest pleasure—after supper.

Duch. No, now; without delay. Give me your arm.

Pie. My arm—why, you see—at present—just wait a moment. [*Putting down basket, &c., on table.*] I really am so hungry, and I was sure you must be so, too, that I thought a cold roast fowl, and a paté, and a glass of Bordeaux or Chablis, whichever you like best—I would have brought some Champagne, but—[*aside*!—but had no more money.

Duch. For me! I fear that you have put yourself to expense.

Pie. Oh, don't mention that, pray, madam, I'm only sorry that, not having expected company—[*Running to the closet.*] I have two plates, however—indeed, I may say three, almost, [*showing a broken one,*] and two glasses and if you will condescend to put up with—

Duch. Believe me, I appreciate your kindness; but just at this moment I am too anxious, too alarmed, to feel hungry; and if you will but enable me to reach home in safety—

Pie. After supper.

Duch. No, now, now! [*A knock at the door, L.*

Pie. A knock at my door? Who can that be?

Duch. My mask, my mask! [*Looking for it.*

Pie. It can't be Coquillard—and I know nobody else. [*Knock again.*] Come in.

Duch. For mercy's sake— [*Bolts the door.*

Pie. Don't come in! [*To her.*] You're quite right. I beg your pardon. [*Aloud.*] Stop a minute.

Duch. Where can I hide? tell me, tell me!

[*Snatching up mask and domino.*

Pie. In here; take the key. I'll tap when they're gone. [*Knocking again.*] I'm coming. [*Duchess enters bedchamber hastily.*] Now, then. [*Opens door, L.*

Enter DUKE, L.

Duke. Sorry to intrude, but—

Pie. [*Aside.*] My antagonist! [*Aloud.*] I say, your watch must be fast.

Duke. Fast! What d'ye mean?

Pie. Why, I expected you in the morning—but not before day-break. It's only half-past three.

Duke. Expected! eh? [*Looking at him.*] Ah! I've

seen you before—you are the young gentleman who challenged me, I think! You gave me your address, I believe!

Pie. Of course I did, or how did you find me out.

Duke. Faith, by accident on this occasion—for I had forgotten all about our quarrel.

Pie. You had? But I have not, sir, and I insist—

Duke. Hush—stop. I am pursued by the police, and have taken refuge here. If you make a disturbance, or refuse me an asylum at present, I shall be taken, and you may then go without the satisfaction you require.

Pie. (R.) That's all very well; but what have you done to be pursued by the police? Perhaps you're a pick-pocket?

Duke. No, no, don't be alarmed; I'm quite gentleman enough for your purpose. I have merely been giving chase to a pretty woman, who ran away from me!

Pie. I'm not surprised at that—

Duke. Eh?

Pie. I say, I'm not surprised at that.

Duke. At my giving chase?

Pie. No—at her running away.

Duke. There's no accounting for tastes, certainly. Well, she succeeded in giving me the slip, and whilst with a friend I was hunting about for some trace of her, the police, who had been set upon us—for what reason, I can't imagine, as we had been guilty of nothing more than a common masquerade frolic—came up, and as I had particular reasons for not wishing to get into their hands—

Pie. I'm not surprised at that.

Duke. Eh?

Pie. I say, I'm not surprised at that.

Duke. I declare, you're quite severe this morning—however, to end my story—I was obliged to knock down one man, while my friend tripped up the other, and then took to my heels with a whole pack after me—seeing a dark passage without a door to it, just as I turned the corner of this street, I stepped in and let them pass me in full cry—and then softly felt my way up six pair of stairs, till I saw a light from under this door, and heard voices—

Pie. Ah! you heard voices.

Duke. Yes—one was a female's. You are married, I suppose.

Pie. No, sir, I am not.

Duke. Not—oh, then, I beg you a thousand pardons. I wouldn't intrude for the world. If you would just have the kindness to step down stairs—

Pie. Step down stairs! What for?

Duke. To see if the coast is clear; and if so, call me a coach.

Pie. Call *you* a coach! [*Aside.*] Confound his impudence! He wants a coach now. [*Aloud.*] 'Sdeath, sir! do you take me for a porter? Go and call a coach for yourself!

Duke. But I tell you, if I am seen, I may be taken.

Pie. What do I care—

Duke. How? You refuse?

Pie. Sir, I'm engaged. I have company, and I must request you to walk down stairs.

Duke. Ah! you've company—true—and I see supper ready for two—and you are not married—eh?

Pie. Sir, you oblige me to tell you—

Duke. [*Pinching his ear.*] Oh, you sly rogue.

Pie. Be quiet, will you. Let go my ear.

Duke. I say, is she pretty?—humph!

Pie. Yes—no—what's that to you, sir?

Duke. And young, of course—sixteen—eighteen—eh?

Pie. Was there ever—what's that to you? I shall do something desperate, if you don't go!

Duke. I'll wager, now—some piquante little grisette—

Pie. Grisette! No, sir, she's not a grisette! [*Aside.*] Egad, I'll frighten him! [*Aloud.*] She's a lady of quality, sir, and if you don't go directly, she—

Duke. Ha, ha, ha! A lady of quality; and fond of *you*, my dear fellow! She must be a person of high rank, no doubt. Perhaps I have the honour of her acquaintance. May I beg an introduction?

Pie. He's not frightened at all. [*Aloud.*] Will you get out of the house?

Duke. Directly, if you'll fetch me a coach. Seriously, I've no wish to disturb your happiness, my good friend, but I won't stir till a coach is at the door, I tell you fairly.

[*Sits.*]

Pie. [*Aside.*] He has sat down! He has positively sat down! I don't think I could fling him down stairs, if I

tried ; and the noise would disturb everybody in the house—and then she might be seen. I do believe I'd better get him a coach. [*Aloud.*] If I get a coach, will you go quietly and instantly ?

Duke. I will, and fight you as soon as you please after day-break.

Pie. You'll tell me where I shall find you, then ?

Duke. Certainly.

Pie. And you won't attempt to enter that room while I'm gone ?

Duke. Oh ! She's in that room, is she ?

[*Comes down, L. C.*

Pie. That's no answer to my question !

Duke. On my honour as a gentleman !

Pie. I'll go and get you a coach.

Duke. Bravo !

Pie. [*Aside.*] She has locked herself in—and I shall be back in two minutes—I'll find a coach for *him* soon enough, I warrant me !

[*Exit, L.*

Duke. Ha, ha !—It must be confessed, my visit here was rather mal-a-propos. Poor devil !—I shouldn't have liked it myself—to be sent for a coach—just as he was about to sit down to supper—tête-à-tête—and—ha, ha, ha !—with a lady of quality ! Great quality, no doubt—a grocer's wife, or perhaps a doctor's ! Faith, I don't know why I should say that, though—ladies of quality have been known to take odd fancies. Is there no getting a peep at the woman—I'm curious to ascertain—I promised I wouldn't enter that room—but perhaps I might lure her out of it—suppose I just tapped at the door—she might think me gone, and that it was her friend—I'll try, by Cupid ! [*He steals softly to the door of the chamber, R., and taps.*] No movement—I'll try again. [*Tapping again.*] The key turns !

[*The Duchess opens the door and comes out cautiously, the Duke receding behind the door as she enters ; she has on her mask and domino.*

Duch. [*Catching sight of him as she turns.*] Ah !

[*Endeavours to re-enter the chamber, but the Duke has pushed to the door, and stands before it.*

Duke. My pink domino, by all that's fortunate ! [*She attempts to escape, he holds her.*] No, no, you're caught now, my charming runaway !

Duch. [*Aside.*] My husband!—I shall die!

Duke. Don't be alarmed!—I'm the most discreet of men! Let me see that beautiful face—for beautiful I am sure it is—and be assured, that if I recognize the wife or daughter of the best friend I have in the world, I am too well bred to mention it to anybody.

[*Trying to take off her mask.*]

Duch. Sir! [*Struggling with him.*] I entreat—I implore!

Duke. Oh, you may alter your voice as much as you please—it would be useless, if I had ever heard it before. I've an extraordinary quick ear and eye! A person I have once seen or conversed with, I should detect through any disguise.

Duch. [*Aside.*] Merciful powers!

[*Draws the domino closer round her.*]

Duke. And I am therefore certain, that till this happy night, we have never met.

Duch. [*Aside.*] Ha! Is he serious? Does he really not suspect—

Duke. So let me see your face, if but to convince me.

Duch. If you are a gentleman, forbear!

Duke. Upon my honour, you are a very mysterious personage! You have either a most especial and singular horror of me, or you have some dreadfully jealous husband, or tyrant father, of whom you stand in awe. May I ask if the old gentleman whose arm you hung so fondly on at the ball, stands in either of those relations to you?

Duch. [*Aside.*] What shall I say? [*Aloud.*] He is my uncle, sir.

Duke. Your uncle! indeed! [*Aside.*] Dr. Druggendraft her uncle. She little dreams I know him. [*Aloud.*] And the young man in whose chamber I find you is—your cousin, no doubt?

Duch. He is—you are right, sir.

Duke. I thought it must be so. And you often come and sup with your cousin?

Duch. [*Eagerly.*] Indeed, I came not to sup with him, and it is the first time I ever was in this house.

Duke. Oh, come, come! I have no right to ask questions; but, at the same time, I am not bound to believe—

Duch. I declare, solemnly!

Duke. Nay, if you wish to prove the truth of what you assert, there is but one way—

Duch. And that is—

Duke. To sup with *me*, my angel!

Duch. How!

Duke. Charming creature, whoever you are, do you believe in love at first sight?

Duch. No.

Duke. You are wrong, then. I swear, even the little that I have seen of you has bewitched me! From the instant I set eyes upon you at the Masquerade, I felt that my heart was irrevocably yours!

Duch. [*Aside.*] So, so, my faithful husband! Oh, if I dared!

Duke. Come—supper is ready, you see, and I am anxious to believe you. Let us sit down.

Duch. What, in the absence of—

Duke. Your cousin? To be sure—it will be the more agreeable. This foolish young fellow is not worthy of you—you must know he is not. Transfer your affection to me—I will return it with ardour! Reign supreme in this heart, of which you are the chosen sovereign!

Duch. [*Aside.*] The traitor! And could he dare, after this, to upbraid me? [*Aloud.*] But I have no affection for this young man, sir; and I repeat, this is the first time I have entered these doors.

Duke. Sit down to supper, and I will believe everything you say. [*Gently forcing her into a chair, R., sits L. of table, and kisses her hand.*]

Duch. Well, if you insist! [*Aside.*] Oh, Duke, Duke, what a lesson do you deserve!

Duke. Allow me. [*Helping her, then himself.*] By no means a bad dish! Won't you take off your mask?

Duch. No—I make it a condition, on my part, to preserve my incognita!

Duke. Be it so, then. And yet, as you are unknown to me personally—for I'll wager you are not a resident in Paris—I fancy I can detect an accent—

Duch. You are right. [*Aside.*] Let me endeavour to mislead him altogether. [*Aloud.*] I will acknowledge thus much to you. My husband is a draper at Dijon. It was a match of inclination on my part, and I am still fonder of him than he deserves.

Duke. Ah! you should conquer that weakness, and treat him as he deserves.

Duch. He may drive me to such a step, should he continue in his present dissolute courses.

Duke. Is he in Paris?

Duch. I have reason to believe he is, though his business requires his presence elsewhere. I came on a visit to my uncle, and being induced by curiosity to go to the Masquerade, was separated from him in the crowd, pursued by you, and protected by this young—by my cousin.

Duke. Ah! by your cousin—you had almost forgotten the relationship. We'll drink his health. [*Pours out wine for both.*] And now, confidence for confidence. I am a gentleman of Normandy. My father spent a fortune in the king's service, and at the end of forty years, received through the royal munificence, a pension, on which it was impossible to exist. He died, poor old man, and I came to Paris to urge the claims of the family. My journey has been successful—I have found favour at Court—I am promised a regiment, and with that and my wife's little fortune—

Duch. Your wife!

Duke. Oh, yes, I'm married also—to a very good, quiet sort of person, who never troubles her head about my proceedings. I, like yourself, was induced by curiosity to visit the Masquerade—saw you, and was instantly smitten with an uncontrollable passion—followed you, as you are aware—was followed in my turn by the police, and took refuge here, in obedience to a secret presentiment that here I should find you!

Duch. [*Aside.*] Frightened as I am, I can scarcely control my desire to burst out laughing in his impudent face. [*Aloud.*] How extraordinary! And you are really trying to obtain a regiment—

Duke. Only to give your husband the contract for clothing it! Ha, ha, ha!

Duch. Ridiculous!

Duke. Nay, I did not say so of your story.

Duch. But mine is true, sir.

Duke. Well, mine is not, except as regards my love for you; in token of which, I beg you to accept this ring!

[*Taking a ring off his own finger. and placing it on the Duchess's.*]

Duch. [*Aside.*] It shall be a token of thy infidelity!

Duke. And in return, grant me one kiss!

Duch. Sir!

Duke. Oh, a kiss given by a gentleman of Normandy to the wife of a draper of Dijon, can compromise nobody.

Duch. Let me go, I insist! [*Struggling.*]

Duke. Nay, a kiss I will have!

[*Kisses her as the door opens.*]

Enter PIERRE, L.

Pie. The coach is here—Ah!

Duke. Confound the booby!

Duch. [*Aside.*] How will this end?

Pie. Very pretty—very pretty, upon my word! [*Aside.*] And I, who was afraid even to kiss her hand! [*Aloud and fiercely.*] I thought, sir, you promised, upon your honour, not to enter that room!

Duke. And I kept my promise, sir.

Pie. What! Do you mean to say she came out on purpose, then—and—oh—well—I declare! [*Crosses to the Table, and looking at supper.*] If they hav'n't supped, actually supped, both of them, without me! Well, if I didn't see it with mine own eyes—I couldn't have believed it possible.

Duch. [*Aside.*] How can I explain to him!

Pie. And do you think I shall put up with this quietly? No, sir! [*Violently.*] I'll have satisfaction here, upon the instant! One of us shall fall before the faithless creature's face!

Duch. Faithless! [*Aside.*] What will the Duke imagine! [*To Pierre.*] How dare you—

Pie. Don't talk to me! I'm desperate! Eat my supper together, whilst I was running all over Paris in the rain to get him a coach!

Duke. (L). [*Aside.*] I must stop this fellow's mouth. [*To him.*] Hear me—

Pie. I have no swords—but knives for daggers—

[*Takes them.*]

Duch. Hold, madman! (*Aside to Pierre.*) 'Tis my husband!

Pie. [*Thunderstruck.*] Eh!

Duke. [*Aside to him.*] Hark in your ear—I am the Duke de Chartres.

Pie. [*Overwhelmed—aside.*] The king's nephew and her husband! Oh, what will become of me. The—he—she—my head spins round—I must take the liberty of sitting down for a few minutes. [*Sits, c.*]

Duke. Be calm, young man; you surely must see the impropriety of making all this disturbance before a fair lady, who has done you the honour of mounting six pair of stairs, for your sake.

Pie. [*Aside.*] If he should ever know she's his wife! I'm a lost creature! The Bastile for life! Perhaps the gibbet!

Duke. Positively, you are much to blame; see how you have terrified her. [*Approaching her.*] Compose yourself, madam. [*Aside to her.*] Where can I see you again? [*Aloud to Pierre.*] And believe me, you are unjust to call her faithless; for it was I who lured her out of your chamber, and insisted upon her supping with me. By Cupid, you are a lucky fellow, and ought to be perfectly contented—to be loved by a beautiful woman of quality, as you say she is—

Pie. I—no—I don't say any such thing—that is—I don't know who she is. I never saw her before, and she doesn't love me, I assure you! [*Aside.*] Oh, dear! oh, dear!

Duke. Nay, nay, I have no right—it was your own confession, and so farewell! I leave you together.

Pie. No, no, I object. [*Holding him.*]

Duke. You object—to what?

Duch. [*Aside to Pierre.*] Let him go, for Heaven's sake!

Pie. [*Aside to her.*] Let him go! What, for him to fancy—Don't tell me—he shall do no such thing! [*Aloud.*] Sir, if you quit this room, I shall go with you.

Duke. You?

Pie. Yes, me! I insist upon your taking me with you!

Duch. [*Aside.*] And what is to become of me?

Pie. Eh! Well, then, all three, we'll all three go together; but I won't be left alone with—with this lady.

Duke. His jealousy has disordered his wits.

Duch. [*Aside.*] In his alarm, he will betray me! Ah, he said there was a coach at the door! If I could but contrive. [*Aside to Duke.*] Lock him up in that room, and I will accept your protection home.

Duke. (*Aside.*) Ah, delicious! (*Aloud to Pierre.*) One word, my good friend, with you alone—

Pie. Alone—where?

Duke. Any where. In this chamber—

[*Leading him towards Bedchamber, R.*]

Pie. Well, but—

Duke. Not a syllable; here, go in—(*Pushes him in.*)—and stay there. (*Pulling key out of door, shutting the door suddenly, and bolting the door on the outside; at the same moment, the Duchess, who has watched her opportunity, slips out by the outer door, L., and locks it audibly on the outside, leaving the Duke a prisoner in his turn.*)

Duke. Now then!—[*Turning.*] Gone!—[*Runs to door, L., and trying to open it.*]—and the door locked!—The cunning gipsy!—[*Trying to force it with his foot.*] Confound the door!

Pie. [*Hammering at the other door.*] Let me out, let me out!

Duke. If from this window I could hail the coachman. [*Runs and opens the window.*] 'Sdeath, he's driving off!—Hallo!—Hey!—Coach! As I live, she's in it! Outgeneralled every way!

[*Noise of footsteps ascending the stairs, followed by a loud knocking at the door.*]

Duke. Who's there?

[*Voice without.*] Open, in the King's name.

Duke. 'Tis the Guard! How to escape them—

Pie. [*Within.*] Let me out! let me out!

Duke. Ha!

[*Runs and unlocks the Bedchamber door, and blows out the candle, as the Guard force open the door from without, and hastily enter, L. Pierre rushes out of the bedchamber, R., and is seized by them. The Duke slips out unobserved, L.*]

Officer. You are our prisoner!

Pie. What for? What have I done?

Off. Silence!—March!

FINALE.—OFFICER.—(*"Garde a vous."*)

March away, march away.

We've orders you to seize on;

But whether 'tis for treason,

Or for murder, we can't say.

March away, march away.

PIERRE.

The treason's against me, sir,
And murder it will be, sir;
If I for it must pay.
Well-a-day, well-a-day!

CHORUS.

March away, &c.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Ante-chamber in the Palais Royal.—On R., the door of the Apartment of the Duchess de Chartres—on L., a smaller door, supposed to lead to a private Staircase. At the back, a pair of folding doors, opening on a Gallery.*

The DUCHESS opens the door, L., from private Staircase, peeps in, then enters quickly. She has on her Domino, and the Mask in her hand.

Duch. Fortune be praised, no one yet stirring! I have arrived safe, undiscovered—what an adventure—and what an escape! The Duke in Paris—at the Masquerade—and oh, Philip, Philip! mine was an act of folly—of imprudence—but yours—yet would the world pass with a smile over your infidelity, and visit my childish frolic with the severest condemnation.

AIR.—DUCHESS.—(*"J'etais bien jeune encore."*)

Yielding to each temptation,
Man in his reason triumph may,
Whilst poor woman's reputation,
One light word can cast away.
Such is the regulation!
Could we with men change places,
How much our conduct their's would shame:
For, in every hundred cases,
Ninety-nine would do the same!
At a rough calculation!

[*Exit into her own apartment, R.*

Enter DR. DRUGGENDRAFT, from folding doors, R. C.

Dr. D. Six o'clock! Broad daylight, and yet no news of the Duchess. Horrible suspense! if her absence is once known to the household, I am a ruined man! I said something terrible would happen—I knew it, I felt it!—and poor Ma'lle Duval, she'll be dismissed also—and then I must stifle my ardent passion, as she will have neither salary nor influence, and consequently it would be the height of imprudence to make her Madame Druggendraft. Ah! she is here.

Enter MA'LLE DUVAL, from folding doors, R. C.

What news, dearest Ma'lle? Has the Duchess yet returned?

Ma'lle D. Alas, no! I have seen nothing—heard nothing of the Duchess; but I have just been told that the man is arrested.

Dr. D. The man!—what man?

Ma'lle D. A man who was seen carrying a lady in a pink domino through the streets about the time we missed Her Royal Highness.

Dr. D. Carrying her—carrying a princess through the streets!—what desecration! what profanation! My dearest Ma'lle Duval, we are lost—utterly undone!—it must all be made public.

Ma'lle D. I trust not—the Lieutenant of the Police himself is not aware of the name or rank of the lady—he was merely ordered to trace and arrest the persons who were guilty of an outrage that caused a disturbance at the Masquerade—so, if the Duchess has but escaped—

Dr. D. But the man may know who she is, and name her.

Ma'lle D. He wouldn't, for his own sake; it would make the affair more serious for him. But you must manage to see him, and interrogate him directly. Hark! there's a foot on the private stairs now!—it must be the Duchess!

Dr. D. Has no one else a key of that entrance?

Ma'lle D. Nobody but the Duke, who is at Compeigne with the army.

Dr. D. Then it must be she. (*Running to the door as it*

opens.) Thank goodness! your Royal Highness has returned at last!

Enter DUKE, L. U. E.

Duke. "At last!"

Dr. D. & Ma'lle D. [Aside.] The Duke!

Duke. Did you expect me, then, Doctor! You are lent! What's the matter?—what has happened—have I been sent for, and passed the express on the road? Why don't you speak, Ma'lle Duval, are you dumb too?

Ma'lle D. (L.) Me, Monseigneur! I haven't said anything.

Duke. Precisely so—and it is therefore my request that you would say something in explanation of this strange embarrassment, and of your appearance here at this unusual hour.

Dr. D. Monseigneur—the fact is—the Duchess—as Ma'lle Duval will inform your Royal Highness.—[*Aside to her.*] Bear me out—we can't be worse off for a lie or two.

Duke. Well, sir—the Duchess?

Dr. D. Her Royal Highness, I regret to say, was rather indisposed last night—and I was anxious to hear from Ma'lle Duval the earliest report this morning.

Duke. Indisposed! I must see her instantly.

Dr. D. [Aside.] Ah, the devil! [*Aloud.*] No, no, Monseigneur, do not alarm yourself—Her Royal Highness is much better—and has just fallen into the most tranquil sleep. If I might advise—

[*A bell rings, R.*

Ma'lle D. [Aside.] The Duchess' bell! She is safe, then!

[*Exit, R.*

Duke. Why, that's her bell! She is awake, you hear!

Dr. D. [Aside.] Returned! is it possible!

Duke. I may go now?

Dr. D. Pardon me, Monseigneur—condescend to wait one minute—till Ma'lle Duval has prepared her Royal Highness for your sudden arrival.

Duke. Then she did not know you had sent?

Dr. D. No—a private messenger of my own—there was no occasion to—it was scarcely necessary—indeed—I may say—in point of fact—[*Aside.*] I have not the slightest notion of what I am saying.

Duke. [*Aside.*] There is some mystery here. If the Duchess was ill—how came he at the Masquerade last night? [*Aloud.*] It is singular enough, that I should have suddenly determined on a visit to Paris at such a moment. I have travelled all night to give the Duchess an agreeable surprise.

Dr. D. [*Bowing.*] Your Royal Highness is a pattern for all married men.

Duke. Ahem!—and you, Doctor, for all household physicians—for you appear to have been up all night also—you look pale and harassed.

Dr. D. How could I sleep, while her Royal Highness was suffering?

Duke. [*Aside.*] The old hypocrite! [*Aloud.*] And through the music and noise of the Masquerade!

Dr. D. [*Aside.*] The Masquerade! [*Aloud.*] The Masquerade! oh, yes—true—there was a Masquerade last night—in the theatre—I did hear occasionally—in my apartments—they adjourn.

Duke. I thought you might—in your apartments. [*Aside.*] I shall dismiss this fellow.

Dr. D. [*Aside.*] I wish he had not mentioned the Masquerade.

Enter MA'LE DUVAL, R.

Ma'lle D. Her Royal Highness is anxious to see Monseigneur.

Duke. I come. Doctor, you must really take more care of yourself—you are too assiduous—too much devoted to your art, and to your patients—many such nights as the last, would destroy you!

[Exeunt Duke and Ma'lle Duval, R.]

Dr. D. He never spoke a truer word in his life!—many such nights!—Another such would be the death of me!

Re-enter MA'LE DUVAL, R.

Well, well,—she was really there, then? Tell me quick—what has happened?

Ma'lle D. I cannot stop—take this order, and get the young man discharged whom they have arrested. It is her Royal Highness' wish that he should be set at liberty immediately, and treated with the greatest kindness.

Dr. D. Bless me!—but did you tell the Duchess I said she had been ill.

Ma'lle D. Yes, yes, she will bear you out. Go and do as I tell you—I must search for a trinket she has lost—perhaps on the private staircase.

[*Exit by small door, L: U. E.*]

Dr. D. Set the young man at liberty, and treat him with the greatest kindness! With all my heart; but if I had not the highest opinion of the Duchess, I confess, such an order, under such circumstances—ah, there goes the prisoner. [*Pierre is seen passing along the Gallery, guarded.*] Stop, stop! [*To Guards, without noticing Pierre.*] Here's an order for you to return—I will answer for that young gentleman's appearance, if necessary. [*Ca't Guards.*] Sir, [*to Pierre, and bowing very low as he advances,*]—I have the honour to convey to you the commands of—[*recognising him.*] Pierre Palliot!

Pie. Why, didn't you know me, uncle?

Dr. D. Pierre Palliot!—Is it possible? There must be some mistake!—this cannot be the person—

Pie. Then you did not order me to be arrested?

Dr. D. I!—no—

Pie. And you will let me go, then?

Dr. D. Yes—that is, no—if—[*Aside.*] Bless me!—It's very awkward—if he should be the man?—I must not compromise the Duchess. [*Aloud.*] Do you know why you were arrested?

Pie. For carrying a lady from the Opera House in a pink domino.

Dr. D. But you didn't—

Pie. Yes, I did, but—

Dr. D. You did! Hush!—hold your tongue!—don't acknowledge it for the world! There's no dungeon too deep for you, if it were known.

Pie. Why, it was at her own request!

Dr. D. At her own request!—impossible! [*Aside.*] And yet, when I reflect—her singular determination to go to the ball—her order now to treat him with the greatest kindness—and—ay, to be sure—this handkerchief, which she threw from her carriage.

Pie. [*Seeing it.*] Ha!—that's mine—give it me back.

Dr. D. Not for the world. Rash young man—if found

on you, it would be your destruction.

[Putting it hastily into his pocket again.]

Pic. It would ?

Dr. D. Yes, yes—but you must not stay here—you may be seen—interrogated. Come with me—you shall remain concealed in my apartment for the present—anything you require shall be provided for you.

Pic. My dear uncle, all this anxiety on my account ! You have repented, then, your ill usage of me. Let me embrace you.

Dr. D. There, there, that'll do. There's no time to be lost—come quickly, before the Duke—ha ! he's here.

Enter DUKE, R.

Duke. *[Seeing Pierre.]* Hey-day—my friend from the Rue de L'Echelle here, and with the Doctor !

Dr. D. *[Aside to Pierre.]* Steal off—steal off.

Pie. *[Aside.]* It's no use—he has seen me.

Duke. *[Aside.]* I must give him a hint not to know me. *(Aloud.)* Who is that young man, Doctor ?

Dr. D. This young man, Monseigneur—

Duke. Yes—what does he here ? *(Crossing, and aside to Pierre.)* We have never met before, mind.

Dr. D. He does nothing here, Monseigneur—he only—just—

Pie. I only just came to see my uncle, Monseigneur.

Duke. Your uncle !

Dr. D. *(Aside.)* Confound him ! What did he say that for ?

Duke. Who is your uncle ?

Pie. Dr. Druggendraft—my mother's brother—my mother married Michel Palliot—now blacksmith and farrier at Beauvais.

Dr. D. *(Aside.)* Blisters on his tongue ! *(Aloud.)* I beg your Royal Highness to believe it was entirely without my consent that she formed so degrading an alliance.

Duke. The Doctor your uncle ? *(Aside.)* Why, then, the woman's story *was* true, perhaps, and I may still trace her. *(Aloud.)* Have you any other nephew, doctor ?

Dr. D. Not that I know of, Monseigneur.

Pie. No, I am an only son.

Duke. Ay, but you have a niece, perhaps—

Pie. No, I have no sister.

Duke. No, but you may have a cousin by some other sister or brother of the doctor—or of your father.

Pie. No, I have no cousin.

Duke. Indeed! (*Aside.*) So, so—the young rogue, then, has actually been cutting out his uncle!—a capital joke! (*Aloud.*) Well, Doctor, as your only nephew, this young man is entitled to your protection, and out of regard for you, I shall accord him mine.

Pie. Oh, Monseigneur! (*Aside.*) If he should ever find out!

Dr. D. (*Aside.*) He, too!—and of all men! (*Aloud.*) Oh, Monseigneur!—(*Aside.*) If he had the slightest suspicion!

Duke. It is my pleasure that he shall remain in the Palace—we will see what can be done for him.

Pie. (*Aside.*) Here's a piece of luck!

Dr. D. (*Aside.*) Poor Duke! Poor innocent man! It's quite shocking to think of it!

Duke. (*Aside to Pierre.*) You know, of course, where to find your fair friend again?

Pie. No—do you?

Duke. Not I. She played me a rare trick—went off in the coach you fetched for me! Ha, ha, ha! I had to walk through the wet! Ha, ha, ha!

Pie. No, had you, though? Ha, ha, ha! (*Aside.*) He doesn't suspect—it's all right—my fortune's made! (*Aloud.*) Ha, ha! Capital!

Duke. The cunning baggage—locked me in one room, whilst I locked you in the other! Ha, ha!

(*Both laugh together.*)

Dr. D. (*Aside, and observing them.*) Laughing; both laughing, ready to kill themselves! I'm paralyzed—are they mad, or am I?

Duke. (*To Pierre.*) Harkye! Is the Doctor very fond of her?

Pie. The Doctor?

Duke. Ay, your uncle; you know she is his mistress.

Pie. His mistress! Oh, yes, I know she is his mistress.

Duke. Ha, ha! Does he suspect that he has a rival in you?

Pie. Hasn't the least idea, I should say.

Duke. Ha, ha, ha! Poor Doctor!—and to think this fellow, with his simple air—Ha, ha!—I see now the reason of his fright, when I told him who I was. He thought I should tell his uncle. Ha, ha, ha! 'Gad, I've a great mind to do so, too—'twould be a glorious bit of mischief—for whilst the two dogs were quarrelling, the third might run off with the bone. Ha, ha, ha! [*Aloud.*] Go, my young friend, to your uncle's apartments, and order some breakfast for yourself. I have a word to say to the Doctor. Rely on my protection.

Pic. Yes, Monseigneur. [*Aside.*] My uncle's mistress! Who can he take her to be? Perhaps it wasn't the Duchess, after all! Ha! [*Sees a corner of the handkerchief, which the Doctor has hurriedly replaced, hanging out of his pocket.*] I will have my handkerchief, though—come what may of it.

[*Whisks it, unfelt by Doctor, out of his pocket, and exit.*]

Dr. D. [*Aside.*] To think of harbouring that viper in his bosom—and to make me an accessory.

Duke. [*Aside.*] Yes, yes, there's no resisting it. I must give the Doctor a hint—in all confidence—that will set them both by the ears! It is the only way to recover my lost Daphne. [*Aloud.*] Doctor! Come hither, Doctor!—My dear Doctor—do you know, if I were in your situation, I should feel rather uneasy.

Dr. D. [*Aside.*] He little dreams of his own. [*Aloud.*] May I ask your Royal Highness, on what account?

Duke. You think yourself, probably, very secure in the affections of a certain lady.

Dr. D. A certain lady! [*Aside.*] Mercy on me! has he noticed my attentions to Ma'lle Duval? [*Aloud.*] Monseigneur, you surprise me—what lady?

Duke. Oh, you act surprise remarkably well, Doctor; and I admit, that at your age, and with your grave demeanour, persons would scarcely suspect that you were the slave of a pair of large dark eyes.

Dr. D. Large dark eyes! [*Aside.*] He does mean Ma'lle Duval.

Duke. But I am aware of your passion, Doctor, and admit the lady's fascinations are a sufficient excuse for it.

Dr. D. Monseigneur; I will not deny, as your Royal Highness has condescended to mention the subject, that

I do greatly admire the lady in question, and that I have reason to believe she is not displeased at my attentions.

Duke. Nor at those of others—

Dr. D. Of others! Monseigneur, I have never remarked—I have never observed—

Duke. Oh, my dear Doctor! Let me tell you, as a man of the world—

AIR.—DUKE.

Experience has clearly attested,
When matters take this sort of turn,
The person who's most interested,
Is always the last one to learn—
'Gainst others, while he espies treason,
And wonders their eyes are so dim,
What has been the town-talk of a season,
Like a thunder-clap bursts upon him!

Dr. D. [*Aside.*] That's excellent for him at the present moment. [*Aloud.*] Monseigneur, I cannot doubt the general truth of your Royal Highness's remark, but I am convinced, that in this particular instance—

Duke. My good sir. But mind—this is in perfect confidence, and only to put you on your guard. Your nephew, Monsieur Pierre Palliot, is a young man, too young a man to trust near a pretty woman, when—

Dr. D. My nephew! my nephew! Good gracious, Monseigneur;—you don't mean to say—[*Aside.*] And he puts him in my apartments himself.

Duke. I mean to say, that he has contrived to find favor in the sight of your fair enchantress.

Dr. D. [*Aside.*] The villain—the licentious villain!

Duke. She visits him, man, at his lodgings in the Rue de L'Echelle—sups with him there!

Dr. D. Pardon me, Monseigneur; but that is impossible. She could not return to the palace without being observed.

Duke. [*Aside.*] To the Palace! Oh, oh! It is some lady of rank, then, as the young rascal asserted; and the locket which I found as I entered the private door, must belong to her! Ay, now I have a clue; but I must not appear ignorant of who she really is. [*Aloud.*] My good sir, you seem to forget—but no matter; so let us change the conversation.

[At this moment, the small door, i.e., opens, and Ma'lle Duval enters, but stops short, on perceiving the Duke with the Doctor.]

Tell me—as I know you are a man of taste—what think you of this locket.

[Producing the one worn by the Duchess in the First Act, and showing it to the Doctor.]

Ma'lle D. *[Aside.]* In his hands! What's to be done?

Dr. D. *[Innocently.]* It is a most elegant ornament, Monseigneur. The Duchess did me the honour to show it me yesterday.

Duke. The Duchess! Show you this?

Ma'lle D. Unfortunate—

[Strives to attract his attention, by making signs to him with her handkerchief.]

Dr. D. *[Not perceiving her.]* Yes, Monseigneur; and the portrait contained in it, which I have no doubt your Royal Highness thinks very striking. In my humble opinion, it is the best that has been taken of the Duchess, and the ingenious manner in which it is displayed, by pressing the little ruby on the rim—*[The Duke presses it, and the locket opens.]* Very like—perfectly speaking.

[Looking over Duke's shoulder.]

Ma'lle D. *[Aside.]* We are lost!

Duke. *[Furiously.]* Dr. Druggendraft!

[As the Duke turns suddenly, Ma'lle Duval glides behind a pedestal, dropping her handkerchief.]

Dr. D. Monseigneur!

Duke. Will you repeat to me that this locket belonged to the Duchess?

Dr. D. Till she presented it to your Royal Highness this morning.

Duke. 'Tis false!

Dr. D. Monseigneur!

Duke. I say, thou liest!

Dr. D. If your Royal Highness says so, of course I do; but the supposition was natural, as the Duchess told me she meant it for a present, and of course I imagined it must be for Monseigneur.

Duke. *[Aside.]* Fiends and furies! Whilst I have been, as I thought, amusing myself with a ridiculous adventure, has the Duchess—Confusion! *[Aloud.]* Harkye, Doctor, dost know where this locket was found?

Dr. D. Found! [*Aside.*] Oh, murder! Should it be the trinket that—

Duke. Dost know where? In the street—on the very threshold of the private entrance to the Palace!

Dr. D. [*Aside.*] I've made a dreadful blunder! We *are* all ruined now!

Duke. Dost know at what hour? Six in the morning! Dost know by whom? By *me*, Doctor—by *me*!

Dr. D. [*Aside.*] I wish I was in Krim Tartary!

Duke. You have asserted that the Duchess showed this locket to you, yesterday. Has it been out of her possession?

Dr. D. I should say, decidedly. [*Aside.*] As it is now in his own.

Duke. Or was the Duchess absent from the Palace last night, and the story of her indisposition trumped up to deceive me? Speak! no hesitation.

Dr. D. Monseigneur, as I hope to live, I did not leave her Royal Highness till past twelve o'clock; and you yourself heard her ring her bell this morning.

Duke. That proves nothing; she might have gone out after you had left her, and whilst you were amusing yourself at the Masquerade, Doctor!

Ma'lle D. [*Aside.*] Ha!

Dr. D. [*Aside.*] At the Masquerade! [*Aloud.*] Oh, Monseigneur!

Duke. You were recognized, sir—it is useless to deny it—in company with two females! Was that a respectable exhibition for the Physician to the Duchess de Chartres? And if my wife was indisposed, how dared you neglect your duty?

Dr. D. Monseigneur, on my knees!

Duke. Stand up, sir, and hear me. I will look over this conduct, on one condition only:—that you reveal to me, without reservation, any suspicions that you may entertain respecting the Duchess.

Dr. D. [*Aside.*] Then he does not suspect, even now! What shall I say? Ah! it will be a good way to revenge myself on that young villain! [*Aloud.*] If your Royal Highness insists—

Duke. Ah! then you do know something? Speak! is there some intrigue on foot? Some favoured lover?

Dr. D. Oh, no, Monseigneur; not an intrigue—no favoured lover—no derogation, on the part of her Royal Highness—merely a—a—

Duke. Merely a what, sir? Speak! speak!

Dr. D. Merely a young coxcomb, who—

Duke. Ah!

Dr. D. Who, presuming on an accident of the most trivial description, imagines himself distinguished by her Royal Highness.

Duke. You know him?

Dr. D. I think I could find out.

Duke. He shall to the Bastile, whoever he is!

Dr. D. [*Aside.*] Excellent—the very thing! [*Aloud.*] If your Royal Highness will give me the order, I pledge myself it shall be executed faithfully.

Duke. You shall have it instantly. And this locket? You know not how it was lost—nor if the Duchess left the Palace last night?

Dr. D. I am profoundly ignorant of all that passed after I parted with her Royal Highness. [*Aside.*] That's the fact!

Duke. Enough! If I detect you in a falsehood, tremble! I go for the "Lettre de cachet," and hold you responsible for the discovery and incarceration of the offender. Take notice!—To the Bastile—either he or thou!

DUO.—DUKE.—("*Les fillettes de St. Cloud.*")

He or thou! he or thou!
One shall rue the day, I vow!
So take warning, Doctor, now!
He or thou! he or thou!

DR. DRUGGENDRAFT.

He or me! he or me!
To decide, then, I am free!
There's no doubt which it will be,
Since the choice is left to me!

[*Exit Duke. Ma'lle Duval, who has been watching for her opportunity, passes quickly into the Duchess's apartment, R., unperceived by the Doctor, and leaving her handkerchief unnoticed where it fell.*

Dr. D. No, no, your fate is sealed, Master Pierre Palliot. I warned you what would happen; and after the

story the Duke has told me about you and Ma'lle Duval! whether true or not, it will be the safest plan for all parties—it's a master-stroke of policy—I shall be revenged upon my nephew, without committing the Duchess; and as to her injunctions about him, she is too much in my power to resent such a breach of them. Besides, it is the Duke's doing, not mine, and she will not venture to tax him on the subject. And I have here also, in my pocket, a little piece of evidence—[*Puts his hand into his pocket, and misses his handkerchief.*] Eh, why, where—what did I do with the handkerchief? I certainly put it in my pocket—I must have—ha! [*Seeing Ma'lle D.'s.*] There it is! My stars, if the Duke had seen it!

[*Picks it up, and thrusts it into his bosom hastily.*]

Enter PIERRE, C.

Pie. Ah, my dear uncle, I could wait no longer—I am dying to express to you my gratitude, my delight. I have been so served—so feasted—such attentions—such a breakfast—

Dr. D. [*Aside.*] I must lose no time. [*Aloud.*] I was just coming to you. Go and get a coach.

Pie. A coach!

Dr. D. Yes, a hackney coach, directly.

Pie. It seems decreed, that everybody should send me for a coach! What for?

Dr. D. You must leave the Palace as soon as possible.

Pie. Leave the Palace—why, I thought—

Dr. D. No words, you are a ruined man!

Pie. Ruined?

Dr. D. You or I, one or the other—the Duke has said so.

Pie. Ah, really!—Is there a choice? Oh, then, my dear uncle, as you never did anything before for me, here's the time to show your affection! Now here is really an opportunity—

Dr. D. Silence—I am about to send you where you will be taken care of, and where it will take some little trouble to get at you!

Pie. Indeed! Well, that is kind of you, too; and if you can't do anything more—

Dr. D. Silence! Here, Antoine! [*To a Servant pas-*

sing.] Take this young man—[*Aside to Ser.*] Tell Duroc to put him in a coach, and drive to the Bastile with him, by the Duke's order, as fast as possible. The "Lettre da cachet" shall be sent after him—we needn't wait for that.

Pie. Oh, my dear uncle, if I can ever return the obligation!

Dr. D. Don't mention it—follow that person directly.

Pie. I must embrace you—

Dr. D. No, no, there's not an instant to be lost! Go, go!
[*Trying to push him out.*]

Enter DUCHESS and MA'LE DUVAL, R.

Duch. "Go, go!" Where is he going to?

Dr. D. The Duchess!

Pie. (*L. C.*) The Duchess! [*Aside.*] It was the Duchess, then!

Duch. I asked you, Doctor, whither you were sending that young gentleman?

Dr. D. [*Aside to her.*] Madam, I assure you, it was much against my will, but his Royal Highness has peremptorily ordered me—

Duch. Silence, sir. [*Aside to Ma'lle Duval.*] We were just in time, it seems. [*Aloud to Pierre.*] Are you not Monsieur Pierre Palliot, the nephew of Doctor Druggendraft?

Pie. Yes, madam, and who had the honour to—

Duch. I am aware of the service you have rendered to one for whom I have a great regard, and you shall not go unrewarded. Ma'lle Duval, conduct your young friend into the Crimson Saloon, and return as I directed you.

Dr. D. & Pie. [*Aside.*] Her young friend!

Ma'lle D. [*To Pierre.*] Will you follow me, sir?

Pie. With the greatest pleasure, mademoiselle. [*Aside.*] Her young friend! I'm that lovely creature's young friend, and didn't know it! And my uncle to say I was ruined! Pooh, pooh! Ruined! [*Aloud.*] Mademoiselle, permit me—[*Taking her hand.*] Madam, [*To the Duchess,*] your Royal Highness's most devoted servant! Uncle, ahem!

AIR.—(" *Un beau jour en promenant.*")

PIERRE. [*Aside to Doctor.*]

I have neither wit nor grace
At court to make my way, sir;

I had better book my place,
And go back to Beauvais, sir!
So at least you said last night,
And have thought it, too, you might—
What d'ye think to-day, sir?
What d'ye think to-day?

[Exit with Ma'lle Duval, R. C.]

Dr. D. [*Aside.*] Impertinent puppy! Before my face! Her young friend, too! Then the Duke was right, and the Duchess knows it; and actually sanctions—I'm bewildered!

Duch. (L.) What is the matter, Doctor?—you look agitated.

Dr. D. Agitated! No wonder, madam! And you will be agitated, too, when I tell you that the Duke has found a locket, which—

Duch. I know it.

Dr. D. You know it? [*Aside.*] She says she knows it, as coolly as if—[*Aloud.*] Madam, do you know also that the Duke is in the most fearful state of exasperation—that he suspects—that he has interrogated *me*—and that from one moment to the other, I stand in danger of falling a sacrifice to my devotion to your Royal Highness.

Duch. I am aware, Doctor, of the exact point to which your devotion is capable of extending; and that it has been drawn out to the utmost limits on the present occasion, by the uncertainty which you are in, as to which course will most affect your own interest. I grant that your position is an awkward one, and as I am conscious that I have been partly the cause of placing you in it, I am willing to overlook your conduct respecting your nephew and myself, on condition that you give him ten thousand livres towards settling him in Paris, as he desires.

Dr. D. Ten thousand livres! I give him—[*Aloud.*]—Madam, are you aware that the Duke knows I was at the Masquerade, with two ladies, and that he may compel me to inform him who was the one in the pink domino?

Duch. You are at liberty to do so, Doctor.

Dr. D. I am at liberty—[*Aside.*] I'm paralyzed!

Duch. I intend telling him myself—but as you appear to insinuate a threat, let me caution you, in return, not to hesitate an instant as to the ten thousand livres, or you may

find that the Duchess de Chartres can procure "Lettres de Cachets" as well as the Duke. Apropos, I have one in my pocket, which—

Dr. D. Madam, I—

Duch. I am sure you will see the propriety of acting as I advise you. Here comes the Duke—will you tell him of the pink domino, or shall I?

Dr. D. I am too happy to leave the matter entirely in the hands of your Royal Highness.

Enter DUKE, with "Lettre de Cachet," R. C.

Duke. Here is the order. [*Aside.*] Ha! the Duchess! [*To Doctor, who is going.*] Stay where you are.

Duch. My dear Philip, I wondered what had become of you!

Duke. Madam, I was at this moment on the point of seeking you.

Duch. I began to fear that your hasty journey from Compeigne had fatigued you more than you were willing to admit, and that you might perhaps pay too dearly for an act of gallantry towards me, of which, I assure you I am deeply sensible.

Duke. [*Aside.*] The traitress! and at the same time—
[*Aloud.*] Madam, it is with much regret that I am compelled to doubt the sincerity of that acknowledgment!

Duch. Oh, surely you would not do me so much injustice! what, not appreciate such a proof of your affection as riding all night—for you must have done so, mustn't you, to reach Paris by five or six in the morning, from Compeigne? Apropos of Compeigne—does the King intend visiting the camp shortly?

Duke. [*Aside.*] Her coolness petrifies me! [*Aloud.*] I know not whether this indifference is real or affected, but there is a circumstance to which I must call your serious attention; and which, as it affects the honour of my name and your own reputation, I must insist upon having a full and satisfactory explanation of—

Duch. Oh, lud! I vow, you quite frighten me! What is it, in the name of all that's terrible?

Duke. Madam! cease this ill-becoming levity. Behold this locket, madam! [*Producing it.*] The sight of it should turn you into stone!

Duch. Well, that is the rudest thing I ever heard in my life, considering that it contains my own portrait! Do you mean to say I am a downright Gorgon—a Medusa?—Oh, fie, Monseigneur! Is this the gallant Duke de Chartres!

Duke. Impudence unparalleled! You recognize it—you acknowledge your acquaintance with it, and do not sink to the earth at beholding it in my hands!

Duch. Sink to the earth! Why, my dear Duke, what should have such an extraordinary effect upon me—unless, indeed—Oh, good gracious! you don't mean to say she gave it to you?

Duke. She!

Dr. D. [*Aside.*] She!

Duch. You wouldn't surely display to me a proof of her shame and your perfidy! Oh, no—no, Monseigneur, I will not wrong either Ma'lle Duval or yourself by the thought, for one moment!

Dr. D. [*Aside.*] Ma'lle Duval!

Duke. Ma'lle Duval! What folly is this? Madam, I found this locket, which contains your portrait, and which was yesterday your property—I found it this morning in the street, at the threshold of the private entrance to the Palace, of which only you and I have a key.

Duch. Bless me!—Did you, indeed?

Duke. I did, madam! and I demand to know by what possible accident it could be there?

Duch. Nay—you must ask Ma'lle Duval—

Duke & Dr. D. Ma'lle Duval again!

[*In this and all the subsequent echoes, the Doctor's is always aside.*]

Duch. Certainly: for either she dropped it there herself, or somebody must have stolen it from her; at any rate, it was lucky you found it, for I am sure the loss of her locket would have greatly distressed her.

Duke & Dr. D. Of her locket!

Duch. Yes—her locket—my gift—which she received with so much delight and gratitude only last evening.

Duke. Your gift—last evening, to Ma'lle Duval?

Duch. What's the matter with the man? Is there anything so very extraordinary in my having made her such a present?—are not such things done every day?—didn't you give a snuff-box with your portrait in it to your Secre-

tary—and didn't the King—and your father the Duke of Orleans—

Duke. Madam—madam!—of course, I know—[*Aside.*] Confusion! have I made a fool of myself by my suspicions, or is this some subterfuge? [*Aloud.*] Where is Ma'lle Duval?

Duch. In the Crimson Saloon.

Duke. I must see her—instantly—

Duch. I fear you will interrupt a tender interview.

Duke & Dr. D. A tender interview!

Duch. There is a young gentleman—a nephew of Dr. Druggendraft—who has been deeply smitten by her.

Dr. D. [*Aside.*] The serpent—the cockatrice!

Duke. The young man who was here just now?

Duch. No doubt—he *was* here just now—do you know him?

Duke. Know him?—I—I saw him here. [*Aside.*] The devil's in the fellow!—is this another, or—

Duch. Ah! now I remember—he told me you had seen him, and promised him your protection! How very kind of you—wasn't it, Doctor?

Dr. D. Too kind! a great deal too kind!

Duke. [*Aside.*] What does all this mean! [*Aloud to Doctor.*] Now—before the Duchess—without equivocation, declare your reasons for presuming that some one had dared to entertain certain views with regard to Her Royal Highness!

Duch. What!—Did the Doctor insinuate—oh, Doctor, Doctor! I'm ashamed of you!

Dr. D. Madam, I assure you, I never for one moment imagined—it was only—as I told the Duke—the presumption of a young madman, who, because your Royal Highness happened to drop your handkerchief from your carriage window at the moment he was passing—

Duke. How! her handkerchief!

Duch. [*Aside.*] Is it possible!—Unfortunate!—I *did* lose a handkerchief—he will never believe it was by accident—

Duke. [*Aside.*] She is confused! [*To Doctor.*] Has he the handkerchief in his possession?

Dr. D. No, Monseigneur.

Duke & Duch. [*With different expression.*] Ha!

Dr. D. It is in mine—I took it from him, that he might not compromise her Royal Highness by any vain display of it.

Duch. [*Aside.*] No hope!

Duke. You took it from him—then you do know who he is?

Dr. D. I regret to acknowledge—he is my nephew Pierre Palliot.

Duke & Duch. Your nephew!

Dr. D. [*Aside.*] I have him now!

Duke. [*Aside.*] Confound the rascal! is he making love to the whole Court! [*Aloud to Doctor.*] Produce the handkerchief!

Dr. D. It is here. [*Drawing the handkerchief from his bosom, and giving it to Duke.*]

Duke. Now, madam! perhaps you will tell me it was by accident this kerchief fell from your coach window?

Duch. [*Aside, having examined it.*] Oh, Fortune! [*Aloud and coolly.*] How should I know!—this handkerchief belongs to Ma'lle Duval.

Duke & Dr. D. Ma'lle Duval!

Duch. At least, those are her initials.

[*Handing it back to Duke.*]

Duke. Why, Doctor!

Dr. D. Monseigneur? [*Aside.*] It's witchcraft! I could take my oath I saw her own cypher and crest!

Duke. Dr. Druggendraft—did your nephew assert that this kerchief was flung to him by the Duchess?—Remember! he is here, and can be confronted with you.

Dr. D. No, Monseigneur! I acknowledge that it was only my suspicion, in consequence of—because I—[*Aside.*] Oh, dear! oh, dear! he wouldn't believe me, if I swore it!

Duke. And you have dared—

Duch. Hold, hold, Monseigneur—I must intercede for the Doctor, whose head is not quite clear, perhaps, from fear of your displeasure on another and more serious charge—but one for which I am alone accountable—

Dr. D. [*Aside.*] Eh!—she won't tell him, surely!

Duke. What other?—speak, Madam, speak!

Duch. My dear Philip, I was guilty last night of a very great piece of imprudence, for which I have been so se-

verely punished, that I do not think you will add to my self-reproaches any of your own.

Duke. Last night!

Dr. D. [Aside.] She will tell him!

Duch. Yes: I was impelled by an unconquerable, but foolish curiosity, to take a peep at the Masquerade.

Duke. The Masquerade!

Dr. D. [Aside.] She has told him!

Duch. Knowing that I could pass from my own apartments through a corridor to that part of the Palace in which the Theatre is situated, I ordered Ma'lle Duval to procure for me a pink domino.

Duke. [Aside.] A pink domino!

Duch. And for herself a blue one—and, despite of all remonstrances, compelled the Doctor to accompany us to the Ball.

Duke. [Aside.] My head spins round!

Duch. We had scarcely arrived, however, when a rude, impertinent fellow, who was probably intoxicated, created a confusion, during which he succeeded in separating us from our learned protector there, when Ma'lle Duval, believing that I was the object of attack, rapidly exchanged dominos with me, and, suffering herself to be pursued, gave me an opportunity of regaining my own apartments discovered and unmolested!

Duke. Exchanged dominos!

Dr. D. Then what became of Ma'lle Duval?

Duch. By a most fortunate accident, she found a protector in the person of your nephew, Doctor, who carried her in a fainting state to her own lodgings.

Dr. D. To his own lodgings! Ma'lle Duval!

Duke. [Aside.] The devil!—but it might have been worse. If the Duchess—

Duch. And, as soon as she was sufficiently recovered, procured a coach for her to return in.

Duke. [Aside.] A coach—she hasn't said a word about the supper.

Dr. D. Returned in a coach!—How did she get in?—I've been watching all night.

Duch. By the private door—with my key—which you know I took with me for fear of accidents.

Dr. D. [Aside.] I don't believe a word of it!

Duch. Do you forgive my imprudence, Philip?

Duke. [*Aside.*] I ought to say something very moral, and rather severe. [*Aloud.*] Madam—the candour of your confession could alone moderate the just and terrible indignation with which I should otherwise have received the tidings. But for the generous devotion of Ma'lle Duval—a devotion which I scarcely know how to recompense—your reputation might have been tarnished, and my name made a bye-word in the Court of Versailles.

Duch. They might—they might—I am overpowered by the thought! To have risked my fame—and that of the most faithful and devoted of husbands!—a husband—who at that very moment was enduring fatigue—and braving the perils of darkness—in order to press me to his bosom, a few hours sooner.

Duke. Enough—enough—I forgive you—I forgive you. [*Aside.*] I must see Ma'lle Duval instantly, and purchase her silence at any price—

Duch. You forgive me? Oh, rapture!—too generous man—your anger I might have supported, but this kindness quite overwhelms me! It is more than I can bear—Doctor, I feel very unwell—call Ma'lle Duval.

Duke. I—I'll go for her.

Duch. [*Catching hold of him.*] No, no, don't leave me, Philip—I shall faint—Ma'lle Duval.

Dr. D. Ma'lle Duval!—Ma'lle Duval!

Enter MA'LLE DUVAL, C.

Duch. Oh, Louise—I have told the Duke all my folly, and your devotion—he is all goodness to me, and gratitude to you. He has found your locket, too—give it her back, Monseigneur—and here, Louise, in addition, take this ring.

Duke. [*Aside.*] My ring! Confusion!

Duch. 'Tis a pretty bauble, is it not, Philip? It was given me by a poor gentleman of Normandy, whose father had ruined himself in the king's service, and then received from the royal munificence, a pension upon which it was impossible to exist.

Duke. [*Aside.*] Ah, I begin to see through all this!—but I am in the toils, and must submit.

Duch. He died, poor man—and his son came to Paris to

urge the claims of his family—he is promised a regiment, and if you would kindly use your influence for him—

Duke. [*Aside.*] Madam, madam!—I see you know all! I am at your mercy.

Duch. [*Aside to him.*] Pardon for pardon, my dear Philip—there is something to forgive on both sides.

Duke. [*Aside.*] It was *you* whom I supped with in the Rue de L'Echelle.

Duch. [*Aside.*] But the Doctor had better believe it was Ma'lle Duval.

Duke. And Monsieur Pierre Palliot—

Duch. I never saw till last night—when he really rendered me a service which should not pass unrewarded. Listen to what I propose. [*They talk aside, R.*]

Dr. D. Ma'lle Duval?—May I believe my ears?—Were you at the Rue de L'Echelle last night, with my rascally nephew?

Ma'lle D. Hush, Doctor—if it should get wind—what would the Court say?

Dr. D. The Court! It is I, Ma'lle Duval, who am most interested in this matter—I, whose ardent passion—

Duke. [*To Duchess.*] By all means—provided Ma'lle Duval—

Duch. I have spoken to her—she has no objection.

Duke. Then it has my sanction. Ma'lle Duval, the Duchess has informed me of the pretensions of Monsieur Pierre Palliot.

Dr. D. But, may it please your Royal Highness—it is I who pretend to the hand of Ma'lle Duval—my attachment, as I had the honour to inform your Highness—

Duke. Yours!—was Ma'lle Duval the lady, then, to whom you alluded?

Dr. D. Undoubtedly, Monseigneur.

Duke. [*Aside.*] Bravissimo!—I shall punish the Doctor, at all events. [*Aloud.*] How is this, Ma'lle Duval? do you return the Doctor's affection?

Ma'lle D. Certainly not, Monseigneur—

Duke. And you have no objection to the nephew?

Ma'lle D. I have promised Her Royal Highness—

Duke. My dear Doctor, I'm sorry for you—but the lady is engaged, you see—Monsieur Pierre Palliot!—where is Monsieur Pierre Palliot.

Enter PIERRE, R. C.

Pie. At your Royal Highness' service.

Duke. Young man—you have presumed to entertain a passion for a lady attached to the household of the Duchess de Chartres, without the knowledge and permission of her Royal Highness.

Pie. I!

Duke. [*Aside.*] Silence, or the Bastile! [*Aloud.*] Fortunately for you, your passion is returned.

Pie. It is!

Duke. And the services rendered by Ma'lle Duval to the Duchess, induce us not only to look over your imprudence, but to consent to your union. Take your wife, sir.

Pie. My wife!—oh! with all my heart.

Dr. D. But, Monseigneur—

Duke. Silence!—or the Bastile—

Duch. And, in addition to the ten thousand livres which the Doctor has promised me to give his nephew—

Pie. Oh, my dear uncle!

Dr. D. But, madam, really—

Duch. Obedience, or the Bastile! [*Aloud.*] In addition to those ten thousand livres, I shall give the bride twenty thousand from my own purse, as an acknowledgment of her services.

Duke. And I the same sum to the bridegroom, as a token of my approbation! [*Aside to him.*] And the price of his discretion.

Pie. Oh, Monseigneur! oh, Mademoiselle! oh, uncle! A beautiful wife and fifty thousand livres! I shall go crazy with joy!

Dr. D. And I with vexation!

AIR.—DUCHESS.—*From "Le Philtre."*

Ye, who so oft have deigned to cheer
This poor heart, with fear when sinking,
That you would still support me here,
Say, have I been too bold in thinking?
Let it not your bosoms harden,
Should mine not have judged aright;
But to the Follies of To-Night,
Add the error with your pardon,
And kindly put all cares to flight.

THE END.

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT.

No. LXVII.

THE IRON CHEST.

A Play

IN THREE ACTS.

BY GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.

NEW YORK:

BERFORD & CO., No. 2 ASTOR HOUSE.

1847.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LIBRARY OF THE DIVISION OF THE PHYSICAL SCIENCES

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LIBRARY OF THE DIVISION OF THE PHYSICAL SCIENCES

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LIBRARY OF THE DIVISION OF THE PHYSICAL SCIENCES

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LIBRARY OF THE DIVISION OF THE PHYSICAL SCIENCES

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

THIS play was quite unsuccessful on its first representation, which took place at Covent Garden in 1796. The author attributed its failure to the apathy and inattention of John Philip Kemble, who is said to have walked through the part of *Sir Edward Mortimer* without an effort to impart to it that tragic effect, of which it is undoubtedly capable. By way of revenging himself upon the actor, Mr. Colman wrote a vituperative and sarcastic preface, in which he gave full expression to his discontent; but he lived to repent this hasty ebullition of bad temper, and tried to suppress the edition of his play, which contained it—an effort which he found rather difficult to accomplish.

It seems to be admitted that Kemble did not come up to his usual standard of excellence in his performance of *Sir Edward*. He was indisposed at the time, and perhaps did not enter into the spirit of the character with sufficient promptitude of appreciation. But what probably contributed more than his inefficiency to the bad reception of the play, was the immoderate length of the part of the garrulous old man, *Adam Winterton*, which even the congenial talents of Dodd could not save from becoming wearisome. This fault has since been rectified.

The play was originally produced, with appropriate music, by Stephen Storace, a composer, who had been educated in the reformed Italian school at the close of the last century, and whose models of style were the works of Pacini, Sacchini, and Paesiello. He possessed a strong and capacious mind, was well versed in literature, and, like Mozart, was, when a boy, distinguished for his powers of calculation. Sheridan is said to have once remarked of Storace, that had he been bred to the law he must have become Lord Chancellor. His health was

always delicate, and he died in consequence of his exertions in bringing out this play of "The Iron Chest," in the success of which he had become much interested. "On the first rehearsal," says Kelly, "though labouring under a severe attack of gout and fever, after having been confined to his bed for many days, he insisted on being wrapped up in blankets, and carried in a sedan chair to the cold stage of the play-house. The entreaties and prayers of his family were of no avail—go he would; he went, and remained to the end of the rehearsal. He returned to his bed, whence he never rose again." He died on the 19th of March, 1795, in the thirty-third year of his age.

Undaunted by a first failure, Colman reproduced "The Iron Chest" at his own theatre, in the Haymarket. Mr. Elliston, then a young and aspiring actor, was the hero; and on this occasion the tables were turned in favour of the author and the play. The audience were vehement in their applause. Mr. Rae afterwards became a favourite in the character of *Sir Edward*; and at length Edmund Kean achieved a joint triumph for himself and Colman. A true interpreter of the author's conception was found in him; and the play was revived often with marked success. Mr. Charles Kean's personation of the same part is spirited and bold; and with Mrs. Kean as *Wilford*, he has frequently performed it to the satisfaction and pleasure of American audiences.

The plot of the "Iron Chest" is partially founded upon the well-known novel of "Caleb Williams," by Godwin; the character of *Sir Edward* corresponding to that of *Falkland* in the latter. Mr. Colman has, we think, made the most of his materials, and produced a play, which, if it does not rank among the first of a similar class, has that dramatic merit, which will keep it long from sinking into abandonment.

COSTUMES.

SIR EDWARD MORTIMER.—Black velvet slashed jacket, trimmed with silver buttons and silver lace, white satin vest, buff tights, handsomely trimmed, crimson scarf, russet boots, point lace collar, and ruffles.

FITZHARDING.—Crimson velvet doublet, trunk, and cloak, slashed with white satin, and trimmed with silver bell buttons, velvet hat, and white ostrich feathers, point lace collar, grey hairs—red hose, russet shoes, and rosettes, belt, sword, and walking cane.

WILFORD.—Buff tunic and pantaloons, russet boots, black cap and feathers, broad black belt, and brass buckle, plain collar.

ADAM WINTERTON.—Black cloth doublet, trunks, and cloak, trimmed with black ribbon, black cap, point lace collar, long grey hairs, black cloth shoes, white worsted hose.

RAWBOLD.—Leather doublet, brown cloak and trunks, grey hose, large russet boots, broad belt and buckle, brown flap hat, and collar.

SAMSON.—*First dress:* Brown doublet and trunks, red hose, russet shoes, red wig.
Second dress: Yellow doublet, trunks, and cloak, hat to match, trimmed with red and blue binding—collar.

BOY.—Brown tunic and trunks, belt, grey hose, hat to match.

PETER, WALTER, SIMON, and GREGORY.—Red doublets, trunks, and hose, russet shoes—collars.

ARMSTRONG.—Light brown tunic and trunks, trimmed with red and black, fleshings, hat to match, with black feathers, breastplate, pistols, carbine, sword, chain, and collar, russet boots.

ORSON.—Dark brown ditto, without pistols or carbine.

FIRST ROBBER.—Dark grey ditto, trimmed with black, &c.

SECOND, THIRD, and FOURTH ROBBERS.—Stone colour—dark blue—dark green, ditto.

ROBBER'S BOY.—Brown tunic, &c.

HELEN.—White satin, trimmed with point lace and silver, white silk stockings, white satin shoes, hat, and ostrich feathers.

BLANCH.—Black velvet body, pink petticoat, pointed black hat, the whole trimmed with point lace, and black and blue ribbon, point lace apron.

DAME RAWBOLD.—Flowered gown, white night cap, white kerchief, check apron.

BARBARA.—Light blue stuff petticoat, with black binding, black body, white kerchief and apron, red hose, black shoes.

MARGARET.—Flowered chintz gown, red petticoat, check apron, coloured kerchief, black shoes.

JUDITH.—Bottle-green petticoat and jacket, trimmed with red binding, long hair, red hose, black shoes.

CHILDREN.—Brown tunics, &c.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>Covent Garden, 1796.</i>	<i>Drury Lane, 1816.</i>	<i>Park, 1845.</i>
<i>Sir Edw'd Mortimer</i>	Mr. Kemble.	Mr. Kean.	Mr. C. Kean.
<i>Fitzharding</i>	" Wroughton,	" Powell.	" Vache.
<i>Wilford</i>	" Bannister, jun.	" Wallack.	Mrs. C. Kean.
<i>Adam Winterton</i>	" Dodd.	" Munden.	Mr. Fisher.
<i>Gilbert Rawbold</i>	" Barrymore.	" Holland.	" De Walden.
<i>Samson Rawbold</i>	" Suet.	" Harley.	" G. Andrews.
<i>Boy</i>	Master Welsh.	Master Tibutt.	
<i>Peter</i>	Mr. Banks.	Mr. Evans.	
<i>Walter</i>	" Maddocks.		
<i>Simon</i>	" Webb.		" Heath.
<i>Gregory</i>	" Trueman.	" Winton.	" M'Douall.
<i>Armstrong</i>	" Kelly.	" T. Cooke.	" S. Pearson.
<i>Orson</i>	" Palmer.	" Palmer.	" Barry.
<i>First Robber</i>	" Dignum.	" Cooke.	" Gallot.
<i>Second Robber</i>	" Sedgwick.	" J. Smith.	" King.
<i>Third Robber</i>	" Bannister.	" Miller.	" Gourlay.
<i>Fourth Robber</i>		" Smith.	
<i>Robber's Boy</i>	Master Webb.	Master Phillips.	Master King.
<i>Helen</i>	Miss Farren.	Mrs. Horn.	Mrs. Abbott.
<i>Blanch</i>	Mrs. Gibbs.	" Orger.	" Dyott.
<i>Dame Rawbold</i>	Miss Tidswell.	" Maddocks.	
<i>Barbara Rawbold</i>	Signora Storace.	" T. Cooke.	" Wilkins.
<i>Margaret</i>		" Horribow.	
<i>Judith</i>	Miss De Camp.	" Harlowe.	Miss F. Gordon.

SCENE.—*The New Forest in Hampshire, and on its Borders.*

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*;
S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L., *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*;
L. C., *Left of Centre*.

N.B. Passages marked with Inverted Commas, are usually omitted in the representation.

THE IRON CHEST.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Inside of Rawbold's Cottage—a narrow staircase in the back, L.—a door, R. F.—a table, R. C., on which a taper is burning—the whole scene exhibits poverty and wretchedness.*

Several Children, squalid and beggarly, discovered in different parts of the Room, some asleep, L.—DAME RAWBOLD seated, leaning over the embers of the fire—BARBARA seated near her—SAMSON standing in the front, R. C.

GLEE.

Sam. Five times, by the taper's light,
The hour-glass I have turned to-night.
Boy. Where's father?
Sam. He's gone out to roam:
If he have luck,
He'll bring a buck
Upon his lusty shoulders home.

Different Voices.

Home! home!
He comes not home!
Hark! from the woodland vale below,
The distant clock sounds dull and slow,
Bome! bome! bome!

Sam. (r.) Five o'clock, and father not yet returned from New Forest! An he come not shortly, the sun will rise, and roast the venison on his shoulders. [*Calling.*] Sister Barbara! Well, your rich men have no bowels for us lowly: they little think, while they are gorging on the fat haunch of a goodly buck, what fatigues we poor honest souls undergo in stealing it! Why, sister Barbara!

Bar. [*Rising and coming forward, L. c.*] I am here, brother Samson.

Sam. Here!—Marry, out upon you for an idle baggage!—Why, you crawl like a snail.

Bar. I pr'ythee, now, do not chide me, Samson!

Sam. 'Tis my humour. I am father's head man in his poaching: the rubs I take from him, who is above me, I hand down to you, who are below me. 'Tis the way of office, where every miserable devil domineers it over the next more miserable devil that's under him. You may scold sister Margery, an you will; she's your younger by a twelvemonth.

Bar. Truly, brother, I would not make any one unhappy for the world: I am content to do what I can to please, and to mind the house.

Sam. Truly, a weighty matter! Thou art e'en ready to hang thyself for want of something to wile away time. What hast thou much more to do than to trim the faggots, nurse thy mother, boil the pot, patch our jackets, kill the poultry, cure the hogs, feed the pigs, and comb the children?

Bar. Many might think that no small charge, Samson.

Sam. A mere nothing; while father and I (bate us but the mother and children,) have the credit of purloining every single thing that you have the care of. We are up early, and down late, in the exercise of our industry.

Bar. I wish father and you would give up the calling.

Sam. No: there is one keen argument to prevent us.

Bar. What's that, brother?

Sam. Hunger. Wouldst have us be rogues, and let our family starve? Give up poaching and deer-stealing! Oons! dost think we have no conscience? Yonder sits mother, poor soul! old, helpless, and crazy.

Bar. Alas! brother, 'tis heart-aching to look upon her. This very time three years she got her maim: it was a piteous tempest!

Sam. Ay, 'twas rough weather.

Bar. I never pass the old oak that was shivered that night in the storm, but I am ready to weep: it remembers me of the time when all our poor family went to ruin.

Sam. Pish! no matter: the cottage was blown down, the barn fired, father undone. Well, landlords are flinty-hearted—no help; what then?—We live, don't we?

Bar. Troth, brother, very sadly. Father has grown desperate—all is fallen to decay; we live by pilfering on the forest, and our poor mother distracted, and unable to look to the house. The rafter which fell in the storm struck so heavy upon her brain, I fear me 'twill never again be settled. The little ones, too, scarce clothed—hungry—almost starving! Indeed, we are a very wretched family.

[*A knock at the cottage-door, R. P.*

Sam. Hark! methought I heard a tread.

[*He opens the door, R. E.*

Enter RAWBOLD, L.

Raw. (c.) Bar the door; so—softly!

Sam. (R. c.) What success, father?

Raw. Good; my limbs ache for't. How you stand!—The chair, you gander!

Sam. [To Barbara.] Why, how you stand!—The chair, you gander.

[*They bring forward a chair—Rawbold sits, c.*

Raw. Here, take my gun—'tis unscrewed. The keepers are abroad; I had scarce time to get it in my pocket. [*He pulls the gun from a pocket under his coat, in three pieces, which Samson screws together while they are talking.*] Fie! 'tis sharp work! Barbara, you jade! come hither.

Sam. Barbara, you jade! come hither.

Raw. Who bid thee chide her, lout? Kiss thy old father, wench—kiss me, I say!—So.—Why dost tremble? I am rough as a tempest; evil fortune has blown my lowering nature into turbulence; but thou art a blossom that dost bend thy head so sweetly under my gusts of passion, 'tis pity they should ever harm thee.

Bar. (L.) Indeed, father, I am glad to see you safe returned.

Raw. I believe thee. Take the keys; go to the locker in the loft, and bring me a glass to recruit me.

[*Exit Barbara, L. U. E.*

Sam. Well, father, and so—

Raw. Peace!—I ha' shot a buck.

Sam. Oh, rare! Of all the sure aims on the borders of the New Forest here, give me old Gilbert Rawbold; though I, who am his son, say it, that should not say it. Where have you stowed him, father?

Raw. Under the furze, behind the hovel. "Come night again, we will draw him in, boy. I have been watched.

Sam. Watched!—Oh, the pestilence!—Our trade will be spoiled if the groom-keepers be after us; the law will persecute us, father.

Raw. Dost know Mortimer?

Sam. What, Sir Edward Mortimer? Ay, sure; he is head-keeper of the forest. 'Tis he who has shut himself up in melancholy; sees no rich, and does so much good to the poor.

Raw. He has done me naught but evil. A gun cannot be carried on the border here, but he has scent on't at a league's distance. He is a thorn to me: his scouts this night were after me, all on the watch. I'll be revenged—I'll—So, the brandy.

Re-enter BARBARA, with the liquor, L. U. E.

Raw. [After drinking.] 'Tis right, i'faith!

Sam. (R.) That 'tis, I'll be sworn; for I smuggled it myself. We do not live so near the coast for nothing.

Raw. Sir Edward Mortimer, look to it!

Bar. (L.) Sir Edward Mortimer! Oh, dear father, what of him?

Raw. Ay, now thou art all agog! Thou wouldst hear somewhat of that smooth-tongued fellow, his secretary—his clerk, Wilford, whom thou so often meet'st in the forest. I have news on't. Look how you walk thither again! What, thou wouldst betray me to him, I warrant—conspire against your father!

Sam. Ay, conspire against your father, and your tender loving brother, you viper, you!

Bar. Beshrew me, father, I meant no harm; and, indeed, indeed, Wilford is as handsome a—I mean, as good a youth as ever breathed. If I thought he meant ill by you, I should hate him.

Raw. When didst see him last?—Speak!

Bar. You terrify me so, father, I am scarce able to speak. Yesternoon, by the copse: 'twas but to read with him the book of sonnets he gave me.

Sam. That's the way your sly, grave rogues, work into the hearts of the females. I never knew any good come of a girl's reading sonnets with a learned clerk in a copse.

Raw. Let me hear no more of your meeting. I am content to think you would not plot my undoing.

Bar. I?—Oh, father!

Raw. But he may plot yours. Mark me: fortune has thrust me forth to prowl, like the wolf; but the wolf is anxious for its young. I am an outcast, whom hunger has hardened; I violate the law, but feeling is not dead within me; and callous villain as I am accounted, I would tear that greater villain piecemeal, who would violate my child, and rob an old man of the little remains of comfort wretchedness has left him! [*A knocking at the door, R. F.*

A voice. [*Without.*] Hilliho! ho!

Raw. How now?

Sam. There, an they be not after us already! I'll—We have talked, too, till 'tis broad daylight.

Wilford. [*Without, R. D. F.*] Open, good Master Rawbold; I would speak to you suddenly.

Bar. Oh, Heaven! 'tis the voice of Wilford himself!

Raw. Wilford!—I'm glad on't! Now he shall—I'm glad on't! Open the door—quickly, I say! He shall smart for it!

Sam. Are you mad, father? 'Tis we shall smart for it. Let in the keeper's head man! The buck you have just shot, you know, is hard at hand.

Raw. Open, I say!

Sam. Oh, lord! I defy any secretary's nose not to smell stolen venison now, the moment 'tis thrust near our hovel!

[*Opens the door, R. F.*

Enter WILFORD, R. D. F.

Wil. (R. c.) Save you, good people. You are Gilbert Rawbold, as I take it.

Raw. (c.) I am. Your message here, young man, bodes me no good; but I am Gilbert Rawbold, and here's my daughter: dost know her?

Wil. Ah, Barbara! good wench, how fares it with you?

Raw. Look on her well, then consult your own conscience: 'tis difficult, haply, for a secretary to find one. You are a villain!

Wil. You lie! Hold! I crave pardon. You are her father; she is innocent, and you are unhappy. I respect virtue and misfortune too much to shock the one, or insult the other.

Raw. 'Sdeath! why meet my daughter in the forest?

Wil. Because I love her.

Raw. And would ruin her.

Wil. That's a strange way of showing one's love, methinks. I have a simple notion, Gilbert, that the thought of having taken a base advantage of a poor girl's affection might go nigh to break a man's sleep, and give him unquiet dreams; now, I love my night's rest, and shall do nothing to disturb it.

Raw. Wouldst not poison her mind?

Wil. 'Tis not my method, friend, of dosing a patient. Look ye, Gilbert; her mind is a fair flower, stuck in the rude soil here of surrounding ignorance, and smiling in the chill of poverty. I would fain cheer it with the little sunshine I possess of comfort and information. My parents were poor, like her's: should occasion serve, I might haply, were all parties agreed, make her my wife. To make her aught else would affect her, you, and myself: and I have no talent at making three people uneasy at the same time.

Raw. Your hand: on your own account, we are friends.

Bar. (L. C.) Oh, dear father!

Raw. Be silent. Now to your errand: 'tis from Mortimer.

Wil. I come from Sir Edward.

Raw. I know his malice: he would oppress me with his power—he would starve me and my family. Search my house.

Sam. (L.) No, father, no!—[*Aside.*] You forget the buck under the furze.

Raw. Let him do his worst, but let him beware—a tyrant! a villain!

[*Samson gets round to R. corner.*]

Wil. Hark ye: he is my master; I owe him my gratitude—every thing; and had you been any but the father of my Barbara, and spoken so much against him, indignation had worked into my knuckles, and crammed the words down your rusty throat!

Sam. [*Aside.*—R. C.] I do begin to perceive how this will end: father will knock down the secretary as flat as a buck!

Raw. Why am I singled out? Is there no mark for the vengeance of office to shoot its shaft at but me?—This morning, as he dogged me in the forest—

Wil. Hush, Rawbold! keep your counsel. Should you make it public, he must notice it.

Raw. Did he not notice it?

Wil. No matter; but he has sent me thus early, Gilbert, with this relief to your distresses, which he has heard of. Here are twenty marks for you and your family.

Raw. From Sir Edward Mortimer?

Wil. 'Tis his way; but he would not have it mentioned. He is one of those judges who, in their office, will never warp the law to save offenders; but his private charity bids him assist the needy, before their necessities drive them to crimes, which his public duty must punish.

Raw. Did Mortimer do this? did he?—Heaven bless him! Oh, young man, if you knew half the misery—my wife—my children! Shame on't! I have stood many a tug, but the drops now fall, in spite of me! I am not ungrateful, but—I cannot stand it! We will talk of Barbara when I have more man about me.

[*Exit up the staircase, l.*

Wil. Farewell! I must home to the lodge quickly; Ere this, I warrant, I am looked for.

Bar. Farewell!

QUINTETTO.

Wil. The sun has tipped the hills with red,
The lout now flourishes his flail;
The punchy parson waddles from his bed,
Heavy and heated with his last night's ale.
Adieu! adieu!—I must be going,
The dapper village cock is crowing.
Adieu, my little Barbara!

Bar. Adieu!—And should you think upon
The lowly cottage, when you're gone,
Where two old oaks, with ivy decked,
Their branches o'er the roof project,
I pray, good sir, just recollect
That there lives little Barbara.

Sam. And Samson, too, good sir, in smoke and smother;
Barbara's very tender, loving brother.

Boy. [*To Samson.*] Brother, look; the sun aloof
Peeps through the crannies of the roof.
Give us food, good brother, pray;
For we ate nothing yesterday.

Children. Give us food, good brother, pray!

Sam. Oh, fire and faggot! what a squalling!

Bar. Do not chide 'em.

Sam. Stop their bawling!

Hungry stomachs there's no balking:

I wish I could stop their mouths with talking.

But very good meat is (cent pèr cent)

Dearer than very good argument.

Wil. Adieu! adieu!—I must be going;

The dapper village cock is crowing.

Adieu, my little Barbara! }

Bar. Oh, think on little Barbara! }

Children. Give us food!

Sam. Leave off squalling!

Wil. & Bar. Adieu! adieu!

Sam. Stop their bawling!

Sam. Adieu! my little Barbara!

Wil. & Oh, think on little Barbara!

Bar. You'll think on little Barbara!

[*Exeunt Wilford, R. D. F., Samson and two Children, L., and the scene closes on Dame Rawbold and two other Children.*]

SCENE II.—*An old-fashioned Hall in Sir Edward Mortimer's Lodge—a table and two chairs.*

Enter PETER, and several other Servants, R., and cross with flagons, tankards, cold meat, &c.

Enter ADAM WINTERTON, R.

Win. Softly, varlets, softly! See you crack none of the stone flagons. Nay, 'tis plain your own breakfasts be toward, by your scuttling thus. A goodly morning! Why, you giddy-pated knave! [*To Peter,*] is it so you carry a dish of pottery?—No heed of our good master, Sir Edward Mortimer's ware? Fie, Peter Pickbone, fie!

Peter. I am in haste, master steward, to break my fast.

Win. To break thy fast!—To break thy neck, it should seem. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! good, i'faith! Go thy ways, knave! [*Exit Peter, L.*] 'Tis thus the rogues ever have me: I would fain be angry with them, but straight a merry jest passeth across me, and my choler is over. To break thy neck, it should seem! [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! 'twas well conceited, by St. Thomas! My table-book for the business of the day. Ah! my memory holds not as it

did—it needs the spur. [*Looking over his book.*] Nine-and-forty years have I been house-steward and butler. It is a long lease. Let me see—my tablets.

[*Looking over them and singing.*

“When birds do carol on the bush,
With a heigh no nonny”—Heigho!

These fatigues of office somewhat wear a man. I have had a long lease on't: I ha' seen out Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, and King James. 'Tis e'en almost time that I should retire, to begin to enjoy myself. [*Looking off, L.*] Eh! by St. Thomas! hither trips the fair mistress Blanch. Of all the waiting-gentlewomen I ever looked on, during the two last reigns, none stirred my fancy like this little rose-bud.

Enter BLANCH, L.

Blanch. A good day, good Adam Winterton.

Win. What, wag! what, tulip!—I never see thee, but I am a score of years the younger.

Blanch. Nay, then, let us not meet often, or you will soon be in your second childhood.

Win. What, you come from your mistress, the Lady Helen, in the forest here; and would speak with Sir Edward Mortimer, I warrant?

Blanch. I would. Is his melancholy worship stirring yet?

Win. Fie, you mad-cap!—He is my master, and your lady's friend.

Blanch. Yes, truly, it seems, her only one, poor lady: he protects her, now she is left an orphan.

Win. A blessing on his heart! I would it were merrier. Well, should they happen to marry, (and I have my fancies on't,) I'll dance a galliard with thee in the hall, on the round oak table. 'Sbud! when I was a youth, I would ha' capered with St. Vitus, and beat him.

Blanch. You are as likely to dance now, as they to marry. What has hindered them, if the parties be agreed? Yet I have, now, been with my mistress these two years, since Sir Edward first came hither, and placed her in the cottage hard by his lodge.

Win. Tush! family reasons. Thou knowest nothing—thou art scarce caught. Two years back, when we came

from Kent, and Sir Edward first entered on his office here of head-keeper, thou wert a colt, running wild about New Forest. I hired you myself, to attend on Madam Helen.

Blanch. Nay, I shall never forget it. But you were as frolicsome then as I, methinks. Dost remember the box on the ear I gave thee, Adam?

Win. Peace, peace, you pie!—An' you prate thus, I'll stop your mouth—I will, by St. Thomas!

Blanch. An I be inclined to the contrary, I do not think you are able to stop it.

Win. Tut, you baggage! thou hast more tricks than a kitten. Well, go thy ways; [*Blanch crosses to R.*] Sir Edward is at his study, and there thou wilt find him.—Ah, Mistress Blanch! had you but seen me sixty years ago, in the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign!

Blanch. How old art thou now, Adam?

Win. Fourscore, come Martlemas; and, by our lady! I can run with a lapwing.

Blanch. Canst thou?—Well said!—Thou art a merry old man, and shalt have a kiss of me, on one condition.

Win. Shall I?—Odsbud! name it, and 'tis mine.

Blanch. Then catch me.

[*Runs off, R.*]

Win. Pestilence on't!—There was a time when my legs had served: I was a clean-limbed stripling, when I first stood behind Sir Marmaduke's arm-chair in the old oak eating-room.

[*Retires up, L.*]

Enter WILFORD, R.

Wil. Every new act of Sir Edward's charity sets me a thinking; and the more I think, the more I am puzzled. 'Tis strange that a man should be so ill at ease, who is continually doing good! At times, the wild glare of his eye is frightful. I would stake my life there's a secret; and I could almost give my life to unravel it. I must to him for my morning's employment.

[*Crosses to L.*]

Win. Ah, boy! Wilford! secretary! whither away, lad?

Wil. Mr. Winterton!—[*Aside.*] Ay, marry, this good old man has the clue, could I but coax him to give it to me.—[*Aloud.*] A good morning to you, sir.

Win. Yea, and the like to thee, boy! Come, thou shalt have a cup of Canary from my corner cupboard, yonder.

Wil. Not a drop!

Win. Troth I bear thee a good will for thy honest, old, dead father's sake.

Wil. I do thankfully perceive it, sir. Your placing me in Sir Edward's family some nine months ago, when my poor father died, and left me friendless, will never out of my memory.

Win. Tut, boy! no merit of mine in assisting the friendless; 'tis our duty. I could never abide to see honest industry chop-fallen; I love to have folks merry about me, to my heart.

Wil. I would you could instil some mirth into our good master, Sir Edward. You are an old domestic, the only one he brought with him, two years back, from Kent; and might venture to give his spirits a jog. He seems devoured with spleen and melancholy.

Win. You are a prying boy—go to! I have told thee, a score of times, I would not have thee curious about our worthy master's humour.

Wil. I should cease to pray, sir, would you but once (as I think you have more than once seemed inclined,) gratify my much-raised curiosity.

Win. What, greenhorn! dost think to trap the old man? Go thy ways, boy! I have a head: old Adam Winterton can sift a subtle speech to the bottom.

Wil. Ah! good sir, you need not tell me that. Young as I am, I can admire that experience in another, which I want myself.

Win. [*Aside.*] There is something marvellously engaging in this young man. Sixty years ago, in Queen Elizabeth's time, I was just such another.—[*Aloud.*] Well, beware how you offend Sir Edward.

Wil. I would not, willingly, for the world. He has been the kindest master to me; but, whilst my fortunes ripen in the warmth of his goodness, the frozen gloom of his countenance chills me.

Win. Well, well, take heed how you prate on't. Out on these babbling boys! There is no keeping a secret with younkers in a family.

Wil. [*Very eagerly.*] What, then, there is a secret?

Win. Why, how now, hot-head? Mercy on me! an' this tinder-box boy do not make me shake with apprehension! Is it thus you take my frequent counsel?

Wil. Dear sir, 'tis your counsel which most I covet : give me but that, admit me to your confidence, steer me with your advice (which I ever held excellent), and, with such a pilot, I may sail prosperously through a current, which, otherwise, might wreck me.

Win. Well, well, I'll think on't, boy.

Wil. [*Aside.*] The old answer ; yet he softens apace. Could I but clench him now !—[*Aloud.*] Faith, sir, 'tis a raw morning, and I care not if I taste the Canary your kindness offered.

Win. Aha ! lad, say'st thou so ? Here's the key of the corner cupboard yonder ; see you do not crack the bottle, you heedless goose, you ! [*Exit Wilford, L., and returns with bottle and glasses.*] Ha ! fill it up. Od ! it sparkles curiously. Here's to—I prithee, tell me, now, Wilford, didst ever in thy life see a waiting-gentlewoman with a more inviting eye than the little Mrs. Blanch ?

Wil. [*Drinking.*] Here's Mrs. Blanch !

Win. Ah, wag ! well, go thy ways ! Well, when I was of thy age—'Tis all over, now ! But here's little Mrs. Blanch ! [*Drinks.*]

Wil. 'Tis thought here, Sir Edward means to marry her lady, Madam Helen.

Win. Nay, I know not : she has long been enamoured of him, poor lady ! when he was the gay, the gallant Sir Edward, in Kent. Ah, well ! two years make a wondrous change !

Wil. Yes, 'tis a good tough love now-a-days that will hold out a couple of twelvemonths.

Win. Away ! I mean not so, you giddy pate ! He is all honour ; yet I wonder sometimes he can bear to look upon her.

Wil. Eh ! why so ? Did he not bring her, under his protection, to the forest, since, 'tis said, she lost her relations ?

Win. Hush, boy !—On your life, do not name her uncle—I would say, her relations !

Wil. Her uncle !—Wherefore ?—Where's the harm in having an uncle, dead or alive ?

Win. Peace, peace ! In that uncle lies the secret.

Wil. Indeed !—How, good Adam Winterton ?—I prithee, how ? Let us drink Sir Edward's health.

Win. That I would, though 'twere a mile to the bottom. [*Drinking.*] Ha! 'tis cheating, i'faith!

Wil. And this uncle, you say—

Win. Of Madam Helen?—Ah, there lies the mischief!

Wil. What mischief can be in him?—[*Wilford invites Adam to drink again—they do so.*] Why, he is dead.

Win. Come nearer: see you prate not, now, on your life! Our good master, Sir Edward, was arraigned on his account, in open court.

Wil. Arraigned!—How mean you?

Win. Alas! boy, tried—tried for—nearer yet—his murder!

Wil. Mu—mur—murder!

Win. Why, what! why, Wilford!—Out, alas! the boy's passion will betray all! What, Wilford, I say!

Wil. You have curdled my blood!

Win. What, varlet! thou darest not think ill of our worthy master?

Wil. I—I am his secretary; often alone with him, at dead midnight, in his library; the candles in the sockets; and a man glaring upon me who has committed murder! Ugh!

[*Crosses to u.*

Win. Committed!—Thou art a base, lying knave to say it! Well, well; hear me, pettish boy, hear me.—Why, look now, thou dost not attend.

Wil. I—I mark—I mark.

Win. I tell thee, then, our good Sir Edward was beloved in Kent, where he had returned, a year before, from his travels. Madam Helen's uncle was hated by all the neighbourhood, rich and poor—a mere brute. Dost mark me?

Wil. Like enough; but when brutes walk upon two legs, the law of the land, thank Heaven! will not suffer us to butcher them.

Win. Go to, you firebrand! Our good master laboured all he could, for many a month, to sooth his turbulence, but in vain. He picked a quarrel with Sir Edward in the public county assembly; nay, the strong ruffian struck him down, and trampled on him. Think on that, Wilford; on our good master, Sir Edward, whose great soul was nigh to burst with the indignity!

Wil. Well, but the end on't?

Win. Why, our young master took horse for his own house, determined, as it appeared, to send a challenge to this white-livered giant in the mörning.

Wil. I see : he killed him in a duel.

Win. See, now, how you fly off! Sir Edward's revenge, boy, was baffled; for his antagonist was found dead in the street that night, killed by some unknown assassins on his return from the assembly.

Wil. Indeed!—Unknown assassins!

Win. Nay, 'tis plain our good Sir Edward had no hand in the wicked act; for he was tried, as I told you, at the next assize. Heaven be thanked! he was cleared beyond a shadow of doubt.

Wil. He was? [*Crossing to L.*] I breathe again!—'Twas a happy thing—'twas the only way left of cleansing him from a foul suspicion.

Win. But, alas! lad, 'tis his principal grief; he was once the life of all company, but now—

Sir Edward Mortimer. [*Without, R.*] Winterton!

Win. Hark! some one calls. Out on thee! thou hast sunk my spirits into my heels. [*Looking off, R.*] Who calls merry old Adam Winterton?

Sir Edward. [*Without, R.*] Adam Winterton, come hither to me!

Win. Nay, by our lady, 'tis Sir Edward himself!—Pestilence on't! if I seem sad now 'twill be noted. I come, good Sir Edward! Now, I charge thee, Wilford, do not speak of it for thy life. [*Singing.*] "When birds"—[*To Wilford, speaking.*] Not a word, on thy life! [*Singing.*]—"do carol on the bush,

With a heigh no nonny."

Mercy on me!

[*Exit, R.*]

Wil. This accounts, then, for all. Poor, unhappy gentleman! This unravels all, from the first day of my service, when a deep groan made me run into the library, and I found him locking up his papers in the iron chest, as pale as ashes. Eh! what can be in that chest? Perhaps some proof of—No, I shudder at the suggestion! 'Tis not possible one so good can be guilty of—I know not what to think, nor what to resolve; but curiosity is roused, and, come what may, I'll have an eye upon him.

[*Exit, L.*]

SCENE III.—*A Library—a door, R. F.—a book-case, R. C.—an iron chest, with a key in it, L. C.—a table, L., with writing materials, a pistol, &c.*

SIR EDWARD MORTIMER *discovered at the writing-table, L.,*
ADAM WINTERTON, *attending, R.*

Sir E. 'Tis his first trespass, so we'll quit him, Adam ;
But caution him how he offend again.
As keeper of the forest, I should fine him.

Win. Nay, that your worship should : he'll prove ere
long,—

Mark but my words—a sturdy poacher. Well,
'Tis you know best.

Sir E. Well, well, no matter, Adam :
He has a wife and child.

Win. Ay, bless your honour !

Sir E. They killed his dog ?

Win. Ay, marry, sir, a lurcher ;
Black Martin Wincot, the keeper, shot him—
A perilous good aim. I warrant me,
The rogue has lived this year upon that lurcher.

Sir E. Poor wretch ! Oh, well bethought : send Wal-
ter to me ;
I would employ him ; he must ride for me
On business of much import.

Win. Lackaday !
That it should chance so ! I have sent him forth
To Winchester, to buy me flannel hose,
For winter's coming on. Good lack ! that things
Should fall so crossly !

Sir E. Nay, nay, do not fret :
'Tis better that my business cool, good Adam,
Than thy old limbs.

Win. Ah ! you've a kindly heart !

Sir E. Is Wilford waiting ?

Win. [*Aside.*] Wilford !—Mercy on me !
I tremble, now, to hear his name.—[*Aloud.*] He is ;
Here, in the hall, sir.

Sir E. Send him in, I prithee.

Win. I shall, sir. Heaven bless you ! Heaven bless
you !

[*Exit, R.*

Sir E. Good morning, good old heart ! [*Rising.*] This honest soul

Would fain look cheery in my house's gloom,
And, like a gay and sturdy evergreen,
Smiles in the midst of blast and desolation,
Where all around him withers. Well, well—wither !
Perish this frail and fickle frame ! this clay,
That, in its dross-like compound, doth contain
The mind's pure ore and essence ! Oh ! that mind,
That mind of man ! that godlike spring of action !
That source whence learning, virtue, honour, flow !
Which lifts us to the stars—which carries us
O'er the swoll'n waters of the angry deep,
As swallows skim the air !—that fame's sole fountain,
That doth transmit a fair and spotless name,
When the vile trunk is rotten !—Give me that !
Oh ! give me but to live in after-age,
Remembered and unsullied ! Heaven and earth !
Let my pure flame of honour shine in story,
When I am cold in death, and the slow fire
That wears my vitals now will no more move me,
Than 'twould a corpse within a monument !

[*A knock at the door, R. F.*]

How now !—Who's there ?—Come in.

Enter WILFORD, R. D. F.

Wilford, is't you ? You were not wont to knock.

Wil. I feared I might surprise you, sir.

Sir E. Surprise me !

Wil. I mean, disturb you, sir ; yes, at your studies.
Disturb you at your studies.

Sir E. Very strange !

* You were not used to be so cautious.

Wil. No,

I never used ; but I—hum !—I have learned—

Sir E. Learned !

Wil. Better manners, sir. I was quite raw
When, in your bounty, you first sheltered me ;
But, thanks to your great goodness, and the lessons
Of Mr. Winterton, I still improve,
And pick up something daily.

Sir E. Ay, indeed !

Winterton!—[*Aside.*] No, he dare not! [*Stepping up to Wilford.*] Hark you, sir!

Wil. Sir!

Sir E. [*Retreating from him, l.*] What am I about?
Oh, Honour! Honour!

Thy pile should be so uniform, displace
One atom of thee, and the slightest breath
Of a rude peasant makes thy owner tremble
For his whole building! Reach me from the shelf
The volume I was busied in last night.

Wil. Last night, sir!

Sir E. Ay; it treats of Alexander.

Wil. Oh, I remember, sir—of Macedon.
I made some extracts by your order.

[*Goes to the book-case, r. c.*]

Sir E. Books

(My only commerce now,) will sometimes rouse me
Beyond my nature. I have been so warmed,
So heated by a well-turned rhapsody,
That I have seemed the hero of the tale,
So glowingly described. Draw me a man
Struggling for fame, attaining, keeping it,
Dead ages since, and the historian
Decking his memory, in polished phrase,
And I can follow him through every turn,
Grow wild in his exploits, myself himself,
Until the thick pulsation of my heart
Wakes me, to ponder on the thing I am! [*Crosses to r.*]

Wil. [*Coming down, l., and giving him the book.*] To
my poor thinking, sir, this Alexander
Would scarcely rouse a man to follow him.

Sir E. Indeed?—Why so, lad? He is reckoned brave,
Wise, generous, learned, by older heads than thine.

Wil. I cannot tell, sir; I have but a gleanings.
He conquered all the world, but left unconquered
A world of his own passions; and they led him
(It seems so there), on petty provocation,
Even to murder.

[*Mortimer starts—Wilford and he exchange looks—
both confused.*]

[*Aside.*] I have touched the string!
'Twas unawares—I cannot help it.

Sir E. [*Attempting to recover himself.*] Wilford,—
Wilford, I—You mistake the character.

I—mark you—he—Death and eternal tortures!

[*Dashes the book on the floor, and seizes Wilford.*

Slave! I will crush thee! pulverise thy frame,

That no vile particle of prying nature

May—[*Laughing hysterically.*] Ha! ha! ha! I will not
harm thee, boy!

Oh, agony!

[*Exit, R. D. F.*

Wil. Is this the high-flown honour, and delicate feeling, old Winterton talked of, that cannot bear a glance at the trial? This may be guilt. If so—Well, what have I to do with the knowledge on't?—What could I do?—Cut off my benefactor, who gives me bread,—who is respected for his virtues, pitied for his misfortunes, loved by his family, blessed by the poor! Pooh! he is innocent. This is his pride and shame. He was acquitted: thousands witnessed it—thousands rejoiced at it—thousands—Eh! the key left in the iron chest! Circumstance and mystery tempt me at every turn. Ought I? No matter: these are no common incitements, and I submit to the impulse. I heard him stride down the stairs. It opens with a spring, I see. I tremble in every joint!

[*Goes to the chest, L. C.*

Re-enter SIR EDWARD MORTIMER, R. D. F.

Sir E. I had forgot the key, and—[*Seeing Wilford at the chest.*] Ha! by hell!

[*Snatches a pistol from the table, L., runs up to him, and holds it to his head—Wilford, on his knees, claps down the lid of the trunk, which he has just opened—after an apparent struggle of mind, Mortimer throws the pistol from him.*

Begone! [*Wilford crosses to R.*] Come back—come hither to me!

Mark me,—I see thou dost at every turn,
And I have noted thee, too. Thou hast found
(I know not how) some clue to my disgrace—
Ay, my disgrace!—We must not mince it now.
Public dishonour! trod on! buffeted!
Then tried, as the foul demon who had foiled

My manly means of vengeance! Anguish gnaws me;
Mountains of shame are piled upon me,—me,
Who have made fame my idol! 'Twas enough,
But something must be superadded. You—
A worm, a viper I have warmed, must plant,
In venom'd sport, your sting into my wounds,
Too tender e'en for tenderness to touch,
And work me into madness! Thou wouldst question
My very—(slave!)—my very innocence,
Ne'er doubted yet by judges nor arraigners.
Wretch! you have wrung this from me; be content:
I am sunk low enough. *[Retires up.]*

Wil. *[Returning the key.]* Oh! sir! I ever
Honoured and loved you; but I merit all:
My passions hurried me, I know not whither. *[Kneels.]*
Do with me as you please, my kind, wronged master!
Discard me—thrust me forth—nay, kill me!

Sir E. Kill you!

Wil. I know not what I say; I know but this,
That I would die to serve you!

Enter GREGORY, R. D. F.

Gre. Sir, your brother
Is just alighted at the gate.

Sir E. My brother!
He could not time it worse. Wilford, remember!
Come, show me to him.

[Exit, R. D. F., followed by Gregory.]

Wil. Remember!—I shall never, while I live, forget it;
nay, I shall never, while I live, forgive myself! My
knees knock together still, and the cold drops stand on
my forehead, like rain-water on a pent-house.

Enter BARBARA, L.

Bar. Oh, dear! what would any of the servants say if
they should see me? Wilford!

Wil. Eh! Barbara!—How camest thou here?

Bar. With my father, who waits below to see Sir Edward.

Wil. He—he is busied; he cannot see him now; he is
with his brother.

Bar. Troth, I am sorry for it. My poor father's heart is bursting with gratitude, and he would fain ease it, by pouring out his thanks to his benefactor. Oh, Wilford! yours is a happy lot, to have such a master as Sir Edward!

Wil. Happy? Oh, yes—I—I am very happy.

Bar. Mercy! has any ill befallen you?

Wil. No, nothing.

Bar. Nay, I'm sure there's more in this. Bless me! you look pale. I couldn't bear to see you ill or uneasy, Wilford.

Wil. Couldn't you, Barbara? Well, well, I shall be better presently; 'tis nothing of import.

Bar. Trust me, I hope not.

Wil. Well, question me no more on't now, I beseech you, Barbara.

Bar. Believe me, I would not question you but to console you, Wilford. I would scorn to pry into any one's grief, much more yours, Wilford, to satisfy a busy curiosity; though I am told there are such in the world who would.

Wil. I—I am afraid there are, Barbara. But come, no more of this; 'tis a passing cloud on my spirits, and will soon blow over.

Bar. Ah! could I govern your fortunes, foul weather should ne'er harm you.

Wil. Should not it, sweet? Kiss me. [*Kissing her.*] The lips of a woman are a sovereign cordial for melancholy.

DUETT.—WILFORD and BARBARA.

Wil. Sweet little Barbara, when you are advancing,
Sweet little Barbara, my cares you remove.

Bar. Poor little Barbara can feel her heart dancing,
When little Barbara is met by her love.

Wil. When I am grieved, love, oh! what would you say?

Bar. Tattle to you, love,
And prattle to you, love,
And laugh your grief and care away.

Wil. Sweet little Barbara, &c.

Bar. Poor little Barbara, &c.

Wil. Yet, dearest Barbara, look all through the nation,
Care, soon or late, my love, is every man's lot.

Bar. Sorrow and melancholy, grief and vexation,
When we are young and jolly, soon is forgot.

Wil. When we grow old, love, then what will you say?

Bar. Tattle to you, love,
And prattle to you, love,
And laugh your grief and care away.

Wil. Sweet little Barbara, &c.

Bar. Poor little Barbara, &c.

Exeunt Barbara, L., Wilford, R. D. F.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The New Forest.*

Enter ARMSTRONG and ORSON, R., from the top through cut wood.

Arm. (c.) Go to!—I tell thee, Orson (as I have told thee more than once), thou art too sanguinary.

Ors. (l.) And I tell you, Captain Armstrong—but always under favour, you being our leader—you are too humane.

Arm. Humanity is scarcely counted a fault; if so, 'tis a fault on the right side.

Ors. Umph!—Perhaps not with us: we are robbers.

Arm. And why should robbers lack humanity? They who plunder most respect it as a virtue, and make a show on't to gild their vices. Lawyers, physicians, placemen, all—all plunder and slay, but all pretend to humanity.

Ors. They are regulars, and plunder by license.

Arm. Then let us quacks set the regulars a better example.

Ors. This humanity, captain, is a high horse you are ever bestride upon: some day, mark my word, he'll fling you.

Arm. Cruelty is a more dangerous beast. When the rider is thrown, his brains are kicked out, and no one pities him.

Ors. Like enough; but your tough horseman, who ventures boldly, is never dismounted. When I am engaged in a desperate chase (as we are, captain), I stick at nothing. I hate milk-sops.

Arm. And love mutiny. Take heed, Orson; I have before cautioned you not to glance at me.

Ors. I say nothing; but if some escape to inform against us, whom we have robbed, 'tis none of my fault. Dead men tell no tales.

Arm. Wretch! [*Holding a carbine to his head.*] Speak that again, and you shall tell none!

Ors. Flash away! I don't fear death.

Arm. More shame for thee; for thou art unfit to meet it!

Ors. I know my trade: I set powder, ball, and rope, at defiance.

Arm. Brute! you mistake headstrong insensibility for courage. Do not mistake my horror of it for cowardice; for I, who shudder at cruelty, will fell your boldness to the earth when I see you practice it. Submit!

Ors. I do. But my courage was never yet doubted, captain.

Arm. Your nerves, fool! Thou art a mere machine: could I but give it motion, I would take an oak from the forest here, clap a flint into it for a heart, and make as bold a fellow as thou art. Listen to my orders.

Ors. I obey.

Arm. Get thee to our den; [*Orson crosses to R.*] put on thy disguise; then hie thee to the market-town, for provision for our company. Here—here is part of the spoil we took yesternight; [*Giving money.*] see you bring an honest account of what you lay out.

Ors. My honour!

Arm. Well, I do not doubt thee, here. Our profession is singular—its followers do not cheat one another. You will not be back till dusk; see you fall not on any poor straggling peasant as you return.

Ors. I would fain encounter the solitary man, who is sometimes wandering by night about the forest;—he is rich.

Arm. Not for your life! 'Tis Sir Edward Mortimer, the head keeper. Touch him not—'tis too near home: besides, he is no object for plunder. He is good to the poor, and should walk unmolested by charity's charter.—'Twere pity that he who administers to necessity all day, should be rifled by necessity at night. An' thou shouldst meet him, I charge thee spare him.

Ors. I must, if it be your order. The profession will soon tumble into decay, when thieves grow tender-hearted. When a man drives the trade of a wolf, he should not go to his business like a lamb. [Exit, R.

Arm. This fellow is downright villain, hardened and relentless. I have felt, in my penury, the world trample on me; it has driven me to take that, desperately, which wanting I should starve. Death! my spirit cannot brook to see a sleek knave walk negligently by his fellow in misery, and suffer him to rot. I will wrench that comfort from him which he will not bestow. But nature puts a bar: let him administer to my wants, and pass on; I have done with him!

SONG.—ARMSTRONG.

When the robber his victim has noted,
When the freebooter darts on his prey,
Let Humanity spare the devoted,—
Let Mercy forbid him to slay.

Since my hope is by penury blighted,
My sword must the traveller daunt;
I will snatch from the rich man, benighted,
The gold he denies to my want.

But the victim when once I have noted,
At my foot when I look on my prey,
Let Humanity spare the devoted,—
Let Mercy forbid me to slay!

SCENE II.—*The Hall in Sir Edward Mortimer's Lodge.*

Enter FITZHARDING, L.

Fitz. Well, business must be minded; but he stays
A tedious time, methinks.

Enter GREGORY, R., and crosses to L.

You, fellow!

Gre. Sir!

Fitz. Where is Sir Tristful? where's Don Melancholy?

Gre. Who, sir?

Fitz. My brother, knave—Sir Edward Mortimer.

Gre. He was with you but now, sir.

Fitz. Sir, I thank you.

That's information! Louts, and serving-men,
Can never parley straight. Who brought in my luggage?

Gre. It was not I, sir.

Fitz. There—they never can!

Go to your master; pray him to despatch
His household work; tell him, I hate fat folios.
Plague! when I cross the country, here, to see him,
He leaves me, rammed into an elbow chair,
With a huge heavy book, that makes me nod,
Then tumbles on my toes! Tell him—dost hear?
Captain Fitzharding's company has tired me.

Gre. Whose company?

Fitz. My own, knave.

Gre. Sir, I shall.

[*Exit, R.*]

Fitz. A book to me's a sovereign narcotic,
A lump of opium—every line a dose.
Edward is all deep reading. Poor fellow!
Grief will do much. Well, some it drives to reading,
And some to drinking. Plague upon't! this house
Appears the very cave of melancholy!
Nay, hold, I lie!—Here comes a petticoat.

Enter BLANCH, R., and crosses to L.

Od! a rare wench! This is the best edition
In Edward's whole collection. Here, come hither:
Let me peruse you.

Blanch. Would you speak to me, sir?

Fitz. Ay, child. I'm going now to read you.

Blanch. Read me!

You'll find me full of errors, sir.

Fitz. No matter.

Come nearer, child; I cannot see to read
At such a distance.

Blanch. You had better, sir,
Put on your spectacles.

Fitz. [*Aside.*] Ay, there she has me!
A plague upon old Time!—Old Scythe and Hourglass
Has set his mark upon me!—[*Aloud.*] Hark ye, child:
You do not know me; you and I must have
Better acquaintance.

Blanch. Oh, I've heard of you:
You are Sir Edward's kinsman, sir—his brother.
Fitz. Ay, his half-brother, by the mother's side;
His elder brother.

Blanch. Yes, sir, I see that.

Fitz. [*Aside.*] This gipsy's tongue is like her eye—I know not

Which is the sharpest.—[*Aloud.*] Tell me what's your name.

Blanch. My name is Blanch, sir; born here in the forest.

Fitz. 'Sbud! I must be a keeper in this forest. Whither art going, sweet one?

Blanch. Home, sir.

Fitz. Home!

Why, is not this thy home?

Blanch. No, sir. I live
Some half mile hence, with Madam Helen, sir.
I brought a letter from her to Sir Edward.

Fitz. Odso! with Helen? So, with her! the object
Of my grave brother's groaning passion! Plague!
I would 'twere in the house. I do not like
Your pastoral rheumatic assignations,
Under an elm, by moonlight! This will end
In flannels and sciatica. My passion
Is not Arcadian. Tell me, pretty one,
Shall I walk with you home?

Blanch. No, sir, I thank you;
It would fatigue you sadly.

Fitz. Fatigue me!

[*Aside.*] Oons! this wild forest filly here would make me
Grandfather to Methusaleh!—[*Aloud.*] Look here,
Here is a purse of money.

Blanch. Oh, the father!

What, will you give me any?

Fitz. [*Aside.*] Gold I find
The universal key—the *passe par tout*;
It will unlock a forest maiden's heart,
As easy as a politician's.—[*Aloud.*] Here,—
Here are two pieces, rose-bud; buy a top-knot—
Make thyself happy with them.

Blanch. That I will.

The poor old woman, northward of the lodge,
Lies sick in bed: I'll take her this, poor soul!
To comfort her.

Fitz. Hold!—Hey, the devil! hold!

This was not meant to comfort an old woman.

Blanch. Why, wouldn't you relieve her, sir?

Fitz. Um!—Yes;

But—Psha! pooh!—Pr'ythee—there's a time for all things:

Why tell me of her now,—of an old fool?

Of comforting the aged now?

Blanch. I thought

That you might have a fellow-feeling, sir.

Fitz. This little rural devil's laughing at me!

Oons! come and kiss me, jade!—I am a soldier,
And justice of the peace,

Blanch. Then shame upon you!

Your double calling might have taught you better.

I see your drift now. Take your dirt again,

[*Throws down the money, R.*

Good Captain Justice, stoop for it! and think

How an old soldier and a justice looks,

When he is picking up the bribes he offers

To injure those he should protect!

[*Exit, L.*

Fitz. I warrant me,

Could I but see my face now in a glass,

That I look wondrous sheepish. I'm ashamed

To pick up the two pieces. Let them lie.

I would not wrong the innocent: good reason,—

There be so few that are so. She is honest:

I must make reparation. Odso! Wilford!

Enter WILFORD, L.

How fares it, boy?

Wil. I thank you, sir. I hope you have enjoyed
Your health, these three months past, since last you hon-
oured us

With your good presence at the lodge.

Fitz. Indifferent;

Some cramps and shooting pains, boy,—I have dropped

Some cash here, but I am afraid to bend

To pick it up again, lest it should give me

An awkward twinge. Stoop for it, honest Wilford,

There's a good lad.

Wil. Right willingly, sir.

[*Crosses to R., and picks up the money.*

Fitz. So!

The soldier and the justice save their blushes!
Now carry it, I pr'ythee, at your leisure,
To an old gossip near the lodge here—northward,
I've heard of her; she's bed-ridden and sick.
You need not say who sent you.

Wil. I conceive.

'Tis private bounty; that's true charity.

Fitz. Nay, pish!—My charity!

Wil. Nay, I could swear

'Tis not the first time you have offered this
In secret.

Fitz. Um!—Why, no, not quite the first.
But tell me, lad, how jogs the world here, eh?
In Rueful Castle? Harkye, Wilford, harkye:
Thou'rt a sly rogue! What! you could never tell me
Of Helen's waiting-maid—the little cherry;
Of—Plague upon her name! Of—

Wil. Blanch, sir?

Fitz. Blanch;

That's she—the forest fairy. You and I
Must have some talk about her. Come hither.

[*They retire up, l.*

Enter SIR EDWARD MORTIMER, R.

Sir E. Now for my brother, and—Ha! Wilford with him!

That imp is made my scourge. They whisper, too.
Wilford!

Wil. Who calls?—Eh! 'tis Sir Edward!

Fitz. Mum!

Sir E. I seem to interrupt you.

Wil. [*Earnestly.*] No, indeed,—
No, on my life, sir. We were only talking
Of—

Fitz. Hold your tongue! Oons, boy! you must not tell.

Sir E. Not!

Fitz. Not!—No, to be sure. Why, 'tis a secret.

Wil. You shall know all, sir. 'Twas a trifle—nothing;
In faith, you shall know all.

Fitz. In faith, you lie!

[*Crosses to Sir Edward.*

Be satisfied, good Edward : 'tis a toy ;
 But, of all men, I would not have thee know on't ;
 It is a tender subject.

Sir E. (R.) Ay, indeed !

Fitz. (C.) May not I have my secret ? Oons ! good brother,

What would you say, now, should a meddling knave
 Busy his brains with matters, though but trivial,
 Which concern you alone ?

Sir E. I'd have him rot,—

Die piecemeal—pine—moulder in misery !
 Agent and sacrifice to Heaven's wrath,
 When castigating plagues are hurled on man,
 Stands lean and lynx-eyed Curiosity,
 Watching his neighbour's soul ; sleepless himself,
 To banish sleep from others. Like a leech,
 Sucking the blood-drops from a care-worn heart,
 He gorges on't ; then renders up his food
 To nourish Calumny, his foul-lunged mate,
 Who carries Rumour's trumpet ; and whose breath,
 Infecting the wide surface of the world,
 Strikes pestilence and blight ! Oh, fie on't ! fie !
 Whip me the curious wretch from pole to pole,
 Who writhes in fire, and scorches all around him,
 A victim, making victims !

Fitz. By the mass,

'Twere a sound whipping that, from pole to pole !
 From constable to constable might serve.

Sir E. Your pardon, brother ;

I had forgot. Wilford, I've business for you :

Wait for me—ay—an hour after dinner,

Wait for me in the library,

Wil. [Aside.] The library !

I sicken at the sound !—[*Aloud.*] Wait there for you—
 and—

Captain Fitzharding, sir ?

Sir E. For me alone.

Wil. Alone, sir ?

Sir E. Yes.—Begone !

Wil. I shall, sir. [*Aside to Sir Edward, R.*] But
 If I have ever breathed a syllable
 That might displease you, may—

Sir E. Fool ! breathe no more !

Wil. I'm dumb.

[*Aside.*] I'd rather step into a lion's den,
Than meet him in the library !—[*Aloud.*] I go, sir.

[*Exit, R.*]

Fitz. Brother, you are too harsh with that poor boy.

Sir E. Brother, a man must rule his family

In his own way.

Fitz. Well, well, well ; don't be touchy.

I speak not to offend ; I only speak
On a friend's privilege. The poor are men,
And have their feelings, brother.

Sir E. So have I.

Fitz. One of the best that we can show, believe me,
Is mildness to a servant. Servants, brother,
Are born with fortune's yoke about their necks,
And that is galling in itself enough ;
We should not goad them under it.

Sir E. Brother, your hand. You have a gentle nature :
May no mischance e'er ruffle it, my brother !
I've known thee from my infancy, old soldier ;
And never did I know—I do not flatter—
A heart more stout, more cased with hardy manhood,
More full of milk within. Trust me, dear friend,
If admiration of thy charity
May argue charity in the admirer,
I am not destitute.

Fitz. You !—I have seen you
Sometimes o'erflow with it.

Sir E. And what avails it ?

Honour has been my theme—good-will to man
My study. I have laboured for a name
As white as mountain snow, dazzling and speckless.
Shame on't ! 'tis blurred with blots ! Fate, like a mildew,
Ruins the virtuous harvest I would reap,
And all my crop is weeds !

Fitz. Why, how now, brother ?

This is all spleen. You mope yourself too much
In this dull forest here. Come, come, rouse you, man !
I came on purpose, thirty miles from home,
To jog your spirits. Pr'ythee, now, be gay ;
And, pr'ythee, too, be kind to my young favourite—
To Wilford there.

Sir E. Well, well; I hope I have been.

Fitz. No doubt, in actions; but in words and looks.

A rugged look's a damper to a greenhorn.

I watched him now, when you frowned angrily,

And he betrayed—

Sir E. Betrayed!

Fitz. Ten thousand fears.

Sir E. Oh!

Fitz. The poor devil couldn't have shown more scared
Had you e'en held a pistol to his head.

[*Sir Edward starts.*

Why, hey-day! what's the matter?

Sir E. Brother,

Question me not; my nerves are aspen-like,

The slightest breath will shake 'em. [*Crossing to R.*]

Come, good brother.

Fitz. You'll promise to be gay?

Sir E. I'll do my best.

Fitz. Why, that's well said; a man can do no more.

Od! I believe my rattling talk has given you

A stir already.

Sir E. That it has, indeed.

Come, brother.

SCENE III.—*Helen's Cottage.*

Enter HELEN and SAMSON, L.

Hel. Are you he that wish to enter in my service?

Sam. Yes, so please you, Madam Helen, for want of a better.

Hel. Why, I have seen you in the forest, at Rawbold's cottage. He is your father, as I think.

Sam. Yes, so please you, madam, for want of a better.

Hel. I fear me, you may well say that. Your father, as I have heard, bears an ill name in the forest.

Sam. Alas! madam, he is obliged to bear it—for want of a better. We are all famished, madam; and the naked and hungry have seldom many friends to speak well of them.

Hel. If I should hire thee, who will give thee a character?

Sam. My father, madam.

Hel. Why, sirrah, he has none of his own.

Sam. The more fatherly in him, madam, to give his son what he has need of for himself. But a knave is often applied to, to vouch for a good servant's honesty. I will serve you as faithfully as your last footman, who, I have heard, ran away this morning.

Hel. Truly, he did so.

Sam. I was told on't some half hour ago, and ran, hungrily, hither, to offer myself. So, please you, let not poverty stand in the way of my preferment.

Hel. Should I entertain you, what could you do to make yourself useful?

Sam. Anything: I can wire hares, snare partridges, shoot a buck, and smuggle brandy for you, madam.

Hel. Fie on you, knave! 'Twere fitter to turn you over to the verderors of the forest for punishment, than to encourage you in such practices.

Sam. I would practice anything better that might get me bread. I would scrape trenchers, fill buckets, and carry a message. What can a man do? He can't starve.

Hel. Well, sirrah, to snatch thee from evil, I care not if I make a trial of thee.

Sam. No! will you?

Hel. Nineteen in twenty might question my prudence for this; but whatever loss I may suffer from thy roguery, the thought of having opened a path to lead a needy wanderer back to virtue, will more than repay me.

Sam. Oh, bless you, lady! If I do not prove virtuous, never trust in man more! [*Kneeling.*] I am overjoyed!

Hel. Get thee to the kitchen; you will find a livery there will suit you.

Sam. [*Rising.*] A livery!—Oh, the father!—Virtuous and a livery, all in a few seconds! Heaven bless you!

Hel. Well, get you to your work.

Sam. I go, madam. If I break anything to-day, beseech you let it go for nothing; for joy makes my hand tremble. Should you want me, please to cry Samson, and I am with you in a twinkling. Heaven bless you! Here's fortune!

[*Exit, L.*]

Hel. Blanch stays a tedious time. Heaven send Mortimer's health be not worse! He is sadly altered since we came to the forest. I dreamed last night of the fire

he saved me from; and I saw him, all fresh, in manly bloom, bearing me through the flames, even as it once happened.

Enter BLANCH, L.

How now, wench? You have almost tired my patience.

Blanch. And my own legs, madam. If the old footman had not made so much use of his, by running away, they might have spared mine.

Hel. Inform me of Sir Edward Mortimer.

Hast seen him?

Blanch. Yes, I have, madam.

Hel. Say—tell me,

How looked he?—How's his health?—Is he in spirits?

What said he, Blanch?—Will he be here to-day?

Blanch. A little breath, madam, and I will answer all duly.

Hel. Oh, fie upon thee, wench!

These interrogatories should be answered

Quicker than breath can utter them.

Blanch. That's impossible, lady.

Hel. Thou wouldst not say so, hadst thou ever loved.

Love has a fleeter messenger than speech

To tell love's meaning; his expresses post

Upon the orbs of vision, ere the tongue

Can shape them into words. A lover's look

Is his heart's Mercury. Oh! the eye's eloquence,

Twin-born with thought, outstrips the tardy voice,

Far swifter than the nimble lightning's flash,—

The sluggish thunder-peal that follows it!

Blanch. I am not skilled in eye-talking, madam. I have been used to let my discourse ride upon my tongue; and I have been told, 'twill trot at a good round pace upon occasion.

Hel. Then let it gallop now, beseech you, wench, And bring me news of Mortimer.

Blanch. Then, madam, I saw Sir Edward in his library, and delivered your letter. He will be here, either in the evening, or on the morrow—'tis uncertain which; for his brother, Captain Fitzharding, is arrived on a visit to him. But Sir Edward's letter may chance to specify further particulars.

Hel. His letter!—has he written? Fie upon thee! Why didst not give it me at once?—Where is it? Thou art turned dreamer, wench! Come—quickly!

Blanch. You talked to me so much of reading eyes, madam, that I e'en forgot the letter. Here it is.

[*Gives it.*

Hel. Come to me shortly in my cabinet; I'll read it there. I am almost unfit To open it: I ne'er receive his letters, But my hand trembles. Well, I know 'tis silly, And yet I cannot help it. I will ring, Then come to me, good Blanch—not yet. My Mortimer! Now for your letter. [*Exit, R.*

Blanch. I would they were wedded once, and all this trembling would be over. I am told your married lady's feelings are little roused in reading letters from a husband.

Re-enter SAMSON, L., dressed in a livery.

Sam. This sudden turn of fortune might puff some men up with pride. I have looked in the glass already; and if ever man looked braver in a glass than I, I know nothing of finery.

Blanch. Hey-day! who have we here?

Sam. Oh, lord! this is the maid—I mean, the waiting-woman. I warrant we shall be rare company in a long winter's evening.

Blanch. Why, who are you?

Sam. I'm your fellow-servant—the new-comer.—The last footman cast his skin in the pantry this morning, and I have crept into it.

Blanch. Why, sure, it cannot be! Now I look upon you again, you are Samson Rawbold, old Rawbold's son, of the forest here.

Sam. The same. I am not like some upstarts: when I am prosperous, I do not turn my back on my poor relations.

Blanch. What, has my lady hired thee?

Sam. She has taken me, like a pad nag, upon trial.

Blanch. I suspect you will play her a jade's trick, and stumble in your probation. You have been caught tripping ere now.

Sam. An' I do not give content, 'tis none of my fault.

A man's qualities cannot come out all at once. I wish you would teach me a little how to lay a cloth.

Blanch. You are well qualified for your office, truly, not to know that.

Sam. To say truth, we had little practice that way at home. We stood not upon forms; we had sometimes no cloth for a dinner—

Blanch. And sometimes no dinner for a cloth.

Sam. Just so. We had little order in our family.

Blanch. Well, I will instruct you.

Sam. That's kind. I will be grateful. They tell me I have learned nothing but wickedness yet; but I will instruct you in anything I know, in return.

Blanch. There, I have no mind to become your scholar. But be steady in your service, and you may outlive your beggary, and grow into respect. [Exit, R.]

Sam. Nay, an' riches rain upon me, respect will grow, of course. I never knew a rich man yet who wanted followers to pull off their caps to him.

SONG.—SAMSON.

A traveller stopped at a widow's gate;
She kept an inn, and he wanted to bait,
But the landlady slighted her guest.
For when Nature was making an ugly race,
She certainly moulded the traveller's face,
As a sample for all the rest.

The chambermaid's sides they were ready to crack,
When she saw his queer nose and the hump at his back,
(A hump isn't handsome, no doubt);
And, though 'tis confessed that the prejudice goes
Very strongly in favour of wearing a nose,
Yet a nose shouldn't look like a snout.

A bag full of gold on the table he laid;
'T had a wondrous effect on the widow and maid,
And they quickly grew marvellous civil.
The money immediately altered the case;
They were charmed with his hump, and his snout, and his face,
Though he still might have frightened the devil.

He paid like a prince, gave the widow a smack,
Then flopped on his horse at the door like a sack;
While the landlady, touching the chink,
Cried, "Sir, should you travel this country again,
I heartily hope that the sweetest of men
Will stop at the widow's to drink."

[Exit, L.]

SCENE IV.—*The Library as before.*

• WILFORD *discovered.*

Wil. I would Sir Edward were come. The dread of a fearful encounter is often as terrible as the encounter itself. Eh! he's coming! No! The old wainscot cracks, and frightens me out of my wits; and I verily believe, the great folio dropped on my head just now from the shelf, on purpose to increase my terrors.

Enter SIR EDWARD MORTIMER, *R. door, which he locks after him—Wilford turns round on hearing him shut it.*

[*Aside, L. c.*] What's that? 'Tis he himself!—Mercy on me! he has locked the door! What is going to become of me!

Sir E. Wilford, is no one in the picture-gallery?

Wil. No—not a soul, sir—not a human soul;
None within hearing, if I were to bawl
Ever so loud.

Sir E. [*Pointing to L.*] Lock yonder door.

Wil. The door, sir!

Sir E. [*Sitting, R. c.*] Do as I bid you.

Wil. What, sir, lock— [*Mortimer waves his hand.*
I shall, sir. [*Goes to the door, L., and locks it.*
His face has little anger in it, neither;
'Tis rather marked with sorrow and distress.

Sir E. Wilford, approach me. What am I to say
For aiming at your life? Do you not scorn me,
Despise me for it?

Wil. I!—Oh, sir—

Sir E. You must;
For I am singled from the herd of men,
A vile, heart-broken wretch!

Wil. Indeed, indeed, sir,
You deeply wrong yourself. Your equals' love,
The poor man's prayer, the orphan's tear of gratitude,
All follow you; and I—I owe you all—
I am most bound to bless you!

Sir E. Mark me, Wilford.
I know the value of the orphan's tear,
The poor man's prayer, respect from the respected;

I feel, to merit these, and to obtain them,
Is to taste here below that thrilling cordial,
Which the remunerating angel draws
From the eternal fountain of delight,
To pour on blessed souls that enter heaven.
I feel this—I! How must my nature, then,
Revolt at him who seeks to stain his hand
In human blood? And yet, it seems, this day
I sought your life. Oh, I have suffered madness!
None know my tortures—pangs; but I can end them,—
End them as far as appertains to thee.
I have resolved it: hell-born struggles tear me;
But I have pondered on't, and I must trust thee.

Wil. Your confidence shall not be—

Sir E. You must swear.

Wil. Swear, sir! Will nothing but an oath, then—

Sir E. [*Rising and seizing Wilford's arm.*] Listen:
May all the ills that wait on frail humanity
Be doubled on your head, if you disclose
My fatal secret! May your body turn
Most lazar-like and loathsome, and your mind
More loathsome than your body! May those fiends,
Who strangle babes for very wantonness;
Shrink back, and shudder at your monstrous crimes,
And, shrinking, curse you! Palsies strike your youth;
And the sharp terrors of a guilty mind
Poison your aged days; while all your nights,
As on the earth you lay your houseless head,
Out-horror horror! May you quit the world
Abhorred, self-hated, hopeless for the next,
Your life a burthen, and your death a fear!

Wil. For mercy's sake, forbear! you terrify me.

Sir E. Hope this may fall upon thee; swear thou
hopest it,

By every attribute which heaven, earth, hell,
Can lend, to bind and strengthen conjuration,
If thou betray'st me!

Wil. [*Hesitating.*] Well—I—

Sir E. No retreating.

Wil. [*After a pause.*] I swear, by all the ties that bind
a man,
Divine or human, never to divulge!

Sir E. Remember, you have sought this secret—yes,
Extorted it. I have not thrust it on you.
'Tis big with danger to you ; and to me,
While I prepare to speak, torment unutterable.
Know, Wilford, that—Damnation !

Wil. Dearest sir,
Collect yourself ; this shakes you horribly.
You had this trembling, it is scarce a week,
At Madam Helen's.

Sir E. There it is. Her uncle—

Wil. Her uncle !

Sir E. Him. She knows it not—none know it :
You are the first ordained to hear me say,
I am—his murderer !

Wil. Oh, Heaven !

Sir E. His assassin !

Wil. What ! you that—mur—the murder—I am
choked !

Sir E. Honour—thou blood-stained god ! at whose red
altar

Sit war and homicide, oh ! to what madness
Will insult drive thy votaries ! By Heaven !
In the world's range there does not breathe a man,
Whose brutal nature I more strove to soothe,
With long forbearance, kindness, courtesy,
Than his who fell by me. But he disgraced me,
Stained me !—Oh, death and shame ! the world looked on,
And saw this sinewy savage strike me down ;
Rain blows upon me, drag me to and fro
On the base earth, like carrion. Desperation,
In every fibre of my frame, cried vengeance !
I left the room, which he had quitted. Chance,
(Curse on the chance !) while boiling with my wrongs,
Thrust me against him, darkling, in the street.
I stabbed him to the heart ; and my oppressor
Rolled lifeless at my foot !

[Crosses to L.

Wil. Oh, mercy on me !
How could this deed be covered ?

Sir E. Would you think it ?
E'en at the moment when I gave the blow,
Butchered a fellow-creature in the dark,
I had all good men's love. But my disgrace,

And my opponent's death thus linked with it,
Demanded notice of the magistracy.
They summoned me, as friend would summon friend,
To acts of import and communication.
We met; and 'twas resolved, to stifle rumour,
To put me on my trial. No accuser,
No evidence appeared, to urge it on :
'Twas meant to clear my fame. How clear it, then ?
How cover it ? you say. Why, by a lie—
Guilt's offspring and its guard ! I taught this breast,
Which truth once made her throne, to forge a lie—
This tongue to utter it ; rounded a tale,
Smooth as a seraph's song from Satan's mouth ;
So well compacted, that the o'er-thronged court
Disturbed cool Justice in her judgment-seat,
By shouting " Innocence !" ere I had finished.
The court enlarged me ; and the giddy rabble
Bore me in triumph home. Ay, look upon me !
I know thy sight aches at me.

Wil. Heaven forgive me !

It may be wrong : indeed, I pity you.

Sir E. I disdain all pity—

I ask no consolation ! Idle boy !

Think'st thou that this compulsive confidence
Was given to move thy pity ? Love of fame
(For still I cling to it) has urged me thus
To quash the curious mischief in its birth :
Hurt honour, in an evil, cursed hour,
Drove me to murder—lying ;—'twould again !
My honesty—sweet peace of mind—all, all
Are bartered for a name. I will maintain it !
Should slander whisper o'er my sepulchre,
And my soul's agency survive in death,
I could embody it with heaven's lightning,
And the hot shaft of my insulted spirit
Should strike the blaster of my memory
Dead in the church-yard ! Boy, I would not kill thee :
Thy rashness and discernment threatened danger ;
To check them, there was no way left but this,
Save one—your death. You shall not be my victim,

Wil. My death !—What ! take my life—my life, to
prop

This empty honour !

Sir E. Empty !—Grovelling fool !

Wil. I am your servant, sir ; child of your bounty,
And know my obligation. I have been
Too curious, haply—'tis the fault of youth ;
I ne'er meant injury. If it would serve you,
I would lay down my life—I'd give it freely.
Could you, then, have the heart to rob me of it ?
You could not—should not.

Sir E. How !

Wil. You dare not.

Sir E. Dare not !

Wil. Some hours ago you durst not. Passion moved
you ;

Reflection interposed, and held your arm.
But, should reflection prompt you to attempt it,
My innocence would give me strength to struggle,
And wrest the murderous weapon from your hand.
How would you look to find a peasant boy
Return the knife you levelled at his heart,
And ask you which in heaven would show the best—
A rich man's honour, or a poor man's honesty ?

Sir E. 'Tis plain I dare not take your life. To spare it,
I have endangered mine. But dread my power ;
You know not its extent. Be warned in time ;
Trifle not with my feelings. Listen, sir :
Myriads of engines, which my secret working
Can rouse to action, now encircle you.
Your ruin hangs upon a thread ; provoke me,
And it shall fall upon you. Dare to make
The slightest movement to awake my fears,
And the gaunt criminal, naked and stake-tied,
Left on the heath to blister in the sun,
Till lingering death shall end his agony,
Compared to thee, shall seem more enviable
Than cherubs to the damned !

Wil. Oh, misery !

Discard me, sir ; I must be hateful to you.
Banish me hence : I will be mute as death ;
But let me quit your service.

Sir E. Never ! Fool !

To buy this secret you have sold yourself.

Your movements, eyes, and, most of all, your breath,
 From this time forth, are fettered to my will.
 You have said, truly, you are hateful to me;
 Yet you shall feel my bounty : that shall flow,
 And swell your fortunes ; but my inmost soul
 Will yearn with loathing when—[*A knock, R. D. F.*] Hark!
 some one knocks.

Open the door.

[*Wilford opens the door, R. F.*]

Enter ADAM WINTERTON.

How now, Winterton ? [Crosses to him.
 Did you knock more than once ? Speak—did you listen ?
 I mean, good Adam, did you wait—ay, wait
 Long at the door here ?

Win. Bless your honour, no :

You are too good to let the old man wait.

Sir E. What, then, our talk here—Wilford's, here, and
 mine,

Did not detain you at the door ?—Ha ! did it ?

Win. Not half a second.

Sir E. Oh !—Well, what's the matter ?

Win. Captain Fitzharding, sir, entreats your company.
 I've placed another flagon on the table ;
 Your worship knows it—number thirty-five ;
 The supernaculum.

Sir E. Well, well, I come.

What, has he been alone ?

Win. No ; I've been with him.

Od ! he's a merry man, and does so jest !

He calls me first of men, 'cause my name's Adam.

Well, 'tis exceeding pleasant, by St. Thomas !

Sir E. Come, Adam, I'll attend the captain. Wilford,
 What I have just now given you in charge,
 Be sure to keep fast locked. I shall be angry—
 Be very angry, if I find you careless.

Come, Adam. [*Exit, R. D. F., followed by Winterton.*]

Wil. This house is no house for me : fly I will, I am
 resolved ; but whither ? His threats strike terror into
 me ; and were I to reach the pole, I doubt whether I
 should elude his grasp. But to live here a slave—slave
 to his fears, his jealousies ! Night is coming on : dark-
 ness be my friend ! for I will forth instantly. The thought

of my innocence will cheer me, as I wander through the gloom. Oh! when guilty Ambition writhes upon its couch, why should barefoot Integrity repine, though its sweet sleep be canopied with a ragged hovel. [*Exit, L.*]

SCENE V.—*The Inside of an Abbey, in ruins—part of it converted into a habitation for Robbers—various entrances to their apartment, through the broken arches of the building, &c.—Nearly dark.*

Enter JUDITH and a Boy, L.

Jud. Well, sirrah, have you been upon the scout? Are any of our gang returning?

Boy. No, Judith, not a soul.

Jud. The rogues tarry thus to fret me.

Boy. Why, indeed, Judith, the credit of your cookery is lost among thieves: they never come punctual to their meals.

Jud. No tidings of Orson yet from the market-town?

Boy. I have seen nothing of him.

Jud. Brat! thou dost never bring me good news.

Boy. Judith, you are ever so cross with me!

Jud. That wretch, Orson, slights my love of late!—Hence, you hemp-seed, hence! Get to the broken porch of the abbey, and watch; 'tis all you are good for.

Boy. You know I am but young yet, Judith; but, with good instructions, I may be a robber in time.

Jud. Away, you imp! you will never reach such preferment. [*A whistle without, R.*] So, I hear some of our party. [*The whistle again—the Boy puts his fingers in his mouth, and whistles in answer.*] Why must you keep your noise, sirrah?

Boy. Nay, Judith, 'tis one of the first steps we boys learn in the profession. I shall never come to good if you check me so. [*Looking off, R. U. E.*] Huzza! here come three!

Enter THREE ROBBERS through the broken arches, R. U. E.

Jud. So! you have found your road at last. A murrain light upon you!—Is it thus you keep your hours?

1st Rob. What, hag! ever at this trade—ever grumbling?

Jud. I have reason : I toil to no credit ; I watch with no thanks. I trim up the table for your return, and no one returns in due time to notice my industry. Your meat is scorched to cinders. Rogues ! would it were poison for you !

1st Rob. [*Aside.*] What a devil in petticoats is this !—I never knew a woman turn to mischief that she did not undo a man clean.

Jud. (c.) Did any of you meet Orson on your way ?

1st Rob. (L. c.) Ay, there the hand points. When that fellow is abroad, you are more savage than customary ; and that is needless.

2d Rob. (L.) None of our comrades come yet ?—They will be finely soaked.

1st Rob. Ay, the rain pours like a spout upon the ruins of the old abbey-wall here.

Jud. I'm glad on't : may it drench them, and breed agues !—'Twill teach them to keep time.

1st Rob. Peace, thou abominable railer ! A man had better dwell in purgatory, than have thee in his habitation. Peace, devil ! or I'll make thee repent !

Jud. You !—'Tis as much as thy life is worth to move my spleen.

1st Rob. What ! you will set Orson, your champion, upon me ?

Jud. Coward ! he should not disgrace himself by chastising thee.

1st Rob. [*Drawing his sword.*] Death and thunder !

Jud. Ay, attack a woman—do ! it suits your hen-hearted valour. Assault a woman !

1st Rob. Well, passion hurried me ; but I have a respect for the soft sex, and am cool again. [*Returns his sword to the scabbard.*] Come, Judith, be friends ; nay, come, do ; and I will give thee a farthingale I took from a lawyer's widow.

Jud. Where is it ?

1st Rob. You shall have it.

Jud. Well, I—[*Music without, R.*] Hark !

2d Rob. Soft ! I think I hear the foot of a comrade.

MUSICAL DIALOGUE AND CHORUS.—JUDITH and ROBBERS.

[*At different periods of the music, the Robbers enter through various parts of the ruins in groups.*]

Listen!—No; it is the owl,
That hoots upon the mould'ring tower.
Hark! the rain beats—the night is foul;
Our comrades stay beyond their hour.

Listen!

All's hushed around the abbey-wall:
Soft! now I hear a robber's call.

Listen!

They whistle!—Answer it!—'Tis nigh!
Again!—A comrade comes!—'Tis I!
And here another!—And here another!
Who comes?—A brother! Who comes?—A brother!
Now they all come pouring in,
Our jollity will soon begin.
Sturdy partners, all appear.
We're here!—And here!—And here—And here!
Thus we stout freebooters prowl,
Then meet to drain the flowing bowl.

Enter ORSON, L. U. E., with luggage at his back, as returned from market.

1st Rob. See, hither comes Orson at last. He walks in, like Plenty, with provision on his shoulder.

Jud. (R. C.) Oh, Orson! why didst tarry, Orson?—I began to fear. Thou art cold and damp. Let me wring the wet from thy clothes. Oh! my heart leaps to see thee.

Ors. (c.) Stand off! This hamper has been wearisome enough; I want not thee on my neck.

Jud. Villain! 'tis thus you ever use me! I can revenge!—I can—Do not, dear Orson—do not treat me thus!

Ors. Let a man be ever so sweet-tempered, he will meet somewhat to sour him. I have been vexed to madness.

2d Rob. (L.) How now, Orson?—What has vexed thee now?

Ors. A prize has slipped through my fingers.

3d Rob. (R.) Ha!—Marry, how?

Ors. I met a straggling knave on foot, and the rogue resisted. He had the face to tell me, that he was thrust on the world to seek his fortune, and that the little he had about him was his all. Plague on the provision at my back! I had no time to rifle him; but I have spoiled him for fortune-seeking, I warrant him.

3d Rob. Orson, you are ever disobeying our captain's order : you are too remorseless and bloody.

Ors. Take heed, then, how you move my anger, by telling me on't. The affair is mine ; I will answer to the consequence. *[A whistle heard without, R. U. E.]*

4th Rob. I hear our captain's signal. Here he comes. Ha ! he is leading one who seems wounded.

Enter ARMSTRONG, R. U. E., supporting WILFORD.

Arm. Gently, good fellow !—Come, keep a good heart.

Wil. You are very kind : I had breathed my last but for your care. Whither have you led me ?

4th Rob. Where you will be well treated, youngster. You are now among as honourable a knot of men as ever cried "Stand" to a traveller.

Wil. How ! among robbers ?

4th Rob. Why, so the law's cant calls us gentlemen who live at large.

Wil. So !—For what am I reserved ?

Arm. Fear nothing ; you are safe in this asylum. Judith, lead him in.

Jud. I do not like the office. You are ever at these tricks ; 'twill ruin us in the end. What have we to do with charity ? But come, fellow, since it must be so.—The rogues here call me savage ; but I have a kindly heart, for all that. *[Exit, c. F., leading Wilford.]*

Arm. I would I knew which of you had done this !—Well, time must discover him ; for he who had brutality enough to commit the action, can scarcely have courage enough to confess it.

Ors. (L.) Courage, captain, is a quality, I take it, little wanted by any here. What signify words ? I did it.

Arm. I suspected thee, Orson. 'Tis scarce an hour since he whom thou hast wounded quitted the service of Sir Edward Mortimer, in the forest here ; and inquiry will doubtless be made.

2d Rob. Nay, then, we are all discovered.

Arm. Now mark what thou hast done. Thou hast endangered the safety of our party ; thou hast broken my order ('tis not the first time by many), in attacking a passenger ; and what passenger ? One whose unhappy case should have claimed thy pity. He told you he had dis-

pleased his master, left the house of comfort, and, with his scanty pittance, was wandering round the world to mend his fortune. Like a butcher, you struck the forlorn boy to the earth, and left him to languish in the forest.—Would any of our brave comrades have done this?

Robbers. None! none!

Arm. Comrades, in this case my voice is single; but if it have any weight, this brute, this Orson, shall be thrust from our community, which he has disgraced. Let it not be said, brothers, while want drives us to plunder, that wantonness prompts us to butchery.

Robbers. Oh, brave captain!—Away with him!

Ors. You had better ponder on't, ere you provoke me.

Arm. Rascal! do you mutter threats? Begone!

Ors. Well, if I must, I must. I was ever a friend to you all; but if you are bent on turning me out, why, fare you well.

Robbers. Ay, ay!—Away! away!

Ors. Farewell, then. [Exit, L. U. E.]

Arm. Come, comrades, think no more of this: let us drown the choler we have felt in wine and revelry.

FINALE.

Jolly friars tippled here,
Ere these abbey-walls had crumbled;
Still the ruins boast good cheer,
Though long ago the cloisters tumbled.
The monks are gone:
Well—well!
That's all one;
Let's ring their knell.
Ding dong! ding dong! to the bald-pated monk!
They set an example,
We'll follow the sample,
And all go to bed most religiously drunk.
Huzza! huzza!—We'll drink and we'll sing,
We'll laugh and we'll quaff,
And make the welkin ring.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Sir Edward Mortimer's Lodge.*

SIR EDWARD MORTIMER, L., and HELEN, R., *discovered on a sofa, c.*

Hel. Sooth, you look better now, indeed you do,—
Much better, since, upon your sudden sickness,
I came to visit you.

Sir E. Thou'rt a sweet flatterer !

Hel. Ne'er trust me, then,
If I do flatter. This is wilfulness :
Thou wilt be sick, because thou wilt be sick.
I'll cure you of this fancy, Mortimer.

Sir E. And what wouldst thou prescribe ?

Hel. I would distil
Each flower that lavish happiness produced
Through the world's paradise, ere disobedience
Scattered the seeds of care ; then mingle each
In one huge cup of comfort for thee, love,
To chase away thy dulness. Thou shouldst wanton
Upon the wings of Time, and mock his flight,
As he sailed with thee tow'rd eternity.
I'd have each hour, each minute of thy life,
A golden holiday ; and should a cloud
O'ercast thee, be it light as gossamer,
That Helen might disperse it with her breath,
And talk thee into sunshine.

Sir E. Sweet, sweet Helen ! [*They rise.*]
Death, softened with thy voice, might dull his sting,
And steep his darts in balsam. Oh, my Helen !
These warnings which that grisly monarch sends,
Forerunners of his certain visitation,
Of late, are frequent with me. It should seem
I was not meant to live long.

Hel. Oh, Mortimer !
I could not talk so cruelly to you :
I would not pain you thus for worlds !

Sir E. Nay, come,
I meant not this. I did not mean to say
There's danger now ; but 'tis the privilege

Of sickness to be grave, and moralize
On that which sickness brings. I pr'ythee, now,
Be comforted. Believe me, I shall mend ;
I feel I shall, already.

Hel. Do you, Mortimer ?

Do you, indeed, feel so ?

Sir E. Indeed, I do.

Hel. I knew you would—I said it—did I not ?
I see it in your looks now—you are better.

Sir E. Scarce possible, so suddenly.

Hel. Oh, yes :

There is no little movement of your face
But I can mark on the instant—'tis my study ;
I have so gazed upon it, that I think
I can interpret every turn it has,
And read your inmost soul.

Sir E. What ?

Hel. Mercy on me !

You change again.

Sir E. 'Twas nothing ; do not fear :
These little shocks are usual—'twill not last.

Hel. Would you could shake them off !

Sir E. I would I could !

Hel. I pr'ythee, now, endeavour. This young man—
This boy—this Wilford, he has been ungrateful ;
But do not let his baseness wear you thus ;—
E'en let him go.

Sir E. I'll hunt him through the world !

Hel. Why, look you there, now!—Pray be calm.

Sir E. Well, well ;

I am too boisterous. 'Tis my unhappiness
To seem most harsh where I would show most kind.
The world has made me peevish : this same boy
Has somewhat moved me.

Hel. He's beneath your care.

Seek him not now, to punish him. Poor wretch !
He carries that away within his breast,
Which will embitter all his life to come,
And make him curse the knowledge on't.

Sir E. The knowledge !

Has he, then, breathed—Carries within his breast !
What does he know ?

Hel. His own ingratitude.

Sir E. Oh! very true.

Hel. Then leave him to his conscience.

Believe me, love,

There is no earthly punishment so great,

To scourge an evil act, as man's own conscience,

To tell him he is guilty.

Sir E. 'Tis a hell!

I pray you talk no more on't. I am weak:

I did not sleep last night.

Hel. Would you sleep now?

Sir E. No, Helen, no. I tire thy patient sweetness.

Hel. Tire me!—Nay, that you do not. You forget
How often I have sat by you, and watched,
Fanning the busy summer flies away,
Lest they should break your slumbers. [*Looking off, R.*
Who comes here?

[*Sir Edward retires to the sofa, c.*

Enter ADAM WINTERTON, R.

What, Winterton!—How dost thou, old acquaintance?

How dost thou, Adam?

Win. Bless your goodness, well.

Is my good master better?

Hel. Somewhat, Adam.

Win. Now, by our lady, I rejoice to hear it!

I have a message—

Hel. Oh, no business now!

Win. Nay, so I said. Quoth I, "His honour's sick—
Perilous sick." But the rogue pressed and pressed,
I could refuse no longer.

Hel. Who has thus importuned you?

Win. To say the truth, a most ill-favoured varlet;
But he will speak to none but to his worship.
I think 'tis forest business.

Sir E. Oh, not now;

Another time—to-morrow—when he will.

I am unfit; they tease me!

Win. E'en as you please, your worship. I should
think,
From what he dropped, he can give some account
Of the poor boy.

Sir E. [*Starting up, and crossing to Winterton.*] Of Wilford?

Win. Troth, I think so.

The knave is shy, but Adam has a head.

Sir E. Quick!—Send him hither on the instant!—
Haste!—

Fly, Adam, fly!

Win. Well, now, it glads my heart
To hear you speak so briskly.

Sir E. Well, despatch.

Win. I go. Heaven bless you both!—Heaven send
you well,

And merry days may come again! [*Exit, R.*]

Hel. I fear this business may distract you, Mortimer:
I would you would defer it till to-morrow.

Sir E. Not so, sweet.—Do not fear.—I pr'ythee, now,
Let me have way in this. Retire awhile;
Anon I'll come to thee.

Hel. Pray, now, be careful:

I dread these agitations. Pray, keep calm;
Now do not tarry long. Adieu, my Mortimer!

Sir E. Farewell, awhile, sweet!

Hel. Since it must be so, farewell! [*Exit, L.*]

Sir E. Dear, simple innocence! thy words of comfort
Pour oil upon my fires. Methought her eye,
When first she spake of conscience, shot a glance
Like her dead uncle on me. Well, for Wilford:
That slave can play the Parthian with my fame,
And wound it while he flies. Bring him before me—
Place me the runagate within my gripe,
And I will plant my honour on its base
Firmer than adamant, though hell and death
Should moat the work with blood! Oh! how will sin
Engender sin—throw guilt upon the soul,
And, like a rock dashed on the troubled lake,
'Twill form its circles, round succeeding round,
Each wider than the—

Enter ORSON, R.

How now?—What's your business?

Ora. Part with your office in the forest; part
Concerns yourself in private.

Sir E. How myself?

Ors. Touching a servant of your house—a lad,
Whose heels, I find, were nimbler than his duty.

Sir E. Speak—what of him? Quick: know you
where he is?

Canst bring me to him?

Ors. To the very spot.

Sir E. Do it.

Ors. Nay—softly.

Sir E. I'll reward you amply—

Insure your fortunes.

Ors. First insure my neck;

'Twill do me little good else. I've no heirs;
And, when I die, 'tis like the law will bury me
At its own charge.

Sir E. Be brief, and to your purpose.

Ors. Then, to the business which concerns your office,
Here, in the forest.

Sir E. Nay, of that anon.

First, of my servant.

Ors. Well, e'en as you please.

'Tis no rare thing: let public duty wait,
Till private interests are settled. But
My story is a chain: take all together.
'Twill not unlink.

Sir E. Be quick, then. While we talk,
This slave escapes me.

Ors. Little fear of that:

He's in no plight to journey far to-day.

Sir E. Where is he hid?

Ors. Hard by—with robbers.

Sir E. Robbers!

[*Aside.*] Well, I'm glad on't; 'twill suit my purpose best.

[*Aloud.*] What, has he turned to plunder?

Ors. No, not so;

Plunder has turned to him. He was knocked down
Last night here in the forest, flat and sprawling;
And the milk-hearted captain of our gang
Has sheltered him.

Sir E. It seems, then, thou'rt a thief.

Ors. I served in the profession, but last night
The scurvy rogues cashiered me. 'Twas a plot

To ruin a poor fellow in his calling,
And take away my means of getting bread.
I come now in revenge : I'll hang my comrades
In clusters on the forest's oak, like acorns.

Sir E. Where lies their haunt ?

Ors. Give me your honour first.

Sir E. I pledge it, for your safety.

Ors. Send your officers

To the old abbey ruins ; you will find
As bold a gang as e'er infested woods,
And fattened upon pillage.

Sir E. What ! so near me ?

In some few minutes, then, he's mine ! [*Crossing to R.,
and calling.*] Ho ! Winterton !

Now for his lurking place : hope dawns again !

[*To Orson.*] Remain you here ; I may have work for you.

[*Aside.*] Oh, I will weave a web so intricate

For this base insect—so entangle him !

[*Calling.*] Why, Winterton !—Thou jewel, Reputation !

Let me secure thee, bright and spotless, now,

And this weak, care-worn body's dissolution

Will cheaply pay the purchase ! Winterton ! [*Exit, R.*

Ors. There may be danger in my stay here ; I will e'en
slink off in the confusion I have raised. I value not re-
ward : I hang all my acquaintance, and that shall content
me. [*Exit, R.*

SCENE II.—A Hall in the Lodge.

Enter FITZHARDING, L.

Fitz. Rare scuttling tow'rd ! This lodge is little Babel,
And Spleen and Sickness are the household gods
In this, my brother's castle of confusion.
The hue and cry is up. I am half tempted
To wish the game too nimble for the dogs,
That hunt him at the heels. Wilford dishonest !
I'll ne'er trust looks again. I'll mix with none
In future but the ugly ; honest men,
Who can out-grin a griffin, or the head
Carved on the prow of the good ship, the Gorgon.
I'm for carbuncled, weather-beaten faces,
That frighten little children, and might serve

For knockers to hell gates.

Enter SAMSON RAWBOLD, R.

Now, who are you ?

Sam. Head serving-man to Madam Helen, sir.

Fitz. Well, I may talk to thee ; for thou dost answer
To the description of the sort of men
I have resolved to live with.

Sam. I am proud, sir,
To find I have your countenance.

Fitz. Canst tell me.
The news of Wilford ?

Sam. He is turned a rogue, sir—
An errant knave, sir. 'Tis a rare thing now
To find an honest servant ; we are scarce.

Fitz. Where lies the abbey where they go to seek him ?
Dost know it ?

Sam. Marry, do I, in the dark.
I have stood near it many a time in winter,
To watch the hares by moonlight.

Fitz. A cold pastime !

Sam. Ay, sir, 'twas killing work ; I've left it off.

Fitz. Think you they will be back soon ?

Sam. On the instant ;
It is hard by, sir. Hark ! I hear their horses.
They are returned, I warrant.

Fitz. Run you, fellow ;
If Wilford's taken, send him here to me.

Sam. Why, he's a rogue, sir : would your worship
stoop
To parley with a rogue ?

Fitz. Friend, I would stoop
To prop a sinking man that's called a rogue,
And count him innocent till he's found guilty.
I learned it from our English laws, where Mercy
Models the weights that fill the scales of Justice,
And Charity, when Wisdom gives her sentence,
Stands by to prompt her. Till detection comes,
I side with the accused.

Sam. Would I had known
Your worship sooner !—You're a friend, indeed !
All undiscovered rogues are bound to pray for you ;

So, Heaven bless you !

Fitz. Well, well ; bustle—stir ;
Do as I bid thee.

Sam. Ay, sir ; I shall lean
Upon your worship in my time of need.
Heaven reward you ! [*Aside.*] Here's a friend to make !
[*Exit, L.*]

Fitz. I have a kind of movement still for Wilford
I cannot conquer. What can be this charge
Sir Edward brings against him ? Should the boy
Prove guilty ! Well, why should I pity guilt ?
Philosophers would call me driveller. Let them.
I cannot hoop my heart about with iron,
Like an old beer-butt. I would have the vessel
What some call weak—I'd have it ooze a little.
Better compassion should be set abroad,
Till it run waste, than let a system-monger
Bung it with logic ; or a trencher-cap
Bawl out his ethics on it, till his thunder
Turns all the liquor sour. So ! here he comes.

Enter WILFORD, L.

Wil. I am informed it is your pleasure, sir,
To speak with me.

Fitz. Ay, Wilford. I am sorry—
Faith, very sorry, you and I meet thus.
How could you quit my brother thus abruptly ?

Wil. I was unfit to serve him, sir.

Fitz. Unfit !

Wil. I was unhappy, sir. I fled a house
Where certain misery awaited me,
While I was doomed to dwell in't.

Fitz. Misery !

What was this certain misery ?

Wil. Your pardon ; I never will divulge.

Fitz. Indeed !

Wil. No, never.

Pray, do not press me. All that I can say
Is, that I have a strong and rooted reason,
Which has resolved me. 'Twere impossible
I should be tranquil here : I feel it, sir,
A duty to myself, to quit this roof.

Fitz. Hark ye, young man : this smacks of mystery,
And now looks foully. Truth and innocence
Walk round the world in native nakedness,
But guilt is cloaked.

Wil. Whate'er the prejudice
My conduct conjures up, I must submit.

Fitz. 'Twere better, now, you conjured up your
friends ;
For I must tell you—No, there is no need ;
You learned it, doubtless, on the way, and know
The danger you now stand in.

Wil. Danger, sir !
What ?—How ?—I have learned nothing, sir : my guides
Dragged me in silence hither.

Fitz. Then 'tis fit
I put you on your guard. It grieves me, Wilford,
To say there is a heavy charge against you,
Which, as I gather, may affect your life.

Wil. Mine !—Oh, good Heaven !

Fitz. Pray be calm ; for, soon,
Here, in the face of all his family,
My brother will accuse you.

Wil. He !—What, he ?—
He accuse me ! Oh, monstrous ! Oh, look down,
You who can read men's hearts !—A charge against me !
[*Much agitated.*] Ha ! ha !—I'm innocent ! I'm innocent !

Fitz. Collect your firmness ; you will need it all.

Wil. I shall, indeed. I pray you, tell me, sir,
What is the charge ?

Fitz. I do not know its purport ;
I would not hear on't ; for on my voice rests
The issue of this business ; and a judge
Should come unbiassed to his office. Wilford,
Were twenty brothers waiting my award,
You should have even and impartial justice.
Farewell ; and may you prosper ?

[*Exit, R.*]

Wil. Let me recall my actions. My breast is unclog-
ged with crime ; then why should I fear ? Let him in-
flict his menaces upon me in secret ; he shall not, cannot,
touch my good name.

Enter BARBARA RAWBOLD, L.

Bar. [*Falling on his neck.*] Oh, Wilford !

Wil. Barbara!—At such a time, too!

Bar. To be brought back thus, Wilford! and to go away without seeing me—without thinking of me!

Wil. It was not so: I was hastening to your cottage, Barbara, when a ruffian in the forest encountered and wounded me.

Bar. Wounded you!

Wil. When I was dragged hither, the whole troop escaped, or they had vouched for the truth on't.

Bar. Bethink you, Wilford: the time is short; I know your heart is good; but if, in a hasty moment, you have done aught to wrong Sir Edward, throw yourself on his mercy—sue for pardon.

Wil. For pardon!—I shall go mad! Pardon!—I am innocent—Heaven knows I am innocent!

Bar. Heaven be thanked! The family is all summoned. Oh, Wilford! my spirits sink within me!

Wil. I am now but a sorry comforter. Be of good cheer; I go armed in honesty, Barbara. This charge is to be open in the eyes of the world and of the laws; then wherefore should I fear? I am native of a happy soil, where justice guards equally the life of its richest and poorest inhabitant. [Exit, R.

Bar. Alas! I tremble for his safety. Should they tear him from me!

SONG.—BARBARA RAWBOLD.

Down by the river there grows a green willow,
Sing all for my true love, my true love, O!
I'll weep out the night there, the bank for my pillow,
And all for my true love, my true love, O!
When bleak blows the wind, and tempests are beating,
I'll count all the clouds as I mark them retreating;
For true lovers' joys, well-a-day! are as fleeting.
Sing O for my true love, &c.
Maids, come in pity, when I am departed,
Sing all for my true love, &c.
When dead on the bank I am found, broken-hearted,
And all for my true love, &c.
Make me a grave, all while the wind's blowing,
Close to the stream, where my tears once were flowing,
And over my corse keep the green willow growing,
'Tis all for my true love, &c.

[Exit, L.

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the Lodge.—Table, chairs, &c.*

FITZHARDING, L., WILFORD, R., and various Domestics, behind, discovered.

Fitz. Is not Sir Edward coming? Oh, here he is.

Enter SIR EDWARD MORTIMER, L

Now, brother; you look pale,
And faint with sickness. Here's a chair. [*Sits, L.*

Sir E. (c.) No matter; to our business, brother.—
Wilford,

You may well guess the struggle I endure
To place you here the mark of accusation.
I gave you ample warning; cautioned you,
When many might have scourged; and even now,
While I stand here to crush you—ay, to crush you,
My heart bleeds drops of pity for your youth,
Whose rashness plucks the red destruction down,
And pulls the bolt upon you.

Wil. (R.) You know best
The movements of your heart, sir. Man is blind,
And cannot read them; but there is a Judge,
To whose all-seeking eye our inmost thoughts
Lie open. Think to Him you now appeal.
Omniscience keeps Heaven's register;
And, soon or late, when Time unfolds the book,
Our trembling souls must answer to the record,
And meet their due reward or punishment.

Fitz. Now to the point, I pray you.

Sir E. Thus it is, then.

I do suspect—By Heaven! the story lingers,
Like poison, on my tongue; but he will force it.

Fitz. What is it you suspect?

Sir E. That he has—robbed me!

Wil. Robbed!—Oh, horrible!

Fitz. Pray, tell me, brother,
How ground you this suspicion?

Sir E. Briefly, thus:

You may have noticed in my library
A chest.—[*Wilford starts.*] You see he changes at the
word.

Wil. [*Aside.*] And well I may !

Sir E. Where I have told you, brother,
The writings which concern our family,
With jewels, cash, and other articles
Of no mean value, were deposited.

Fitz. You oftentimes have said so.

Sir E. Yesterday,
Chance called me suddenly away. I left
The key in't; but as suddenly returned,
And found this Wilford
Fixed o'er the chest, upon his knees, intent,
As now I think, on plunder. Confusion
Shook his young joints as he let fall the lid,
And gave me back the key.

Fitz. Did you not search
Your papers on the instant ?

Sir E. No : for, first,
(Habit so long had fixed my confidence)
I deemed it boyish curiosity ;
But told him this would meet my further question.
And, at that moment, came a servant in,
To say you were arrived. He must have marked
Our mixed emotion.

Fitz. Is that servant here ?

Gregory. [*Coming down, L.*] 'Twas I, sir.

Sir E. Was it you ? Well, saw you aught
To challenge your attention ?

Gre. Sir, I did.

Wilford was pale and trembling ; and our master
Gave him a look, as if t'would pierce him through,
And cried, "Remember !" Then he trembled more ;
And we both quitted him.

Sir E. [*To Fitzharding.*] When first we met,
You found me somewhat ruffled.

Fitz. 'Tis most true.

Sir E. But somewhat more, when, afterwards, I saw
Wilford conversing with you ; like a snake,
Sunned by your looks, and basking in your favour.
I bade him quit the room with indignation,
And wait my coming in the library.

Fitz. I witnessed that, with wonder.

Sir E. Oh, good brother !

You little thought, while you so gently schooled me
For my harsh bearing toward him, on what ground
That harshness rested. I had made my search
In the brief interval of absence from you,
And found my property had vanished.

Fitz. Well,

You met him in the library ?

Sir E. [*Rising.*] Oh, never

Can he forget that solemn interview !

Wil. Ay, speak to that : it was a solemn interview !

Sir E. Observe, he does acknowledge that we met.
Guilt was my theme : he cannot now deny it.

Wil. It was a theme of—[*Checking himself.*] No !

Sir E. He pleaded innocence ;
While every word he spake belied his features,
And mocked his protestation.

Fitz. What said you to him ?

Sir E. "Regulate your life
In future better. I now spare your youth,
But dare not to proceed. All I exact,
('Tis a soft penance) that you tarry here ;
Attempt not flight :
Flight ripens all my doubt to certainty,
And justice to the world unlocks my tongue."
He fled, and I arraign him.

Fitz. [*Rising, and coming down, L.*] Trust me, brother,
This charge is staggering ; yet accidents
Sometimes combine to cast a shade of doubt
Upon the innocent. May it be so here !
Here is his trunk : 'twas brought here at my order.
'Tis fit it be inspected.

Wil. Take the key—

E'en take it freely. You'll find little there
I value, save a locket, which my mother
Gave me upon her death-bed ; and she added
Her blessing to't. Perhaps her spirit now
Is grieving for my injuries.

Fitz. [*Crossing, and unlocking the box.*] How now ?—
What's here ?

The very watch Sir Edward's father wore,
And here our mother's jewels !

Wil. I am innocent !

Just heaven hear me—I am innocent!

[*Sir Edward Mortimer sits, R. C.*

Fitz. Make it appear so. [*Pointing to the trunk.*] But
look there! look there!

Wil. Do you not know—

Sir E. What?

Wil. 'Tis no matter, sir;

But I could swear—

Sir E. [*Rising.*] Nay, Wilford, pause awhile:

Reflect that oaths are sacred. Weigh the force

Of these asseverations—mark it well:

“I swear, by all the ties that bind a man,

Divine or human!” Think on that, and shudder.

Wil. [*Aside.*] The very words I uttered!—I am tongue-
tied!

Fitz. Wilford, if there be aught that you can argue
To clear yourself, advance it.

Wil. Oh! I could—

I could say much, but must not—no, I will not!

Do as you please. I have no friend—no witness,

Save my accuser. Did he not—pray, ask him—

Did he not menace, in his pride of power,

To blast my name, and crush my innocence?

Fitz. What do you answer, sir?

Sir E. I answer, no.

More were superfluous, when a criminal

Opposes empty volubility

To circumstantial charge. A steadfast brow

Repels not fact, nor can invalidate

These dumb, [*Pointing to the trunk, L. C.*] but damning,
witnesses before him.

Wil. By the just Power that rules us, I am ignorant

How they came there!—But 'tis my firm belief,

You placed them there to sink me.

Fitz. Oh, too much!

You steel men's hearts against you. [*To the Servants.*]

Call the officers:

He shall meet punishment. [*The Servants are going, R.*

Sir E. Hold! [*Seating himself, R.*] Pray you, hold.

Justice has thus far struggled with my pity,

To do an act of duty to the world.

I would unmask a hypocrite—lay bare

The front of guilt, that men may see and shun it.
'Tis done, and I will now proceed no further.

Fitz. Look ye, brother; this act
Is so begrimed with black, ungrateful malice,
That I insist on justice. Fly, knaves—run!
And let him be secured. [*Exeunt Servants, R.*] You tarry
here. [*To Wilford.*]

Sir E. I will not have it thus.

Fitz. You must—you shall!
Does not this rouse you, too? Look on these jewels;
Look at this picture—'twas our mother's. Stay,
Let me inspect this nearer. [*Examining the trunk.*] What
are here?

Parchments!

Sir E. Oh, look no further. They are deeds,
Which, in his haste, no doubt, he crowded there,
Not knowing what, to look o'er at his leisure.
Family deeds: they all were in my chest.

Wil. [*Aside.*] Oh, 'tis deep laid! These, too, to give
a colour!

Fitz. What have we here? Here is a paper
Of curious enfolding; slipt, as 'twere,
By chance within another. This may be
Of note upon his trial. What's this drops?
A knife, it seems.

Sir E. [*Starting up.*] What!

Fitz. Marks of blood upon it!

Sir E. Touch it not! throw it back! bury it! sink it!
Oh, carelessness and haste! Give me that paper!
Darkness and hell!—Give back the paper!

[*Sir Edward rushes down, R., and attempts to snatch
it—Wilford runs between the two brothers, falls on
his knees, and prevents him, clinging to Fitzharding.*]

Wil. [*Rapidly.*] No!

I see—I see! Preserve it: you are judge.
My innocence—my life, rests on it!

Sir E. Devils!

Foil me at my own game! Fate! [*Laughing hysterical-
ly.*] Ha! ha! ha!

Sport, Lucifer! He struck me—

[*Mortimer is fainting and falling—Wilford runs and
catches him.*]

Wil. (c.) I'll support him.

Read! read! read!

Fitz. What is this? My mind misgives me:
It is my brother's hand. [Reading.] "*To be destroyed
before my death.*"

Narrative of my murder of—" Oh, great Heaven!
[Reading.] "*If, ere I die, my guilt should be disclosed,
May this contribute to redeem the wreck
Of my lost honour!*" I am horror-struck!

Wil. Plain—plain! Stay! he revives.

Sir E. What has been—Soft!

I have been wandering with the damned, sure! Brother!
And—ay, 'tis Wilford! Oh! thought flashes on me
Like lightning!—I am brain-scorched!—Give me leave;
I will speak—soon I will—a little yet!—
Come hither, boy—wronged boy! Oh, Wilford! Wil-
ford!

[Bursts into tears, and falls on Wilford's neck.

Wil. Be firm, sir—pray, be firm! My heart bleeds
for you—

Warms for you! Oh! all your former charity
To your poor boy is in my mind;—still, still
I see my benefactor.

Sir E. Well, I will—

I will be firm: one struggle, and 'tis over.
I have most foully wronged you. Ere I die,
And I feel death-struck, let me haste to make
Atonement. Brother, note. The jewels—
Yes, and that paper—Heaven and accident
Ordained it so—were placed—curse on my flesh,
To tremble thus!—were placed there by my hand.

Fitz. Oh, mercy on me!

Sir E. More. I feared this boy;
He knew my secret, and I blackened him,
That, should he e'er divulge the fatal story,
His word might meet no credit. Infamy
Will brand my memory for't; Posterity,
Whose breath I made my god, will keep my shame
Green in her damning record— Oh! I had—
I had a heart o'erflowing with good thoughts
For all mankind: one fatal—fatal turn
Has poisoned all! Where is my honour now?

To die—to have my ashes trampled on
 By the proud foot of scorn!—Polluted!—Hell!
 Who dares to mock my guilt?—Is't you? or you?
 Wrack me that grinning fiend!—Damnation!
 Who spits upon my grave?—I'll stab again!
 I'll—Oh!

[Falls.]

Fitz. This rives my heart in twain!—Why, brother!
 brother!
 His looks are ghastly.

Enter GREGORY, R.

Gre. Sir, the officers—

Fitz. Away, knave!—Send them hence—the boy is innocent!

Tell it your fellows. Hence! Send in some help:
 Your master's ill o' the sudden. Send some help.

[Exit Gregory, R.]

Wil. [Crossing to Sir Edward.] 'Twere best to raise him, sir.

Fitz. Soft—who comes here?

Enter HELEN, R

Hel. Where is he?—Ill, and on the ground!—Oh!
 Mortimer!

Oh, Heaven!—My Mortimer!—Oh, raise him—gently!
 Speak to me, love. He cannot!

Sir E. Helen—'twas I—that—killed—

[He struggles to speak, but, unable to utter, he falls and dies—Helen kneels over him as the curtain slowly descends.]

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF
 THE CURTAIN.

HELEN.

WILFORD.
 R.]

MORTIMER.

FITZHARDING.
 [L.]

THE END.

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT.

No. LXVIII.

FAINT HEART NEVER
WON FAIR LADY.

A Comedy

IN ONE ACT.

BY J. R. PLANCHE.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.

NEW YORK:

BERFORD & CO., No. 2 ASTOR HOUSE.

1847.

AMERICAN LIBRARY

THE AMERICAN LIBRARY
OF THE AMERICAN LIBRARY

AMERICAN LIBRARY

AMERICAN LIBRARY

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

A French burletta, with the title of "*Vouloir C'est Pouvoir*," furnished Mr. Planché the groundwork of this neat little drawing-room comedy, in the naming of which he has borrowed the old proverb, so useful to timid lovers, of "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady." The piece, thus *Anglicized*, was produced at the Olympic theatre, London, the last Thursday in October, 1839; and its success, as we learn from the journals of that day, was quite complete. To an agreeable and lively plot was superadded a costume of great beauty, and admirably adapted for scenic effect—it being the court fashion of Spain, in the beginning of the reign of Charles II. Charles Mathews as a military cavalier, and Vestris as a Duchess, looked as if they had stepped from the canvas of Velasquez.

The humour of the piece consists, not in the embarrassments of a faint-hearted suitor, but the triumph of an adventurous and audacious lover, whose motto might be "*Veni, vidi, vici*;" for he woos the lady against her will, and weds her in spite of the opposition of her betrothed: the moral being that true love is sure of success, if the pursuit be urged with address and perseverance, always supposing the inseparable concomitants of genuine passion, disinterestedness and delicacy. *Ruy Gomez*, a young Spanish officer, has become enamoured of the young and lovely *Duchess of Torreneueva*, who is betrothed to the *Marquis of Santa Cruz*, governor of the young King Charles II.: he scales the garden wall, adroitly converts a stately duenna into a messenger of love, climbs into the Duchess's apartment through a window, and declares his passion, respectfully avowing his determination never to cease to hope, and his confidence of ultimate success. The Duchess, piqued at his assurance,

and indignant at his presumption, determines to be married that day, to give the lie to the saucy cavalier's prediction ; but the young King, who, having attained his majority of fifteen, had escaped from his tutor, encounters *Ruy Gomez*, and is persuaded by him to throw off restraint, and declare himself the reigning sovereign : the *Marquis* is sent on a mission to communicate the intelligence, and incurs the displeasure of the *Duchess* by thwarting her purpose ; and, after a little coquetting, the gallant Gomez triumphs, and is rewarded by the lady's hand and the King's favour.

The piece was admirably acted on its first presentation. Charles Mathews played the ardent cavalier, *Ruy Gomez*, with the spirit and refinement of chivalrous gallantry ; and Vestris, who was the fair object of his extempore wooing, depicted the conflicting feeling of admiration at his courage, surprise at his presumption, pique at his confidence, anger at his pertinacity, and, finally, of regard for his generosity and perseverance, with truly feminine tact, and the skill of an accomplished actress. Miss Lee as the boy King, had too much the look of a girl disguised as a pretty page. Mrs. Macnamara, as the starched lady duenna, seemed as if the violation of one of the forms of court would be the death of her ; and Bland, as the *Marquis*, was brusquely obsequious. Few vaudevilles of recent date have acquired the popularity which this has attained upon the American stage.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>Olympic, London, 1839.</i>	<i>Park, 1845.</i>
<i>Ruy Gomez</i>	Mr. Chas. Mathews.	Mr. W. H. Crisp.
<i>Marquis de Santa Cruz</i>	" Bland.	" Fleming.
<i>King Charles II.</i>	Miss Lee.	Miss F. Gordon.
<i>Duchess De Torrenueva</i>	Madame Vestris.	Mrs. Mowatt.
<i>Duenna</i>	Mrs. Macnamara.	" Vernon.
<i>Guzman</i>		Mr. Anderson.
<i>Lopez</i>		" Gallot.
<i>Pedro</i>		" King.

Servants, Pages, &c.

COSTUMES.

CHARLES.—Short doublet, and petticoat breeches of light blue velvet, trimmed with gold, and ornamented with bows of amber satin riband, cloak to match, broad sword belt over the shoulders, richly laced and fringed, broad leafed hat, with small white ostrich feathers placed round it, white silk stockings, white gauntlets, black velvet shoes, with red heels and amber satin bows, lace cravat, hair in long and ample curls on shoulders.

MARQUIS.—Dress of the same fashion, black velvet and gold, with bows of black satin riband, black hat, with white ostrich feathers disposed like the King's, broad richly laced sword belt, black silk stockings, buff gauntlets, black velvet shoes with black satin riband bows.

RUY GOMEZ.—Buff jacket, with long tight sleeves laced with silver, scarlet trunks, laced with gold, white silk stockings, high black boots ruffled with lace, plain shirt collar with black satin riband round neck, black hat with one long red ostrich feather falling behind, scarlet satin band to hat, and gold fringes, richly laced broad sword belt with Spanish sword, spurs, buff gauntlets.

GUZMAN AND NOBLES.—Similar dresses to that of the Marquis, but of different colours.

PAGES.—Same shape, but of scarlet, yellow satin, and gold.

SERVANTS.—Short-waisted doublets and full breeches.

DUCHESS.—Open robe of stamped violet coloured velvet, with amber satin bows and trimmings round bosom, and down the front of point lace, amber satin petticoat, ornaments of diamonds and pearls. The hair dressed in ringlets, to which are appended bows of amber satin with pearl drops.

LEONORA.—Robe of similar shape to that of the Duchess, but of black velvet, with scarlet satin bows and trimmings, scarlet satin petticoat, dressed in the same fashion as above, with scarlet ribbons and diamond drops.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*;
S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L., *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*;
L. C., *Left of Centre*.

FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A richly furnished Apartment in the Palace of the Buen Retiro. Large doorway in centre, leading into a Gallery. A window on each side. That on L. looking into same gallery. That on R. into Garden, with a balcony before it. Doors on each side. R. D., closed, C. D., open, L. D., open. Bell and Candelabras on table.*

Enter RUY GOMEZ, R.

Ruy. "Faint heart never won fair lady," saith the proverb—and to prove it, here I am in despite of high walls, deep ditches, watchful servants; and, what is yet more difficult to struggle with, the ingenuity of a woman. [*Footsteps, L.*] She comes. But her old aunt is with her: I must not be seen. [*Retires, R. S. E.*]

Enter the DUCHESS and DONNA LEONORA, L.

Duch. (R.) My dear aunt, what is the matter? why this agitation?

Leo. Agitation! I have seen what was enough to agitate any woman.

Duch. And what may that be?

Leo. A young man!

Duch. A young man? Mercy on me, my dear aunt, you don't mean to say that the sight of a young man can agitate a person of your years and discretion.

Leo. Niece, niece—he was on the top of a wall twelve feet high.

Duch. Twelve feet high ! The wall or the young man ?

Leo. The wall, of course. How silly !

Duch. Nay, not at all ; for had it been the young man, I could have accounted for your agitation.

Leo. But you won't hear me out.

Duch. Well, well !

Leo. I was reading, as usual, under the great lemon tree, on the south side of the garden, when I was startled by the fall of a man's hat almost at my feet. I looked up, and saw, to my surprise and horror, a young cavalier standing upon the wall directly above my head ; before I could utter a cry for help, he made one bound into the garden, and picking up, at the same time, with his own hat, the book which I had dropped, handed it to me with a profound bow, and vanished.

Duch. Vanished !

Leo. Disappeared on the instant. If this book had not been a holy one, which no evil spirit would have dared to touch, I should not hesitate to say that I had seen—[*A letter falls out of the book.*] The virgin guard me ! what's that ?

[*Ruy Gomez appears at door.*]

Duch. A letter !

[*Picks it up, and crosses, L.*]

Leo. Out of this book.

Duch. It is addressed to me—slipped into the volume, no doubt, by the stranger, as he picked it up. So, so. This is no spirit which you have seen, aunt, but a most audacious young officer, who has for months past been my very shadow—and to avoid whom, I so suddenly quitted Madrid for this retired palace.

Leo. Audacious, indeed ! A young officer presume to persecute the Duchess de Torreneueva, one of the principal ladies of honour to her most Catholic Majesty Maria of Austria, Queen Regent of Spain ! Why have you not complained to the proper authorities, and had him punished for his impertinence ?

Duch. It would have cost him his commission, perhaps his life, and I am unwilling to resort to such extreme measures, while there is a hope by milder means of curing him of his folly. [*Half crosses, R., catches a glimpse of Ruy Gomez, who is retreating ; she re-crosses back to L.*] Ha ! he is there !

Leo. Folly, indeed ! it is downright insanity ; and if

he is not to be hanged, he should be confined for life!

[*Leonora keeping her face to the R.*]

Duch. I begin to fear, indeed, that he will drive me to that disagreeable necessity. The Marquis de Santa Cruz, to whom my hand is promised by the queen, arrives here to-day. [*Raising her voice.*] And unless that imprudent young man departs instantly, and without observation, from any part of the palace in which he may be at present concealed, it will be my duty to inform the Marquis of all the circumstances.

Leo. Santa Maria! concealed? To be sure, he must be at this moment somewhere in the gardens of the palace. Let me hasten, and give orders for an immediate search amongst the shrubberies. [*Crosses, L.*]

Duch. [*Laying her hand upon her arm, as Leonora crosses.*] But without hinting, if you please, at the motive of the intruder, whom, if discovered, they will allow to depart unquestioned, but on no pretext whatever to enter the palace.

Leo. Enter the palace? Santa Maria forbid! So desperate a personage might violate the sanctity of even my apartments. [*Exit Donna Leonora, L. C.*]

Duch. Now, then, to exterminate this folly, if possible, without eclat—with scandal. [*Going to the door of the apartment, R., in which Ruy Gomez is concealed, and flinging it open.*] Enter, sir—I am alone.

Ruy. [*Entering rapidly, and crossing, L., as he speaks.*] How, madam! you know I was here? and you have not only concealed that knowledge, but vouchsafed to command my attendance?

Duch. Nay, more, sir. I request you to be seated.

Ruy. Oh, happiness! [*Drawing a chair close to that in which the Duchess had seated herself.*]

Duch. But a little further off, if you please. [*He draws his chair away.*] That will do. Now, sir, your name, I perceive by this note, is Ruy Gomez, and your rank a lieutenant in the regiment of Castile. [*He bows.*] 'Tis well, Senor Ruy Gomez; I am glad to have this opportunity of speaking to you.

Ruy. Ah, madam!

Duch. I blame myself for having so long avoided such an occurrence.

Ruy. Can it be possible!

Duch. As one interview might have spared us both considerable pain and inconvenience—

Ruy. Madam, I—

Duch. One moment you fancy yourself desperately in love—

Ruy. Fancy!

Duch. Well, well, I have not time to argue that point with you, and will therefore admit, for brevity's sake, that you are really and deeply in love with the Duchess de Torreneueva.

Ruy. Not with the duchess—with the woman who bears that title.

Duch. Oh! I acquit you at once of the meaner ambition, and am vain enough, if you please not to profess astonishment, that I have attracted the attention and unwittingly disturbed the repose of a romantic young lieutenant of Musqueteers. My surprise is occasioned by a much more extraordinary circumstance—the confidence, in short, which you have herein expressed, that I should not only permit the declaration of, but actually return your passion.

Ruy. Does any one, madam, love without hope? I have heard of such a case, but do not believe in it.

Duch. [*Aside.*] Was there ever such assurance!

Ruy. Nay, let me ask yourself, madam. It is scarcely six months ago, that near your palace at Madrid, there existed, unknown to you, a young man, without friends, without fortune, whose sole desire, whose only object in this world, was to hear one day one word addressed to him by those lips, were it but indifference—nay, even of anger. Now, when you consider that years might have elapsed before he could have attained that single word, and that within so short a space as six months, he finds himself seated before you—conversing with you in your own apartments—by your own command declaring that he loves, that he adores you! I ask you, madam, if I have not reason to trust in the power of love, and to believe that with love nothing is impossible?

Duch. [*Aside.*] His confidence is positively alarming—but I must hurry matters to a close.—[*Aloud.*] Senor Ruy Gomez, all this is very fine and very romantic, but you.

have jumped a little too hastily at your conclusion: you have not waited to hear my reason for granting you this interview. It was simply to inform you, that you were incurring great personal risk; and what would be more terrible to you—considerable ridicule by this indulgence of a passion for one who does not, and cannot take the slightest interest in your fate; and who considers this plain declaration more likely to bring you to your senses, than the threats of any punishment your rashness may have merited.

Ruy. Madam, you have no doubt calculated that such expressions of cold disdain and contemptuous pity, would confound and humiliate me: little do you know of Ruy Gomez. I have heard them, it is true, but without feeling their force. I was listening with all my soul to the delicious sound of your voice! Devouring with my eyes, the lovely form before me! It is enough for me to hear those accents—to gaze upon those features: my happiness is too great to reflect upon the meaning they convey.

Duch. [*Aside.*] What on earth is to be done with him? [*Aloud.* *They rise.*] Enough, sir. There is no reasoning with a madman. [*Ruy moves chair up.*] This interview is our first, and our last. From this moment orders will be issued to prevent you obtaining access to this, or any other mansion in which I may be residing; and I warn you, should you attempt to elude the vigilance of my domestics, you will suffer the consequences, however serious! [*Crosses, L.*

Ruy. (R.) I accept with joy your defiance, madam, for a defiance it is! I thank you with my whole heart for not having employed the only means which might have compelled my absence, although it could not have destroyed my love. Had you conjured me by my affection, to have abstained from beholding you, the spell might have been too potent for me to resist. As it is, you challenge me to the combat—you dare me to the attack.

Duch. (L.) No, no, sir—I do not challenge, I do not defy. I command you!

Ruy. In the name of love?

Duch. No, sir! As the Duchess de Torreneueva I command the immediate departure of Lieutenant Ruy Gomez. [*Goes up, L., to table, rings bell, and crosses, R.,*

during rest of the speech.] And I presume I shall not be insulted before my servants.

Ruy. Insulted! You *have*, at last, found a word to wound me; but no—you do not, you cannot believe me capable of such a crime!

Duch. No matter.

Enter LOPEZ, L., who puts chair back.

Lopez, attend that gentleman to the gates; and let a strict watch be kept that neither he nor any other stranger, enter the palace or the grounds belonging to it, previous to the arrival of the Marquis de Santa Cruz.

[Lopez bows and exit, c.]

Ruy. The Marquis de Santa Cruz?

Duch. To whom, in three days, I shall be married, signor.

Ruy. Three days! There is time enough in three days to win three battles, madam.

[Goes hastily to L., stops, bows low, and exit.]

Duch. He is mad! he must be mad! and it would therefore be a charity to write to the Minister at War, that proper care might be taken of him. He may, otherwise, commit some breach of discipline which may affect his honour, or his life. A thousand pities! So young, so intelligent, so ardent, so devoted—for I cannot doubt the sincerity, however I may deplore the folly of his attachment. With what fervour, and with what confidence, he pleads his cause. Did I not really pity his infatuation, I could be amused by the originality of his manner and language: even the announcement of my immediate marriage could not stagger him.—Mercy on me, what would the marquis say to so determined a rival? especially as he well knows I give him my hand in compliance with the commands of my sovereign, and not in obedience to any dictation of my heart, which, to say the most, is but a passive agent in the transaction.

Re-enter DONNA LEONORA, c.

Leo. (L.) My dear niece, the Marquis is arrived.

Duch. Already?

Leo. He is on the grand staircase.

Duch. You have not mentioned your alarm about the stranger?

Leo. Certainly not. Could you think me so indiscreet?

Enter LOPEZ, c.

Lopez. The Marquis de Santa Cruz.

Duch. [*Aside.*] It was time to get rid of the lieutenant.

Enter the MARQUIS, R. C., preceded by two Servants, who bow him on, and exit.

Marq. (c.) My dear Duchess, once more I have the happiness to behold you—to press this fair hand to my lips!

Duch. You have arrived earlier than I expected, Marquis.

Marq. Not earlier, I trust, than is agreeable to the Duchess de Torreneueva.

Duch. Assuredly not; but the time you stated in your letter—

Marq. A summons from the minister fortunately furnished me with an excuse to leave the palace some hours before I calculated, and, at the conclusion of my audience, I determined on proceeding hither forthwith.

Leo. And our royal charge, our beloved young monarch—I trust his majesty is in better health?

Marq. Madam, with all due respect be it spoken, his majesty is in sufficient health to occasion me a serious fit of illness, at least once a fortnight, by the constant excitement of my nervous system. He is now fifteen, and has for some months past evinced an impatience of advice and control, which is extremely alarming, responsible as I am to the Queen Regent, and Don Fernando, the Prime Minister, for his safe keeping, and acquiescence in all matters of state. You will scarcely believe me when I assure you it is no longer ago than yesterday, that his majesty boldly asserted it was impossible for a king to govern wisely and justly without personally studying the character and habits of his people; and, upon my attempting to point out his error, flew into a violent passion, and bestowed upon me an epithet, which I will not shock your ears by repeating.

Leo. Is it possible? on you, his governor?

Duch. His majesty, I presume, begins to fancy that it is time for him to be a governor himself.

Marq. Some such awkward notion has undoubtedly occurred to him, and occasions considerable anxiety to his royal mother, and my friend and patron, the Minister. But detract not, I entreat you, from the happiness I experience at present, by recalling to my mind the painful duties of my official situation.

Duch. You will accompany us to the saloon, and partake of some refreshment after your journey?

Marq. Most willingly. Your hand, madam. Oh, joy! to think that in three days this hand will be given to me for ever.

[*Crossing, L., with Duchess.*]

Duch. [*Aside.*] If he had heard the lieutenant.

[*Exit Marquis, handing Duchess out, r.*]

Leo. I am sure I shall be delighted when the marriage has taken place, for however great the responsibility of the Marquis, as governor of the king, his anxiety cannot exceed mine, placed as I am to regulate the household, and watch over the interests and reputation of a young, noble, rich, and beautiful widow, for whom men are climbing walls, jumping into gardens, and putting profane notes into prayer books. Mercy preserve us! [*Charles steals on, L., and hides, c.*] I trust they have discovered and expelled the intruder, or I shall not sleep a wink to-night.

Enter LOPEZ and PEDRO, hastily, L.

Lopez. Has anybody passed you, madam?

Leo. Passed me?

Lopez. Yes, madam; for while I was conducting a strange signor out of one gate by order of my lady, somebody else slipped in by another gate, and made directly across the gardens for the palace.

Leo. For the palace!

Pedro. Yes, madam. I saw him and gave him chase, but he was too nimble for me. I'm sure, however, that he entered the building.

[*Goes up, c., and looks about.*]

Leo. Search every where. Goodness guard us! The Marquis must really be informed of this: I shall insist upon my niece's speaking to him directly. One of you

come with me, for I'm too frightened to walk by myself along the corridor ! [*Exit Donna Leonora, with Lopez, one way, L., and Pedro, searching the other, R.*]

Enter CHARLES, cautiously, c.

Chas. Escaped for the present ; but what's to be done next ? I can't play at hide and seek all night, and I'm ferociously hungry. A plague upon't, I've made a pretty choice, it seems, of a place of refuge—my governor here ; and if I'm seen and known, I shall be sent back to Madrid the next moment, and more closely cooped up than ever. I must decamp as quickly as possible—but how ? There seems some alarm given, and they are most likely on the watch. That way [*Points, L.*] won't do, for there I saw the Marquis ; and where these doors [*Points R.*] may lead to, I don't know—perhaps from this window I may ascertain. [*As he approaches the window, looking behind him all the way, Ruy Gomez is seen, R., ascending the balcony, and as Charles opens the window, he steps in : both start. Coming down.*]

Ruy. [*Aside, R.*] Waylaid !

Chas. [*L. of window. Aside.*] Discovered !

Ruy. Harkee, boy. Hold thy peace, and I will give thee a crown : alarm the household, [*Crosses, L.*] and I will give thee a sound drubbing ! Choose.

Chas. The crown, by all means.

Ruy. Thou hast it : begone !

Chas. (R.) The very thing I would ; but there's the difficulty, unless I can get out the way you got in.

Ruy. (L.) That will depend upon the sureness of thy foot, and the strength of thy head. The road is rather steeper than the king's highway, but thou art free to try it if the grand staircase is too easy.

Chas. [*Aside.*] Anything sooner than be caught by the Marquis. [*Runs up to window, and tries to get over balcony.*]

Ruy. [*Aside.*] Some page who has deserved a whipping ! [*Seeing Charles awkwardly attempting to get over the balcony.*] Hold ! 'Sdeath, boy, thou'lt break thy neck that way. Here—at this side there are niches in the stone-work, by which thou mayest descend.

Chas. Ah ! I see. Thanks, thanks ! Tell me—what is your name ?

[*Comes down, c.*]

Ruy. Ruy Gomez.

Chas. Ruy Gomez. I shall remember; and if I can ever save you from breaking your neck, command me.

Ruy. What is your name, then?

Chas. [*Hand on his arm.*] Charles, King of Spain and the Indies.

Ruy. The King! [*Kneeling and catching hold of his cloak.*] Ah, sire! on my knee—

Chas. Let go, friend—it's no time for compliments.

Ruy. Pardon me, sire; but the danger, should your foot slip.

Chas. Will it slip the sooner because I'm a king?

Ruy. But your majesty cannot have been accustomed—

Chas. Then my majesty must learn.

Ruy. But, sire—

Chas. [*Impatiently, and stamping his foot.*] "But, but." [*Crosses, L.*] You're as bad as the Marquis. Nobody will let me have my own way. What's the use of being a king, and fifteen years old?

Ruy. What has your majesty to fear, that you should run this risk?

Chas. The Marquis—my mother—the minister: everybody. They'll send me to Madrid—shut me up in the old palace.

Ruy. They will not dare!

Chas. Oh, won't they, though.

Ruy. They shall not, if your majesty will condescend to be guided by me.

Chas. I will, for I like you, Ruy. You're a bold fellow, and my friend. What shall I do?

Ruy. Proclaim your majority, and assert your rights—dissolve the Council of Regency. Be the king: you are, sire, and no longer an infant in leading strings.

Chas. Saint Jago! what a rate you go at. What would my governor say if he heard you?

Ruy. Think rather what your people would say. How Spain would rejoice that her king had thrown off the yoke imposed upon him by an ambitious mother, and her unworthy favourite.

Chas. Are you quite sure of that?

Ruy. I will answer for it with my head! One word

from Charles the Second, and it will be answered with vivas from Cadiz to Bayonne.

Chas. Then tell me what to say, and I'll say it, if it's only to plague my governor.

Ruy. Deign to follow me, sire: I have been in these apartments before, and know the plan of them. There are writing materials in the next room.

Marquis. [*Without.*] This way, madam.

Chas. Run—run, then! Here's somebody coming!—

[*Exit Ruy Gomez and Charles, R.*]

Enter the DUCHESS and the MARQUIS, L., preceded by LOPEZ with lights, which he places on table and exits.

Marq. And you positively refuse to name the person who has been hardy enough to intrude upon you thus?

Duch. I do, my lord.

Marq. What am I to think, madam, of such a refusal?

Duch. Whatever you may feel yourself justified in thinking; I lay no restraint upon your excellency's imagination.

Marq. I must be a cold lover, indeed, if I did not see in this mysterious stranger a presuming rival—I will not say a favoured one.

Duch. Why not, sir, while you are indulging in suspicions?

Marq. Because I will not believe that the Duchess de Torreneueva would, on the very eve of marriage with a nobleman, chosen by her sovereign, encourage the presumption of an obscure adventurer.

Duch. I am flattered that the Marquis de Santa Cruz should at least admit the improbability of my forfeiting my word of honour, or disgracing the names of two noble families.

Marq. Madam, madam, I meant not to offend, but I cannot forget that I owe your consent to this marriage not to affection, or the slightest preference for me, but to the strongly expressed wish of our royal mistress, acting upon an avowed and general indifference, which rendered the importunities of a hundred other admirers a positive annoyance, would it be wonderful if your heart should at last have been touched—if, even unacknowledged to

yourself, Love should have taken possession of that hitherto insensible bosom?

Duch. My lord marquis, I have already declared to you that such is not, cannot be the case. [*Crosses, L.*

Marq. Cannot?

Enter LOPEZ, R. C.

Lopez. A gentleman of his excellency's household desires immediate audience of the Marquis de Santa Cruz.

Duch. Admit him.

[*Exit Lopez, R. C.*

Marq. What new alarm? Ha! Guzman—

Enter GUZMAN, R. C.

Guz. My lord, your presence is instantly required at the palace. The king has contrived to elude his attendants, and fled, no one knows whither.

Marq. How! confusion! The king not to be found! Fled! alone—no trace! Distraction! I shall be ruined! It will be laid to my absence! Madam, I must leave you instantly, and give orders for the pursuit of his majesty. [*Coming up, R., is met by RUY, who presents a paper to the Marquis.*]

Ruy. From the King.

Marq. From the King?

Duch. [*Aside.*] Ruy Gomez!

Marq. [*Reading hastily.*] "*We, Charles, King of Spain and the Indies, having attained our majority, do hereby declare and ordain the Council of Regency dissolved. Our beloved brother, Don John of Austria, Viceroy of Aragon, is Prime Minister. The Marquis of Santa Cruz is charged with the immediate promulgation of this our sovereign will and pleasure. Given in our Palace of the Buen Retiro, the 12th of January, 1677, in the twelfth year of our reign.*" Signed, "CHARLES."

Duch. Amazement! His majesty here!

[*Retires up to table.*

Marq. [*Aside.*] 'Tis the king's hand—the blow is struck! The game is up with the Queen Mother and Don Fernando. Don John of Austria is the darling of the people and the army. To resist would be treason—and by implicit obedience I secure the favour of the king and

the new minister. I should be mad to hesitate ! [*Aloud.*] Signor, I fly to execute the commands of his majesty.

[*Bows to Duchess.—Exit the Marquis and Guzman, R. C.*]

Duch. (R.) So, signor !

Ruy. (L.) Pardon me, madam, that I am here against your positive orders ; but I am now in attendance on the king, who is to hold his first council in the state apartments of this royal palace.

Duch. The king's commands must be obeyed, signor ; but as an order for my attendance is not included in them, you will not, I presume, prevent my retiring to my own apartments.

Ruy. Certainly not, madam. Had I the power to do so, I would not exercise it. It is not by compulsion I trust to triumph over your indifference. I am not a Marquis de Santa Cruz. I would not accept your hand, as the king's gift, unless your heart were in it.

Duch. [Crossing, L.] I rejoice at this intelligence, as it removes the only fear I could entertain upon the subject, and which the new and unexpected position I find you in might give rise to.

Ruy. (R.) Even such evident determination cannot discourage me, madam. I know—I feel it is impossible for a love like mine to fail in eventually obtaining its reward. It may be days—

Duch. (L.) Days !

Ruy. Weeks—months—years ! We are young—I can wait ; and if life is but spared us—

Duch. [Aside.] I declare the man frightens me out of my wits.—[*Aloud.*] I am to blame for listening to this folly—this impertinence ! Another word, and I will claim his majesty's protection against your persecution : he cannot in honour refuse me.

Ruy. I am dumb, madam. With a breath you can fetter my tongue, and banish me your presence ; [*Goes to R.*] but while I live there is no power on earth can extinguish my love, or the hope that is born of it. [*Exit, R.*]

Duch. This is too much ! We shall see—we shall see, Signor Gomez : at least as far as the hope you cling to. I do not love the Marquis, certainly. I had begun even to regret I had yielded so easily to the request of the Queen. But now I am nettled, provoked, defied ; and

this very day, if the Marquis does not object, will I sign the contract. I will tell him all—show him the necessity—The necessity? pshaw! what am I saying? If that silly young man heard me, he would think I doubted my own resolution—that I was afraid to trust myself. No, no; there is no absolute necessity, but I choose to be married to-day, just to prove to him the fallacy of his calculations—to level his audacious hopes to the ground—to plague, to vex, to mortify, to—Hang the fellow, say I! I am ashamed to think how much he has ruffled me.

[*Walking across the stage.*]

Enter LEONORA, L. The Duchess walks up and down—Leonora follows her.

Leo. Oh, my dear niece—I shall never survive the agitation of this day. You have heard, of course, what has happened? The King is here in the great saloon—and to think that I had nearly caused him to be turned neck and heels out of the palace! If it should reach his ears—now, that he has assumed the reins of government! Ah, I see you are as much agitated as I am. Let us hasten and fling ourselves at his majesty's feet. [*Following the Duchess, who has been pacing the stage impatiently.*]

Duch. [*Stopping suddenly.*] Aunt, let me know the moment the Marquis returns.

Leo. He has returned with some of the great officers of state. They are waiting till his majesty has satisfied his royal appetite, to learn his pleasure respecting the Queen and Don Fernando, who have both quitted the capital.

Duch. Quitted the capital!

Leo. In the greatest alarm, the moment they heard of the King's escape. Ah—here comes his excellency.

Enter the MARQUIS and Two Pages, R. C.

Marq. (c.) Madam, I have snatched one instant from the important business with which I am intrusted, to apologize for my groundless jealousy. His majesty himself, it appears, was the stranger whom my fears had converted into a rival; and your refusal to name the mysterious individual is now fully accounted for. Pardon me, I entreat—

Duch. My lord, you are now more mistaken than before. His majesty's presence in this place was wholly unknown to me, and the individual I objected to name was a most presuming, though certainly not a favoured rival.

Marq. Ha!

Leo. I can witness to his presumption.

Marq. His name—his name, madam, that I may punish—

Duch. I have no longer any desire to conceal it; but you must promise me to limit his punishment to the mere extinction of his hopes, by the immediate solemnization of our marriage. It is my desire that the contract should be signed this very day.

Leo. I applaud your resolution, niece.

Marq. You overwhelm me with happiness, madam: but yet my honour must surely require—

Duch. The rank and station of the offender is not sufficient to permit you to measure swords with him; and I make it an express condition, that you should not seek any less noble vengeance.

Marq. I am bound, then, to subscribe to it, and Donna Leonora is witness to the engagement.

Duch. I am satisfied; and have now no hesitation in declaring that this formidable rival is a simple lieutenant in the regiment of Castile, named Ruy Gomez.

Marq. Ruy Gomez! Surely that is the name of the young man in attendance on the king—[*Crosses to L. corner.*—he who brought me the letter?

Duch. The same.

Leo. In attendance on his majesty!

Marq. The king calls him his friend.

Duch. Indeed!

Leo. Mercy on me! and I have indulged in expressions—Oh, let me hasten to apologize. [*Runs off, R.*

Marq. (L.) He may have influence enough to cause the interference of his majesty—

Duch. If you think so, the less delay should there be in signing the contract.

Marq. Oh, madam—how flattering is this anxiety!

Enter GUZMAN, R. C.

I will give immediate orders. Ha, Guzman—you are

come at a wish. Return immediately to Madrid, and tell my notary to prepare the marriage contract for signature this evening.

Guz. For this evening! My lord, I came to tell you, that you are to depart immediately for Arragon.

Marq. & Duch. For Arragon!

Guz. Your lordship is to have the distinguished honour of personally communicating to Don John of Austria his majesty's commands.

Duch. (R.) You see—you see; 'tis his work. There can be no doubt of it.

Guz. Hasten, my lord—for his majesty—

Marq. (c.) What is to be done, madam?

Duch. Decline the mission!

Marq. Decline the mission! Reject so signal a mark of the king's favour?

Duch. What, when it is so plain a proof of your rival's influence?

Marq. Nay, madam: I can scarcely believe that so great an honour, so important, so advantageous an appointment, would have been suggested by an enemy.

Duch. As you please, sir—as you please. Go, and abandon me to Ruy Gomez.

Marq. Madam, you distress me beyond measure. But perhaps, after all, you may be mistaken. Guzman!

Guz. The king! [*Two Pages throw open R. doors—one of them moves chair back, R.*]

Enter CHARLES, R. The Marquis, Duchess, and Guzman, kneel.

Chas. Rise, madam. Marquis, I am much pleased at the promptitude with which you have executed my first command; and, as a proof of my favour, I make you bearer of this letter to my brother, Don John.

Marq. Sire, I— [*Hesitates, and looks at the Duchess.*]

Chas. Take it—and with it the cross of St. Jago; and the assurance of our future favour.

Marq. [*Hastily taking the letter, and pressing the King's hand to his lips.*] Sire, a life of devotion—

Duch. 'Tis well—'tis well—'tis very well—

Chas. [*To Marquis.*] You must set out forthwith. Dis-

patch is of the utmost consequence.

[*Crosses, L., and up stage.*

Marq. I will not lose a moment, sire. [*Bows, and crosses, c.—To Duchess.*] Madam, you perceive it is impossible. Farewell, for a few days!

[*Exit, R. c., with Guzman.*

Duch. [*Aside.*] Farewell, sir, for ever! Nothing shall compel me to be that man's wife! But Ruy Gomez shall not triumph—I will enter a convent—take the veil sooner, than—

[*King turns and speaks.*

Chas. (L. c.) Is not that the Duchess de Torreneueva?

Page. (L.) It is, sire.

Chas. Have I not heard my mother speak of a marriage betwixt my late governor and yourself, madam?

Duch. My hand was promised to him by her majesty, while Queen Regent.

Chas. (c.) Then I am doubly rewarded, for having sacrificed a very strong prejudice at the shrine of friendship.

Duch. (R.) Sire?

Chas. I had no great love for the Marquis, I must confess, and was rather inclined to pay him off old scores; but my friend, Ruy Gomez, made such a point of his being selected.

Duch. I am right, then, sire, in suspecting that it was to the good offices of that gentleman we are so much indebted.

Chas. Entirely. I wished Gomez himself to go. I offered to make him captain, colonel, count, marquis, duke! No—he would have nothing, and he would not stir. There never was such an obstinate fellow.

Duch. [*Emphatically.*] Never!

Chas. Ah, you know him, then, and agree with me. Harkye! I should like to play him a trick.

Duch. A trick!

Chas. Yes. I feel he has made a king of a truant school boy. But for his advice and encouragement, I should have been still a subject—a tool—an infant. I must do something for him in return, and there must be something in which I can serve him. He has refused honours, wealth, employment—what can be his motive?

Duch. Has he not told you, sire?

Chas. No—not hinted at it. But there is some secret, or he wouldn't have scrambled in at that window.

Duch. By that window?

Chas. Oh, yes; he climbed like a cat, and must have as many lives, I should think, to have risked his neck so coolly. Now, if you could find his secret out—

Duch. I!—[*Aside.*] Is this a plot?

Chas. Yes, you—for he won't tell me. I think there is a lady in the case.

Duch. [*Aside.*] What shall I say?

Chas. I wish I knew who it was; for whatever obstacle—

Duch. Indeed, sire! Would not the objection of the lady herself—

Chas. Ah, that is one which did not occur to me.

Duch. Your majesty would not surely enforce her marriage?

Chas. No, no—I will be no tyrant! [*Crosses, R.*]

Duch. [*Aside.*] So far, then, I'm safe!

Chas. But I cannot think such is the case. He is young, handsome, quick-witted, brave as a lion, and, unless the lady were attached to another—at all events, I will send him to you on some pretext; and do you sound him on the subject, find out how I can serve him, and ask anything for yourself or your future husband.

[*Exit, R., followed by First and Second Pages.*]

Duch. Was ever woman in such a situation! The fates conspire with that mad young man against me. Has he told the king or not? I think not. His majesty could not have acted the part so well. What's to be done? I can't see him—I won't see him! And yet, how evade the command of the king? Oh, I could cry with vexation! Ah, Ruy Gomez—Ruy Gomez! you may bless your fortunate stars, by whatever lucky accident you have obtained this favour with your sovereign, for in the temper I now am, were it not for his certain protection, no foolish compassion would prevent my crushing your insolent hopes, though at the cost of your life, sir.

[*Flings herself passionately into a chair, L., and beats the ground with her foot.*]

Enter RUY GOMEZ, R. The Duchess starts.

Ruy. (R.) Ah, madam, conceive my rapture! His ma-

jesty has informed me you have condescended to desire my presence. [*She starts up.*] You need some service at my hands. Oh, speak—I have flown to listen, and obey you!

Duch. [*Aside.*] They'll drive me mad between them! I—I need his service!—[*Aloud.*] Signor Gomez, his majesty has deceived you; your presence and your service are alike undesired by me. Return and tell him so: for I am provoked beyond all endurance, and will sooner brave the king's displeasure than suffer your persecution! [*Crosses, R.*]

Ruy. Madam, I will do so, and in such terms, that his displeasure shall avenge, and not assail you. [*Crosses, R.*] It shall light upon the offender, not the offended.

Duch. [*Crosses, L.*] He's as rash as fire!—Stay, Signor, I would not be unjust. If the king really assured you, I have no right, perhaps, to blame.

Ruy. As I live, madam. By my honour—by my love—

Duch. Enough—enough! I believe you, signor.

Ruy. Have I, then, your permission, madam, to demand of the king his motive for so misleading me?

Duch. My permission! The king's favourite cannot surely need so poor a privilege.

Ruy. However great you may consider my presumption, madam, it does not extend to the unauthorized use of your name in such a discussion.

Duch. Indeed! Do you mean to affirm that you have never mentioned to the king your—that is—the—

Ruy. The inextinguishable passion with which you have inspired me—never! I scorn to be indebted to any other influence than that of love.

Duch. What! when I have the king's own acknowledgment that it was at your solicitation the marquis was sent on a distant mission, of course to prevent—

Ruy. Oh, pardon me. I admit at once that I have used, and consider myself justified in using, any fair means invention or accident can afford me of defeating a rival, but not of obtaining your hand; for that I will be indebted to your heart alone. I told you so before, and be assured I will keep my word.

Duch. And is this the way—is this—(for you provoke me to argue the point with you)—is this the way to gain

a woman's heart? To cross her every wish, to throw obstacles in her path, to circumvent, oppose, defy her!

Ruy. Yes; for the wishes I cross are not those of her heart; the obstacles I raise are not in her way to happiness. You may not love me *yet*, but you do not love any one else.

Duch. [*Very quickly.*] How do you know, sir—how can you know?

Ruy. Oh, I'm sure of it, or you would long since have dealt the only blow which could have weakened my hopes.

Duch. Ah, then if I did love another—

Ruy. You would see no more of Ruy Gomez. But you will not descend to falsehood, even to obtain that triumph. Oh, no—were you capable of untruth, I could not love you as I do love you. I do not ask the question—I have no right to ask it. But I am confident of the fact, and until you do love some one else, I shall never despair of your eventually loving me.

Duch. You will make me detest you.

Ruy. At first, perhaps; and I shall consider that a point gained. I shall have surmounted your indifference—nay, your contempt. A woman cannot long detest a man for merely loving her.

Duch. But for persecuting her—

Ruy. You will not be persecuted by me. This interview, madam—which, remember, I did not seek—is the last that shall occur without your permission. You will no longer be annoyed by my presence. You will only be aware that there exists a young soldier who loves you beyond expression—who has been offered by his sovereign a rank equal to your own, but who chooses to remain a simple lieutenant, to prove the disinterestedness of his affection—whose hope of final success is not founded on a ridiculous estimate of his own pretensions, but on his faith in the power of a pure, single, intense, and persevering attachment over the free heart of any woman worthy of such devotion.

Duch. I know not why I listen to this language.

[*Crosses, R.*

Ruy. Because you feel its truth. Because you are too intelligent not to distinguish a veritable sentiment from a

feigned or fancied passion, and too just to punish respectful frankness as you would impertinent vanity.

Duch. [*Aside.*] I would give the world, now, that I really did love some one else, for I'm horridly afraid he'll make me believe I love him; and prove it logically, in spite of all I can say or do to the contrary!

[*Page opens R. D., and stands at it.*

Ruy. The king is approaching. Am I to understand it was a fabrication on the part of his majesty?

Duch. No, no—not a fabrication. He wished me to see you, and therefore considered me bound to desire your presence.

Ruy. He wished! Then did you inform him, madam, of my attachment?

Duch. I? Certainly not, signor. His majesty is perfectly ignorant, as far as I am concerned.

Ruy. Then upon what subject—

Duch. Pray, silence; he is here!

Ruy. Am I to leave you, madam?

Duch. No—yes—do as you please.

Ruy. Then I remain.

Duch. No, no! You had better retire till I have spoken with him.

Ruy. You will send for me again, then—

[*Charles appears at R. D.*

Duch. Perhaps—perhaps! Go—go!

[*Exit Ruy Gomez, L.*

Enter CHARLES, R.

Chas. Well, Duchess, have you ascertained?

Duch. Sire, I—

Chas. Never mind—never mind. I know all about it.

Duch. You do, sire?

Chas. Yes, yes; you are the lady. He has told me himself.

Duch. Ruy Gomez?

Chas. No; the Marquis.

Duch. Oh, the Marquis!

Chas. Thinking I might interfere in favour of his rival, he came to me at the moment of his departure for Arragon, to request my ratification of the queen's promise to him of your hand.

Duch. And your majesty—

Chas. Oh, I replied at once that I would not contravene a lady's affection; and if you preferred my friend Ruy Gomez, or any one else, I should release you from an promise made to the Queen Regent.

Duch. I accept the release with joy, sire; but without acknowledging a preference for any other person.

Chas. St. Jago! hold there, though: for I have pledged the marquis my honour that otherwise I would not interfere. Particularly as he assured me that you were so anxious the marriage should take place, that you had urged him to decline even the mission to Arragon, rather than defer signing the contract. If, however, he told me a falsehood—

Duch. I cannot say that he did, sire; for such, certainly, was my request, and his non-compliance an offence no woman of spirit would pardon. He made his election between the Cross of St. Jago and the Duchess de Torreneueva, and I will submit to any punishment your majesty may inflict, sooner than marry the Marquis de Santa Cruz.

Chas. By the mass, that's awkward again—for, to settle the point at once, I gave him permission to postpone his departure for an hour, and I expect him here directly with the contract.

Duch. With the contract! Oh, sire! I implore you not to sacrifice me to that man.

Chas. What's the use of asking me, when I have passed my word, and you yourself could get us both out of the scrape, by taking my friend Ruy Gomez.

Duch. But, sire, the Signor Gomez is an entire stranger to me, for although I have for some time suspected his attachment, I never exchanged words with him till to-day.

Chas. What of that? I never saw or heard of him till this morning: and I'm as fond of him as if he were my own brother.

Duch. His manners, I admit, are engaging, but his character may be—

Chas. Excellent! I had it from his colonel, who was about to arrest him for being absent without leave.

Duch. Excellent, indeed! And your majesty can overlook such a breach of discipline—

Chas. 'Faith, I'd a fellow-feeling for him—I was absent without leave myself. [*Takes stage, R. corner.*]

Enter, PAGE, C.

Page. The Marquis de Santa Cruz, sire—

Chas. Diavolo! what's to be done? Madam, will you marry my friend Ruy Gomez, or not?

Duch. [*Aside.*] Ha! there is yet one way.—[*Aloud.*] Sire, I place my hand at your disposal, if the Signor Gomez will take it as your gift.

Chas. I warrant him. Viva! admit the Marquis, and tell Ruy Gomez we would speak with him.

[*Exit Page, R. C.*]

Duch. But should he refuse, sire, I am still released from the marquis.

Chas. Of course—of course: but I am easy on that point.

Enter the MARQUIS, C., and the other PAGE, L. GOMEZ from the R. D.

Ruy. [*Aside to Duchess.*] Have I your permission? for without that, even at the risk of offending his majesty—

Duch. You have it, signor.

Chas. Marquis, the sooner you are on your road to Aragon the better. The lady has decided against you, and I am free, therefore, to bestow her upon my friend, Ruy Gomez.

[*Crosses, C.*]

Marq. Madam! Can it be possible?

Ruy. Hear I aright?

Duch. Signor Gomez, as the price of my release from the Marquis de Santa Cruz, I have placed my hand at the disposal of his majesty. It is the king's gift, observe—not mine.

Ruy. Then, madam, it is not Ruy Gomez who will accept it. I will owe my happiness to you alone. It is as your devoted lover I must triumph—not as the friend of Charles the Second. Were it not that the accident which gained me the favour of my sovereign has secured the welfare of my country, I should deem it the most unfortunate that could have befallen me, for it has placed the

prize I struggled for within my grasp, only to make me feel in honour bound not to clutch it.

Duch. [*Aside.*] I must love him—there is no help for it.

Chas. [*Crosses, l. c.*] Tut, tut, tut! Thou art more a boy than I am, to act thus!

Marq. My liege, I implore your majesty to ratify the queen's promise in my favour. The Duchess has no preference for Signor Gomez: it is only because I unfortunately offended her in my zeal for your majesty's service.

Duch. Hold, sir! you may spare your apologies and petitions. His majesty has most graciously promised not to control my inclinations, and if the Signor Gomez will positively not accept my hand as the king's gift, why I must give it him myself, if he will condescend to ask for it.

Ruy. Oh, transport! [*King turns up stage delighted, and drops down, c.*]

Marq. Confusion!

Chas. Capital! Marquis, if your horses are saddled—

Marq. Sire, I take my leave—[*Aside.*] The new minister shall revenge me on the favourite! [*Exit, c.*]

Lopez. (c.) Sire, the great officers of State are in attendance, to accompany your majesty to Madrid.

Chas. We come. [*Crosses to Ruy.*] Ruy Gomez, my friend, the Duchess cannot marry a lieutenant of Musqueteers: What will you be? A count—a marquis—a duke? You have but to say.

Enter NOBLES, c., and range at back.

Duch. Pardon, sire; but let me answer for him this time. It was as a poor lieutenant he wooed the duchess, and as a poor lieutenant he shall marry her. I have wealth enough, and as for titles—

Ruy. The proudest in my estimation are those I have already obtained—the king's friend, and the husband of the Duchess de Torreneueva. [*Duchess crosses to c.*]

Duch. And apropos of titles—let me say

One word as to the title of our play;

The proverb may be true as it is old,

For Fortune—drawn a woman—aids the bold.

But, mercy on us, ladies! only see,

How fatal to our power this creed will be.

Look at my case! 'Tis hard beyond expression—

Compelled thus to surrender at discretion.
And not alone my husband must I make him,
But own I love the fellow, too—deuce take him!
Now, mind I warn you all—he won't stop here;
He'll try to get your sanction to appear,
Night after night, upon this very stage,
And make his odious maxim quite the rage!
He knows the men will side with him, of course,
And, as I yielded, thinks you must, perforce.
What's to be done? For, if you say him nay,
He won't be satisfied, and go away—
But, with a most provoking air, debate
The question with you: tell you, he can wait—
And prove, in short, despite of frown or threat,
That—

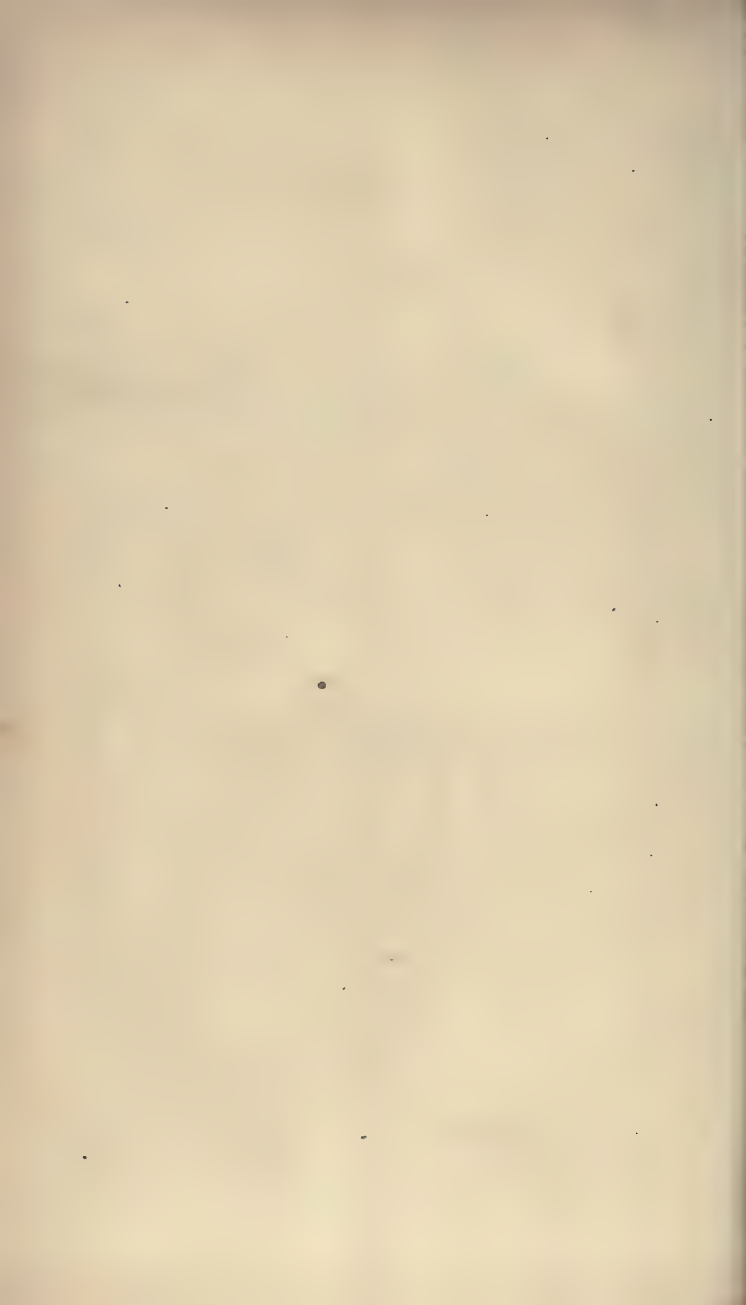
Ruy. Faint heart never won fair lady yet!

[*The Curtain falls.*]

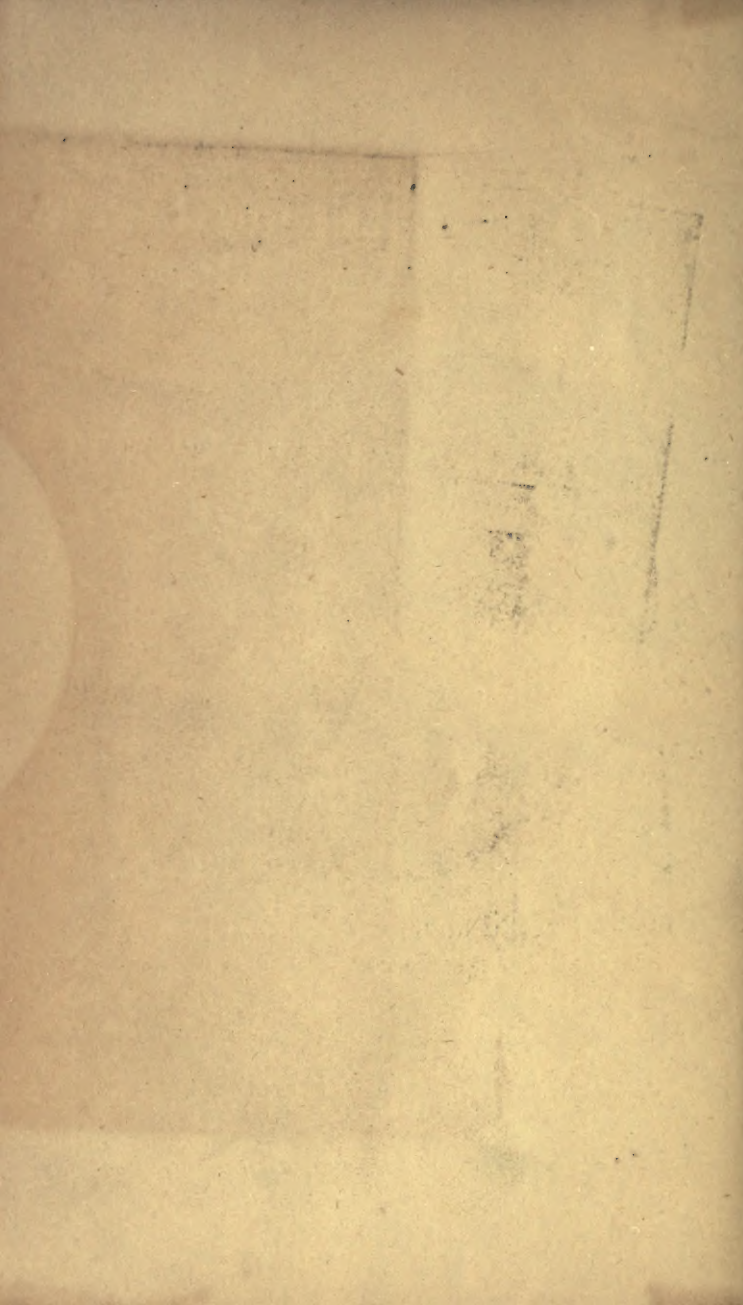
THE END.











LE.C
S245m

298546

Author Sargent, Epes (ed.)

Title Modern standard drama. Vol. 6.

**University of Toronto
Library**

**DO NOT
REMOVE
THE
CARD
FROM
THIS
POCKET**

Acme Library Card Pocket
Under Pat. "Ref. Index File"
Made by LIBRARY BUREAU

